

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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## SPIRITUALISM A Rock of Knowledge

NOT A HOPE;

## IT ABOLISHES DEATH.

An Easter Sermon by Rev.  
M. J. SAVAGE.

*The Easter Day and the Easter Hope Older than Christianity—Spiritualism worth Earnest and Careful Attention, and Liberals Should Sympathize with it—The Effusive Solvent of Old Dogmas—The Investigator Likely to be Shocked and Disgusted by Fraud—The Whip of Public Scorn should be Applied to Tricksters—Faults of Spiritualism and Early Christianity Identical—Modern Christianity Can not Afford to Throw Stones—There is a Higher Spiritualism—Definition of it—In Perfect Accord With the Finest Philosophy—Evolution Implies Immortality—Mediumship Natural and Rational—Spiritualism Asks Nobody to Believe with Eyes Shut—Proof of Spirit Phenomena—Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Telepathy, all True—Personal Experiences—Fool-hardy to Object to a Fact—"There Shall Be No More Death."*

Phonographically reported by Isabel C. Barrows.

This is Easter morning. The story has come down to us from the past that eighteen hundred and fifty-six years ago, at about the rising of the sun, certain of the loving friends of Jesus sought the tomb where they had laid him, and found it empty. And I suppose that the vast majority of people in Christendom, not having studied the subject very widely, hold the opinion that that was the first Easter morning of the world; that that Easter is Christian, and only Christian, in origin and significance. I have had the question asked me a great many times as to why, not believing in the physical resurrection of Jesus, I celebrate Easter at all. The question betrays ignorance of the fact that the Easter day and the Easter hope are older than Christianity, older perhaps than any scripture, older than any organized religion of the world. For this hope that

"Life is ever Lord of Death,  
And Love can never lose its own."

is older than any religion. It is a flower born of human love, and watered by the tears that have been shed on the white faces of the dead. Easter, then, is human, a human hope; and all the children of the one Father have an equal right to whatever sunshine and consolation may gather about it.

A belief that has come to be practically a religion to millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world may rightly claim at least, whatever else may be said about it, to be regarded as one of the "Signs of the Times." And this belief is not held by the superstitious, by the ignorant, by the vicious, by the socially reprobated alone. Nor does it find a home among these. For better or worse, it is shared by lawyers, by doctors, by ministers, by philosophers, by men of science, by men in every occupation, in every rank of life. There are believers among the social outcasts of the world, there are believers on thrones, there are believers in palace, believers among the nobility of every country, believers among diplomats, those engaged in the public service of their respective States. So that for better or worse, as I say, we find this permeating all modern

society, in the high places and in the low. And it seems to me significant of one of two things. It is either one of the most hopeful or one of the most lamentable things in all the world. If it be true, then the fact that so many in all walks and ranges of life have accepted it contradicts neither the brain nor the culture of its adherents. If it be only delusion, contemptible, pitiful, superstition and fraud foisted upon so many, then it seems to me one of the saddest commentaries on what we dare to call the civilization of the nineteenth century that here at a time when we had dared to think that the world was coming to be fairly intelligent it is overrun, fairly swamped, with what the many are disposed to regard as merely a survival of old barbaric superstitions.

It seems to me, then, that it is worthy of our careful, earnest, candid attention. If it is true, we certainly want to know it. If it is false, we want to know it, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of helping so many thousands of people out of a pitiable delusion. Liberals, at any rate, at the first blush, ought to be touched with a little feeling of sympathy towards it; for, whatever else it may be, it has proved itself the most remarkable, the most wide-spread, the most effective solvent of the old dogmas that the world has ever known. Educated people, those who have time for critical thought and study, can be touched and influenced by criticism, by philosophy, by science; but here is a power that has come to work through the affections as well as through the intellects of men, and at whose touch the hideous and horrible dogmas of the past have faded away, to give place, at least in other respects, to what are rational and humane ideas concerning our Father in heaven and the destiny of his children.

When, however, an earnest, candid person wakes up to the fact that such a thing as Spiritualism exists, and proposes to study it, the chances are, unless he is more fortunate than the ordinary seeker, that he will find himself face to face with that which will reveal him, will shock him, will disgust him on every hand; for, whether there be anything true in it or not, there is no sort of question that there does exist in connection with it and under cover of its name an amount of palpable and intentional fraud that is simply appalling. There is no question that there is connected with it and under cover of its name also a vast amount of honest and ignorant self-delusion. Certain strange things happen, and people at once fly to the spiritualistic interpretation of them, although to a more careful and conservative thinker there may be no necessity whatever for any such explanation. There is, then, this amount of fraud and delusion which repels one who proposes to investigate for himself, and find out what is true. Words of too severe reprobation can not be uttered for this side of the movement. But it ought to be said in justice that the honest and earnest believer in Spiritualism is as much as any body, and ought not to be held responsible, but the whip of public scorn and disapprobation should be applied to the multitude of impudent and debilitated cheats, tricksters, and liars, till they are whipped out of all decent human society. There are those that trade like human ghouls in the bodies of the dead. This business seems to me in all ways to be respectable compared with that of trading in human tears, in human heart-break, in the tenderest and highest hopes of the human soul. I know of nothing more utterly despicable, more utterly inhuman, than this manifestation of a willingness to make money out of the sacred hopes and fears of those who are heart-broken and desolate.

There is also connected with the movement, as is charged, a vast amount of immorality of every kind. I have no sort of question that this charge is true. One thing, however, I will not dwell upon it, ought to be hinted as an explanation of it, as an apology for this condition of things. Always in the history of the world, when there has been a general, wide-spread breaking up of the old system of thought, when people are feeling about for an attempted readjustment with the new system, there has been this loss of a firm grip on the deep realities, the ethical principles of human nature. People have lost their old motives and have not found the new. It was true concerning early Christianity. There has not been one single charge made against Spiritualism that was not made by pagan onlookers and observers of young Christianity. It was said that their love-feasts were only drunken and dissipated orgies. And Paul tells us himself that on a certain occasion, in the church of Corinth, the people were drunken at the communion table; so that we must remember that, though these things are true, it is not the first time in the history of the world that men have passed through a similar phase of experience.

And while people still link themselves with the churches for the sake of social standing or financial gain, though they do not believe its doctrines nor care for its spiritual prosperity, even modern Christianity can not very safely throw stones.

I wish now to say that any critic who proposes to consider any great movement of human life or thought is in duty bound, as a fair and honest man, to judge it from its best side, to judge it at its highest.

Let us, then, consider the fact that, in spite of all I have said, there is what I may perhaps properly call a higher Spiritualism, a complete system of thought, of life, of ethics, of belief concerning God and man and destiny that is clearly wrought out. There is a

vast literature that has appeared, in the last few years, setting forth belief in all these phases of opinion; and, if any one wishes to know what it means, or what it claims to stand for on its higher side, he ought in fairness to make himself familiar with the best of its literature.

I propose to define this higher Spiritualism, not to give you my opinion of it, but to tell you what it claims for itself, what it aims to be.

What is, then, the first grand belief? Simply that death is not an end; that it is merely an experience, an incident in the onward and upward struggle and progress of the individual. It claims to have demonstrated this, to hold it not as a hope, not as a belief, but as knowledge. It teaches that inside these gross physical bodies there is an ether body, a body that has grown with it, shaped by it, adapted to it, perfect in every part and faculty; and that this ether body is disengaged at death, like a germ delivered from its sheath, and that it goes on, the soul taking this ether body with it as a perfect equipment in every faculty for the fullest expression of its higher and better life. According to this teaching, the soul simply goes on with its power to think, to remember, to love just as of old.

It further teaches that this universe everywhere is under the law of cause and effect, and that we begin life hereafter just as we leave it here, precisely what we have made ourselves by our thoughts, our deeds, our words on earth. Therefore, this other life is not peopled with ghosts, with ghastly, thin and unreal beings, such as we have imagined in the past; they are real folks, our fathers, our mothers, our neighbors, our friends, just as we have known them here, only released from these lower physical conditions but carrying with them the same kind of character, of thought, of personality which they had here.

It also teaches that, under certain peculiar conditions, there can now and then be manifestations of the reality of that life to this life; that sometimes there comes a whisper, sometimes a voice, is breathed across the abyss, and that they are demonstrations of the fact that those we have loved and that we talk of as lost are not lost, but are living as we are living.

This higher Spiritualism is in perfect accord with all the best scientific teaching of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest philosophy of the world. It is in perfect accord with the finest and highest moral principles that have ever been discovered. So there is nothing that we know that is contradictory to these claims of this higher Spiritualism. Therefore whether it can demonstrate itself as true or not; it is not in contradiction with any known truth that science or philosophy has to offer, and is in perfect accord with the finest ethical teaching and the highest hopes of man. So much must be said in defence of this claim of what I have called the higher Spiritualism.

Now, I wish to offer a few suggestions of what you will see the force and drift. I speak not now as a Spiritualist, I am speaking, or trying to, as a perfectly fair and sympathetic critic from the outside. These claimed facts which Spiritualists offer us as proof of that which they declare to be true are not new facts. What is called modern Spiritualism itself is less than half a century old, but these general manifestations of a certain class and kind of facts have been reported down from the very dawn of human history. In the household of old Dr. Phelps, of Connecticut, father of Professor Phelps, of Andover, there were unquestionably certain manifestations of abnormal power that have never yet found any explanation, unless indeed they can find it here. In the home of the Wesleys there were similar manifestations continued for a long period. From almost every nation, every religion, every age, there come to us these stories of abnormal, unusual occurrences; things that usually the people have called miracles, that they were not able to explain. Now here is the point that I wish to emphasize. Are these stories, hundreds of them, told by the gravest and most reliable writers and historians of the world,—are they true? They certainly are not conscious falsehoods. Do they mean that the people who reported these things in all ages were so little to be relied on that they should be constantly liable to this sort of delusion from the beginning of the world until now? I simply wish to say this: If I may believe in the central thought of modern Spiritualism, that fact would run a line of light, a line of sanity, back up the ages through every religion, through every nation, through every tribe, and would give me an added respect for the ability of the average man to observe and tell the truth. It would explain a thousand things that now are inexplicable. It would explain not only the Bible, but the Scriptures of all ages, and the writings of grave old Roman writers, like Livy, and almost all writers of ancient times. Brush them one side, and put them down with scorn to the credulity of man, and we must believe, what I do not like to believe, that men have been too credulous in all these ages. To believe that there was a kernel of truth in their reports would give an added respect for human nature.

Here also might be found a rational explanation of the ancient oracles, and of such claims as that made by Socrates concerning the *daimon* that was his constant attendant and teacher.

Then what a light it would throw upon the whole Bible. For the Bible looked at from the standpoint of the rationalist is nothing but a spiritualistic book from beginning to

end. Its entire significance is in its Spiritualism. It is full to running over with it from one cover to the other. Must we put everything there down to the wildest kind of delusion? Must we not, unless there is some ground for these beliefs? I would like to believe something a little more to the credit of these reporters.

Let me indicate to you one kind of influence it would have on my thinking. I do not believe at all in the physical resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. On the testimony contained in the New Testament, I see little cause for believing even in his spiritual reappearance. The testimony of the New Testament concerning the resurrection of Jesus, if it were paralleled by testimony in a court of justice, would not be accepted, for it is simply the anonymous testimony of people whom we cannot cross-examine as to certain very strange and wonderful things that happened nearly two thousand years ago. One of the strangest things to me is to find people who believe in these stories told in the New Testament, but who do not believe the modern ones. For the modern ones are of precisely the same kind, and have this advantage over the old: that they have the living testimony of hundreds and thousands of credible men and women, while the old stories are no more credible on their own account than the modern ones, and have no evidence that would be allowed if it were standing simply alone.

In view—and here is what I have in mind—in view of this, if I may be permitted to believe in the visible spirit appearance of any modern man who has died, why then it would be perfectly easy and rational for me to believe that Paul saw Jesus on the way to Damascus. It would not seem a supernatural fact, but a perfectly natural occurrence. And here let me remove one common prejudice. Spiritualism makes no demand on us that we believe the supernatural. At most, it is only a question of words. A spiritual world, if it exists, is as natural as the physical world. All the mightiest forces are invisible, but not therefore supernatural.

I want to mention to you, also, a thought which strikes me as being of a great deal of importance, as springing out of the doctrine of evolution, as to these modern wonders; for evolution reaches from the beginning to the end, and there is no sort of reason to suppose that its force is spent, but every reason to suppose the contrary. Note one thing of vast significance. The lowest forms of life, worms and fishes, occupy a horizontal position. They have very little development of brain, very simple nervous systems. The force of evolution has tended ever to lift from the horizontal plane up through higher forms of life, reptile, bird, mammal, till you have man perpendicular, standing on his feet, with immense development of brain and nervous power. Does evolution stop there? No, it has left the physical, ages ago. It is not producing marked changes in the structure of the body, but it seizes on the brain and the intellectual power, and raises that. It seizes on the moral, the ethical nature of man, until to-day, as I have had occasion more than once to tell you, the ethical ideal is mightier than any physical or intellectual force in all the world. But it did not stop there. It seized the spiritual nature of man; and now it would seem to me in perfect accord with the scientific doctrine of evolution to suppose that we may reach still higher yet,—that there is to be a grand, a free, a wide-spread and general development of the spiritual nature of man. If so, then it will be in perfect accord with this teaching that there should have been sporadic and occasional manifestations of this in the past ages of the world, leading up to the moment of its more general recognition.

One other point I must notice and emphasize a little. It seems to me that a great many people are intellectually confused as to the choice they must make between the two great theories of life. There are people who put aside any claims to proof in this direction or that as bearing upon the spiritual nature of man, and yet cling to their own belief in his spiritual nature illogically and without any proof whatever. We are presented with two theories, and we cannot choose a little of one and a little of the other. One or the other is certainly true. One theory is the materialistic. In accordance with that, human life, any intelligent life, is merely a passing, transitory stage, of no more permanent existence than these blossoms that now surround me. Humanity itself, its brain, its heart, its life, its hope, its Jesus, its Shakespeare, its Buddha, all the great names of the world, are only curious and strange manifestations of this material world, blossoming as the plants blossom, fading as the plants fade. On that theory,—think a moment what it means,—the world, all the past of the world, is a desert, darkness, a black abyss, just behind us—nothing. All who have ever lived have been blotted out, and all that great array of figures are only fancies of a dream. And before us what? Night and the dark again. We live, we think, we feel for a little while, and that is the end. Here is this world of ours, with just a few generations that are now peopling it, sailing through space, and this is all; and, when one drops out, he drops into everlasting nothingness. That is one theory. It does not commend itself to me, either to my intellect or to my heart.

The other theory is what? It is that spirit and life are first, supreme; that spirit shaped and controls form, that form only expresses spirit. Why, I have had a dozen bodies since I was born into this life. There is nothing that I know of in any science to make it un-

reasonable to believe that after the fact which we call death I may still go on clothed with a body as real as this. This theory teaches us that the universe is all alive. Young, the great scientist who discovered what has been the universally accepted theory of light, who lived just a little after Sir Isaac Newton's time, recognized as one of the most acute and profound thinkers of the world, put it forth as a speculation merely,—he did not claim anything more,—that for anything science knew to the contrary we now see hints that look that way—there might be no end of living, pulsing, throbbing worlds all around us, a spiritual system of which we are the material counterpart.

At any rate, we must choose between the theory of materialism and a spiritualistic theory. If the spiritualistic theory be true, then death is not the end. I may hope to find my friends once more; and it is quite natural that the spiritual natures of certain susceptible ones of the race should become developed so that they are capable of receiving communications from the other side from those who attempt to come into communication with them. Does that not seem to you perfectly natural? If there be such a thing as a spiritual world, if my father is alive, if your brother, sister, husband, wife, is alive, and if they are not very far away, would it not be the most natural thing in the world for them to try, at any rate, to reach you?

I propose now to hint to you a few words as to the proof of these claims which Spiritualists offer. One thing is significant, and is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism. It does not ask anybody to believe with his eyes shut. It does not ask anybody to take the statement of the most truthful person on the face of the earth. It offers, or claims to offer, no end of facts as proved; and it asks you to investigate, and believe or reject on the basis of these claims. I say it is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism that it should put itself on this purely scientific basis as being perfectly in accord with the tendencies and movement of the modern world.

You are familiar in a general way with the kind of facts that are offered as proof. They are spoken of lightly, sometimes sneered at. It has been said, Even suppose a physical body is lifted up or moved by a force that has apparently no connection with the muscular power of any people present,—I have heard this spoken of and sneered at a thousand times,—suppose it is, what of it? One of the most learned men of this country has given this hint as to what of it. I repeat it from him. He makes this point. Everything in this world, so far as we know, if let alone, tends downward under the force of universal gravity. There is no power known in heaven or earth that is capable of lifting even a pin against this force of gravity except the power of intelligent will. If, therefore, it should happen, if it should be demonstrated, that there is any such force that is capable of doing this, here would be the Rubicon, the very dividing line between materialism and Spiritualism; absolute demonstration that here is intelligent will at work. I give you this as quotation, not verbally, but the idea, as expressing the opinion of one of the most learned men in this country as to the significance of such a fact, supposing it ever occurred. And I say to you frankly, in passing, that I am convinced that such facts have occurred and do occur.

I cannot, at this time, even hint at the many proofs that the Spiritualists offer. You can find them for yourselves. You may, however, be interested if I give you one or two brief hints of things which have come under my own observation and which have filled me with most restless and eager questioning.

There has been in the modern world a manifestation in these last few years of certain strange powers on the part of mind as already embodied, such as was not recognized or given any place in science until the last half-century. As I told you last Sunday, a French scientific commission investigated hypnotism and pronounced it all humbug. To-day there is not a competent scientific man who does not recognize its truth. There used to be once great incredulity as to the existence of clairvoyance and clairaudience. To-day, I venture to say there is no person of competent intelligence, who has investigated the matter, who does not believe that these powers exist. It was once believed that there could be no such thing as communication on the part of one mind with another, except through recognized physical media. The idea would have been scorned and flouted a few years ago. I venture here again to say that there is probably not a man of competent intelligence, who has given it careful and earnest investigation, who does not believe in telepathy, or mind-reading,—the possibility of minds communicating with each other without much regard to space, providing the conditions and circumstances are favorable.

These do not prove Spiritualism at all, but note this one thing. It proves that there has been a tremendous increase and widening of the recognition of the powers of the human mind. They prove what appears to be, at least, a semi-independence of the recognized physical faculties of communication. What kind of mind is this that can manifest itself to another a thousand miles away? Something different from the old idea of mind that used to be generally entertained. Phenomena like these have become so familiar to me that they are no more wonderful now than the telegraph and the telephone. I cannot

(Continued on Fifth Page.)



## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement, to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the family, to society and to government?

## RESPONSE BY HERMAN SNOW.

1. Early in the present century there arose in the religious world a class who were unwilling to be called by any sectarian name. They claimed to be simply "Christian" in name as well as in character. They were theological reformers to a certain extent. They did not believe in a Triune God nor in any of the other distinctive doctrines of Calvinism; but they held firmly on to the necessity of baptism by immersion as practiced by the Baptists, and depended much upon enthusiastic prayer and conference meetings, with the attendant periodical revivals, much after the manner of the Methodists. In short they were, in the main, Liberal Christians, though, not having educated preachers and writers, they did not accomplish a very long stride toward an advanced religious faith. To a congregation and church of this kind my parents belonged, and here I got my first religious impressions, not very deep, however, as there were no Sunday-school instructions, and the preaching was not of a kind fitted to interest children, even when they chanced to be present. Afterwards, on going out into the world, I saw and heard much of the so-called evangelical doctrines which did not attract, but strongly repelled me, so that I became one of the infidel class, and did not join any church until when about twenty-five years of age coming in contact with Unitarianism, I became deeply interested, and eventually a regularly educated minister of that faith. In their later years my parents gradually outgrew their old belief and became early receivers of the new Spiritualism. Nearly all of their ten children also eventually adopted this faith.

2. My final acceptance of the leading claim of Spiritualism was in the spring of 1852, at which time I had been nearly nine years a Unitarian minister in active service. I never was a positive unbeliever in a continuance of life beyond the grave. My large intuition kept me from this, I think, a capacity which ultimately, after I became a Spiritualist, assumed the shape, at times, of distinct clairaudience. I was not, therefore, infidel to the doctrine of immortality, but only to the leading doctrines of the popular orthodoxy, a position not inconsistent with the position of a Liberal Christian minister. From an early period in my religious experience I also had a firm belief in the nearness and silent activity of the Spirit-world in human affairs, so that I was in a measure prepared to adopt the claim of an actual and sensible intercommunication, although an undue fastidious sensitiveness made me at first strongly rebel against the grossly material means sometimes employed. Owing to this, and certain other repelling features of the movement, something like a positive antagonism prevailed in my mind against it. But I was far from being satisfied with this state of mind. There was within me a sense of justice which forbade my speaking against that of which I was as yet absolutely ignorant in the way of personal investigation; and in my capacity of a public teacher of spiritual truths, I could not well help having something to say upon a subject claiming so close a relation to the great work of my life, and a subject which was already gaining a most marked attention in the public mind. Clearly, it was my duty—a disagreeable one though it was—to personally look into the matter, if for nothing else yet that I might have wherewith to answer troublesome questions.

My first, and, indeed, all my early attendance at seances was in private families. I did not visit a public medium until after I had become a decided believer. But the results of my earlier efforts were wholly unsatisfactory, and with my present understanding of the laws of spirit intercourse I can well understand why this was so. I was in a mental condition wholly unfitted for a successful investigation; one that must have exercised a strong repelling influence upon the spirit surroundings. After these which were, indeed, but little more than a mere pretense of investigation, I tried to think that I was relieved of my responsibility. I had looked into the matter and it was all sham and nonsense! But I was not to be left off in this way. It soon came about partly by invisible agencies as I now think—that I was called upon to preach for a few Sundays to a congregation in which were personal friends of mine, particularly the family who were accustomed to entertain the ministers. This family were near relatives of my wife, with our two young children, had been an inhabitant of the spirit life for about three years. Very soon after my arrival at this home, much to my surprise and not a little to my annoyance, I found that the entire family had recently become believers in the spiritual theory through the mediumship of their hired girl, who was still with them, and whose capacity as a medium was now freely tendered to me that I also might become a partaker in their new and happy faith. They were very much in earnest, being more than ready to afford me every possible facility for gaining the end in view. What was to be done? Here I was again face to face with that which seemed so steadily to haunt me. It was plain that I should be wholly without excuse if I did not now follow the matter up with some good degree of thoroughness; and to this determination I finally came, and for about three weeks I devoted all the spare time—generally from four to six hours daily—to the work before me. At first, my old reluctant and half-contemptuous spirit clung to me, but very soon abundant cause was given for a genuine and earnest interest in what I was doing, and before my sojourn in this family was ended, I became satisfied of the general truth of the claim advanced. Very soon after I began, my investigations became extremely interesting and absorbing, and in these I was sometimes joined by the entire family. Generally I chose to make my experiments with no one present but the medium and myself that I might be sure of no other visible influence in our work. This young woman had been born and brought up in the neighborhood and was well known to the family as an honest, simple-minded person, incapable morally and mentally of any deep-laid schemes of deception. She was perfectly willing that I should watch her proceed-

ings in the closest manner, and apply what ever precautionary tests I might think best. Her tendencies were toward nearly all the phases of mediumship then known to investigators, but what were more particularly brought within range of my efforts were the table movements and the raps, as interpreted by using the alphabet, a method which, although literally the A B C of Spiritualism, and rather slow in its process, was yet, as is quite likely, about the surest way of obtaining an accurate transfer of spirit thought.

I soon came to understand that I had but two important steps to take in the work before me; I must first find out whether the material phenomena were caused by some force outside of the limits of human muscularity, under existing conditions, and then I must know to a reasonable certainty that the intelligence conveyed through these phenomena did not come from any mind now present in bodily form; if not, then an affirmation of the leading claim must follow, for not even the electric telegraph with all its wondrous capacity can convey a single sentence of connected thought without the creative and guiding agency of individual mind. Some intelligence, must, then, be speaking when a message is slowly unfolded by the newly discovered method; if not in this yet on the other side of life. So I reasoned, and my efforts were directed accordingly.

The physical demonstrations were of a prompt and sometimes powerful description, particularly the movements of the table around which we were accustomed to hold our family circles. On one occasion, in answer to an interesting inquiry, the power was such that the large and heavy light-stand with drawers, then used by us, was upset with such force that the top was split all most entirely asunder. Subsequently, while alone with the medium, in the clear light of day, I took occasion to closely investigate this kind of movement till I became satisfied that the medium could not possibly with her own muscular force have caused the powerful rebound of a large dining table, and with one hand only resting lightly upon one end; for, during the movements, I was allowed to clasp my hands tightly around the muscular part of her arm where I could readily have detected any positive effort on her part. Other tests of a somewhat similar character were applied until I became fully satisfied that there was an outside, unknown power at work in these demonstrations. The rappings were not of so marked character, though sufficiently distinct to be successfully used as responses to questions and the calling of the alphabet.

The second step in my investigations was not so easily accomplished, and for a long time I had a lingering suspicion that the thoughts thus conveyed might be some reflex action of my own mind, or have been unconsciously transferred from other minds now in the body. I therefore took occasion to be mostly alone with the medium, and thus the problem became greatly simplified; and it was thus that my suspicions were gradually removed. It soon became clear to me that the patient sympathy of the communicating intelligence was with me in my earnest efforts to reach the truth, especially upon the main point of my doubts; and it subsequently appeared that a special effort was being made to prepare a message that should effectually remove my difficulty. Some days in advance, it was communicated that such an effort was to be made, and at length when the conditions were found to be particularly favorable, the medium and myself being quietly isolated from the presence and influence of others, what claimed to be my spirit wife came and announced that she was now ready to give me the needed help, and now, in our usual way, a very peculiarly worded message, and remarkably characteristic of her from whom it claimed to come, began to be unfolded, which I put down letter by letter without giving the medium any help to follow its somewhat involved course, which led at length into a complete puzzle even to me when all the words were distinctly written out. There came a pause, as if all was ended, but in its present shape the sense conveyed was one which was not at all in harmony with what was naturally to be expected from that source. I was greatly surprised and perplexed, and tried to find relief by asking questions; but the puzzle still remained. I finally resumed my calling of the alphabet as the best expedient left me. It then came to light that the pause had been purposely made in the midst of a sentence so ingeniously contrived that when completed it assumed a clear and satisfactory meaning, and that the puzzling pause had been made for an important purpose; that is, to show that no one present in the body could control and guide it.

This was the turning point in my investigation, and unmistakable signs of rejoicing came, with great emphasis, from the invisible ones when it was clearly seen that I had at length fairly surrendered to the loving power which had so earnestly beset me, and ever after this power was closely and consciously with me, giving me frequent proofs of the reality and blessedness of my new faith.

4. To me the most remarkable, or at least the most convincing of the phenomena are those which convey to us most clearly the thoughts and sentiments of our translated humanity, particularly of the personal dear ones who from time to time have vanished from our sight. The most astounding material demonstrations do not move me so deeply. Even the comparatively recent so-called materializations in all their shifting uncertainty and cheat must take an inferior rank. Indeed they rather repel than attract me, and I have no desire that my best friends on the thither side of life should go through the unnatural process of reclothing themselves in old earthly shapes for my benefit.

The important point now aimed at is this: the main interest in these phenomena should not be any exhibition of astounding strangeness, but the unmistakable intelligence they are able to convey, and for such a purpose the tiniest rap, or motion of the hand in involuntary writing, is better than any extraordinary exhibition or show of force, even as the slight click of the electric telegraph is of greater practical use than would be thunder tones speaking through the instrument. The phenomenal phases of Spiritualism, then, I regard as of a decidedly subsidiary character. They are comparatively unimportant, excepting in so far as they are capable of transmitting intelligent thought. It is, therefore, difficult for me to designate any particular event of my experience rightly entitled to be called the most remarkable. Perhaps, however, the following may come as near to it as any, mainly, because of its having occurred so completely under my own supervision and control. It took place at my native home during my first visit there after having become a Spiritualist.

Among my oldest sister's children pretty decided mediumistic tendencies were discovered and we used to hold frequent circles at her house; and here it was soon discovered that one of the daughters about eight years old, who had never learned to write was fitted to be used as a mechanical writing medium,

and characteristic messages, often in the handwriting of the communicating spirit, were freely written, and not only at home in the circle, but also sometimes when casually present in other homes, particularly at the grandparents, and it was mainly in this way I think, that our parents were converted to the belief. I took special pains to investigate the matter so as to make sure of its reality. From the district school teacher I learned that the child had but just begun to make the straight marks and hooks in writing, after the method of teaching then in use; and when there was a communication claiming to come from the child's uncle, I got my brother-in-law to produce an old letter of this brother of his and the handwriting, especially the signature, was found to be closely like that through the medium's hand.

But after all, some of the most convincing, or rather confirming things of my experience, and of which I have had many, were what some might deem trifling incidents; but from their perfect and characteristic naturalness as to manner, place and time, to me they have been almost of unequalled importance. I will give a single instance of these as my closing words:

One evening I had been sitting in a circle of harmonious intelligent persons, several of them teachers, during which many dear friends had manifested themselves, among whom my spirit wife had been especially active and social. On preparing to close, according to our usual custom, each one in turn said "good night" to our invisible company. A prompt response was given until it became my turn to exchange the good night greeting, when there was no reply. I was perplexed and even troubled at the strange silence. "What," said I, "are you not going to bid me good night as well as the others?" "I am going with you," was the quick reply which came back from my special loved one. The response was so unexpected, and yet so natural under existing conditions that it came home to me with a thrillingly convincing force.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

DR. CONES AND DR. BUCHANAN.

W. H. CHANEY.

I admire both these gentlemen, because they are intelligent above the average of men. Still, I do not quite agree with either of them, in some of their metaphysical hypotheses, any more than they agree with each other. The disagreement on my part may be due to my ignorance, and concluding that such is the case, I have a few suggestions to offer, hoping that not only myself, but many of the readers of the JOURNAL, may profit in wisdom through the explanations that will point out my errors and expose my ignorance.

Dr. Buchanan advocates a trinity of the human, thus: "1. A material body. 2. A spiritual form; 3. An interior soul or spirit," and adds: "These three things are as well established as anything in the physical science." Dr. Cones "sees" this and goes Dr. Buchanan four better, thusly: 1. God, or spirit; 2. Divine wisdom, or intuition—the word; 3. Human wisdom, or reason—the nous; 4. Soul-form—psychic; 5. Astral body—a phantom; 6. The magnetic field—vitality; 7. The physical body—matter.

At first thought it may seem strange that two such giant minds should differ so widely, yet I am so stupid as to think that they differ, first, because they have imagined their facts, and secondly, because they have made deductions from unproved premises. I will illustrate my meaning more plainly.

I will presume that both gentlemen are skilled in anatomy and are called to give expert testimony regarding the machinery of the human system, when the following queries are propounded: How many bones are there in a human being? How many pairs of nerves branch from the medulla oblongata? What is the function of a sensory nerve? and so on for hundreds of questions. Would they disagree? By no means, because they have the facts on which to base their replies. Probably both are equally sure of the facts on which they base their metaphysical trinity and septenary divisions of man. Right here is where my ignorance crops out, for I have no knowledge of any facts for these divisions, which seem to me arbitrary and the offspring of a vivid imagination. But if I am in error, then why should they disagree any more than on a question in anatomy.

Both the learned doctors are agreed that: "Intuition is a guide to Divine Wisdom." The inference from this is unavoidable, namely, that there is a wisdom which is not divine; that is, wisdom which may be acquired by study and imparted through teaching; whereas intuition is a gift. My wisdom whereby I am enabled to calculate an eclipse is acquired, and, therefore, not "Divine," as these gentlemen would contend for their wisdom. But by intuition they make the trine and septenary divisions; ergo, their wisdom is Divine, while mine is only human. What puzzles me is why they, guided by "Divine Wisdom" should disagree, while between a million of astronomers, guided only by "human wisdom," we would not disagree to the sixtieth part of a second as to the moment when the eclipse would begin. I do not mean to insinuate that "Divine Wisdom" is not vastly superior to "human wisdom," but mean that I am such a dunce that I cannot understand this mystery, and therefore implore these learned doctors to enlighten me.

In this connection I might add that aided solely by human wisdom I calculated the transit in the horoscope of president Cleveland, in March 1887, and discovered that he would not be re-elected; but Dr. Buchanan, aided by "Divine Wisdom," discovered that Cleveland would succeed to a second term. Again I am puzzled to know why "Divine Wisdom" got left. Returning to the trinity and septenary.

The materialist maintains that when reduced to the last analysis there is but one substance in the universe—namely, matter. Christian scientists solemnly assure me that there is no such thing as matter. The former arrives at his conclusion by the aid of human wisdom, the latter through an acquaintance with "Divine Wisdom." Both of these schools are at variance with the two varying doctors, and I am at variance with all, because I am too feeble of intellect to accept conclusions deduced from unproved and unverified premises. Authority has no weight with me. A million Newtons might swear that this earth is round, but their opinion would not weigh a straw in guiding my mind to accept the fact. I have been fooled on "authority," as much as my constitution will bear, and hereafter I must have demonstration.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that there are just two substances in the universe, when reduced to the last analysis, namely, spirit and matter. Hence, pre-judge the unity of both the materialist and Christian scientist, the trinity of Dr. Buchanan

and the septenary of Dr. Cones. And it is worthy of remark that these four sects can adduce an abundance of authority in proof of their respective creeds, while I have no authority whatever to sustain me, which shows what an ignoramus I am. All sensible people oppose me, and therefore I must be wrong. But instead of "authority," I will try demonstration.

All parties except the cranky metaphysician admit the existence of matter, so I will not waste time in demonstrating an axiom. So, too, millions admit the existence of spirit, but there is a very respectable number of highly educated and intellectual persons who honestly deny that there is such a substance as spirit. Therefore, instead of imagining my facts, or accepting them on authority, I will gather a few from the domain of nature and then see if logical deductions therefrom will not prove the existence of spirit.

I take a piece of wrought iron which weighs just one pound and place it upon a block of steel that weighs 3,000 pounds; it does not adhere in the least. I then place it in an electro-battery under certain conditions, and on removing it find that its weight has not been increased in the slightest. This proves that not a particle of matter has been added to it. Next I place it upon the same block of steel and discover that it adheres with so much tenacity that it will raise the steel bodily if sufficient power is applied.

Here is a wonderful force which cannot be termed a material force because it cannot be weighed. Some philosophers declare that "matter is force," but here we find a force that is not matter. Then what is that force? I am weak minded enough to call it "spirit force," because it is invisible and imponderable, whereas matter can be made both visible and ponderable. A million of materialists might swear that the force was material and ponderable, but their oaths would only be "authority" against a fact in nature, and authority is not proof.

The materialist denies that there is any such thing as spirit, but I have shown it so clearly that even a child can comprehend the proofs. True, this showing does not prove the immortality of the spirit, but it disproves the theory of materialism and lays a foundation for proving immortality. Having demonstrated the fact that spirit exists as an associate with inorganic forces, even I can perceive that it is illogical to deduce from the fact that man is the highest type of organic form, and the culmination of everything beneath him, should be dissociated from spirit.

The only logical method of refuting my proof of the existence of spirit is to find other facts in nature in conflict with the facts which I have adduced. I will not say it is impossible, for that would carry the presumption that I am omniscient, but I do say that I do not know of any such facts. The time has gone by for quoting "authorities" to disprove natural facts. Bruno promulgated the fact that the earth turned over daily on its axis. Opposed to this was the opinions and authority of priests, bishops, archbishops, cardinals, the pope and the Bible. The "authorities" were overwhelming, and so they burned poor Bruno. But the earth kept right on turning over, all the same. So, too, materialists may quote authorities against me, but that spirit force will not cease to act.

Having disposed of the materialist, I turn to the Christian scientist, but must pass him by for the present, because it is so straining to kick against nothing. "When he says there is no matter, it is no matter what he says." Ta, ta; will see you later.

And now to my highly esteemed friend, Dr. Buchanan. We became personally acquainted more than twenty years ago, and I have ever thought him one of the noblest of men and ablest of scientists; but there is one important point of disagreement between us. He holds to the idea that Jesus Christ was an entity and had a real existence as much as George Washington, while I cannot believe that he ever existed, save as an allegorical character, any more than Santa Claus. I find no facts in nature to justify the assertion that a virgin gave birth to a child which never had any earthly father. The doctor says that he does not believe that either, but that Jesus was a man, the son of Joseph and Mary, and a wonderful medium. I might readily believe in the existence of such a man as that, but to say that Jesus Christ was such a person is to deny the only record that he ever existed. So the doctor impeaches his own and only witness, predicating his proof upon imagined premises. Having taken this step in the domain outside natural facts, it is easy for him to imagine the trinity of the human constitution instead of the "dual" principle, so abundant everywhere. We have light and darkness; heat and cold; truth and falsehood, good and evil, etc.

The idea of a trinity is more artificial than natural, being a sort of poetic invention by the Brahmins. Nature presented the duality of formation and destruction, which they personified, or rather, deified, as Brahma and Siva. But they interpolated a Saviour, termed Vishnu, and thus made a trinity. The Jews would not accept of a trinity, nor even duality. They had but one God and had no belief in immortality. The Christians followed the Hindus and introduced a Saviour, of Jewish origin, whom they report as having said: "I come to bring life and immortality to light." Herein we find corroborating testimony that the Jews did not teach the doctrine of immortality. But the Christians put the Holy Ghost, whatever that may mean, in the place of the destroyer, which they banished and labelled "devil."

Thus the Christians reconstructed the trinity into an anomaly in nature and purely a creature of the imagination. Dr. Buchanan has outgrown the swaddling clothes of the Christian trinity and so has reconstructed it into a "material body, spiritual form, and interior spirit." I can discover no necessity for the second in this trinity, the idea of which is fully embraced in the third. Moreover, I would not say John Smith and Geo. Washington, but name Washington first. In like manner I would name spirit first, because more important than body. Finally, I would say, "spirit and matter," as embracing everything in the universe. That both exist, is susceptible of proof by the uniformities, analogies and homologies throughout nature. But I find nothing to prove "spiritual form." It is based on authority and "Divine Wisdom," but I am too stupid to accept proofs of that kind, or I might be an orthodox clergyman, with a fat salary, instead of a pauper Spiritualist.

Dr. Cones gives a freer rein to fancy, and by looking through the field glass of "Divine Wisdom" is able to discover seven divisions. This cycle of seven originated from the seven orbs, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury and Moon. Hence, the seven original metals, seven days in a week, seven summer months, seven Churches in Asia, seven Catholic sacraments, and the constantly recurring number seven throughout the Bible.

Sunday was sacred to the Sun; Monday to Mars; Wednesday to Mercury; Thursday to Jupiter; Friday to Venus and Saturday to Saturn. The second day of creation was devoted to making the firmament, which is only the boundary of the vision and has no more substantial existence than a shadow. The creation of Dr. Cones, with its magical seven divisions, has for its fifth the "astral body," which is as much a myth as the firmament. Both were necessary to complete the list of seven, and therefore both are as important as the fifth wheel of a wagon.

The first, "God, or spirit," includes the fourth, "soul-form—psychic." Yet as something was needed to fill up the list, the doctor does not hesitate to bisect God for the purpose, in imitation of the Christian who trisects him into Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

But modern astronomers have discovered two additional planets, Uranus and Neptune, which neither Swedenborg nor "Divine Wisdom" were able to find. Therefore the Mohammedans should now have nine heavens, the Spiritualists nine spheres, the Catholics nine sacraments, and Dr. Cones nine divisions of the principles of human constitution.

In conclusion I must say that it seems to me that all these divisions are the outcroppings of the superstitious with which we were fed in infancy and youth. Having been early taught to exercise the imagination for the accumulation of facts, instead of exploring the domain of nature for them, it becomes a habit, just as much as the use of tobacco, and once the victims of the vile weed, people refuse to abandon it. I inherited a love of tobacco, but quit it in 1874 after having been its slave for forty years. Hard as it was, I have often found it harder to abandon the superstitions which I not only chewed, but swallowed, during childhood. Our greatest scholars and philosophers are the victims of habits acquired when boys, and no wonder that these learned doctors still adhere to the imaginary facts learned of their sainted mothers.

710 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reply To An Orthodox Friend.

WM. C. WATERS.

My Dear Friend: I received your favor of the 7th inst., together with the paper that you had the kindness to send me. The spirit of your note is excellent, and I fully appreciate the interest you feel in my present and future happiness. You say: "May God bless your movements of reflection, and cause you to see through the enlightenment of His spirit, that which is essential to eternal peace, which Jesus made possible through His sufferings and death on the cross. The plan of salvation may seem obscure to the carnal mind, but through faith accepted as an unmistakable proof of love divine."

It seems to me that plans instituted by divine love and wisdom, should be able to bear the light of reason turned upon them, and in their operations should be fully adequate to the intended purpose had in view. A plan intended to save humanity from endless ruin, and only saves one in ten or twenty, is too much of a failure to be set down to the credit of infinite knowledge, wisdom and power. The plan you esteem so highly bears the finite stamp, and so void of authentic proof that it has to be accepted on blind faith. This kind of theological credulity has long placed the human reason in chains and enslaved the human family in false perceptions of God and the future state. If we look to the heavenly bodies, we see evidence of a divine plan; though these travel through immense reaches of distance, and their appointed circuit requires one year, one hundred, or five hundred years, they always make their return in due season. None fall out of line and are lost, all being held in the grasp of Omnipotent Power.

Touching the welfare of human souls, no plan that does not in the ultimate save to the uttermost every weak and erring soul is not worthy to be charged to Infinite Power. With my present views, I should feel that I had offered a sacrilegious insult to the Deity to charge Him with being the author of any plan or purpose that does not include the salvation of all His children. So far as religious consolations to the mind are supposed to be derived from faith in the Christian plan of salvation, I have had some experience in that direction. For about twenty years I was a church member, nor did I allow the grass to grow under my feet, but attended promptly to the business in hand; but the more thoroughly I became informed in the affairs, the more uncertain and shadowy the whole thing grew. For the past thirty years I have held a different view, faith and knowledge to sustain it. The religious consolations that come to me from the Christian plan, compared with that of the spiritual philosophy, has been like that of the glow-worm to the midday sun. Eternal progress satisfies the hopes and desires of the finite soul. It honors the Creator and beaifies humanity—a safe rock on which to build a church that shall last forever.

I read the clergyman's attack on Spiritualism, in the paper you sent me. I have read many similar attacks from the clergy. The gentleman makes use of the usual stock in trade on this subject. We get much the same thing dished up about every week by an alarmed and distressed minister in some part of the country. These efforts are mostly of the star-chamber, inquisition order. This minister reminds me of the Scripture wild ass snuffing up the East wind. He thinks that in spirit intercourse he scents something unholy; he assumes that some one or more have yielded "to the captivating impulses of nature with less reluctance than virtue demands." He has been following up spirit communion as a buzzard, vulture or some other carrion-bird would follow a great army for such crumbs of offal as might be picked up on the outskirts of the camp. Very likely his enterprising turn of mind might have found employment nearer home, and among his own people without going abroad for observation. When these clergymen are able to pluck the stars from their course and stop the flow of Niagara with one finger then they may be able to stop the onward progress of spirit intercourse and its accompanying philosophy. It is common for a minister to hold that the new dispensation inaugurated through Jesus, set aside the old Jewish laws and ceremonies, but when he has some theological hatchet to sharpen, then he goes back and unearth some old-time, obsolete Jewish command, and quotes it in favor of his postulate, while at the same time he violates, perhaps, a score of those old laws every day.

No doubt many of the Jewish priests were anxious to keep the common people from holding intercourse with the spirit-world, just as anxious as slave-holders were to prevent their slaves from being educated. The Jewish leaders were themselves holding converse with the spiritual world, but wished



the only channels of communication, consequently they put a "Thus saith the Lord" to all their condemnation of spirit-communion on the part of the common people. The leaders knew that knowledge is power, and ignorance is weakness. Ignorant men they could control and enslave, but intelligent men they could not. The Roman Catholic position, as I understand it, is much the same, holding that communion with the departed is a priestly prerogative; the layman must not do it, lest he learn something not set down among infallible church doctrine. With similar motives, the Protestant clergy fight this communion. A people holding a free intercourse with departed friends can not be enslaved politically or religiously. The churches have been mixing a great deal of error with what truth they have, and returning spirits expose their fallacies, and this is the head and front of their offending. The minister is alarmed for his bread and his power. It is not the truth in these matters that he wants, but rather a firm hold on his living and his prestige.

Paul on his first introduction to spirit power, it would seem from the Scripture narrative, was roughly handled, but subsequently he became well informed touching the subject of spirit intercourse. In I. Chronicles, 12th Chapter, he mentions nine spiritual gifts, and urges upon his Christian brethren to covet the best spiritual gifts. But the gentleman who makes this attack on spirit intercourse, says it is a delusion of the devil and it should be let absolutely alone. Is he any better authority than Paul?

Martin Luther was a man of large brain power—in that respect, probably, he would equal half a dozen of this clergyman, yet he so highly prized spiritual guidance and communion that in one of his sermons he declares that he would even teach the doctrine to little children, and tells how he would do it.

John Wesley set so high a value on spirit-intercourse that he would on no account yield to any man's disbelief on the subject, saying that if we give up the facts and doctrine of spirit return, their comforting and guiding influence, we yield the whole ground to the skeptic, the infidel and atheist. It is not altogether improbable, that but for the opportunity of breaking forth, and rapid spread of spiritual phenomena, the scientific materialists would have driven half the clergy from their pulpits. The churches are powerless to meet the phalanx of well trained, strong intellects, that stand on the side of scientific materialism; these men demand stronger proof of a future life than the churches are able to offer. But Spiritualism has the wall of defence—the ready evidence of the continuity of the soul. It challenges investigation—it appeals, not to faith, but to the best reasoning powers of the mind. Already not a few of the noblest intellects among scientific men have stood abashed in the presence of the indisputable proof presented, and in their unbelief of a God and a future life have sounded a halt.

Bord-ntown N. J.

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

### TO WOMEN "INDIFFERENT" TO SUFFRAGE.

No woman ought to plead ignorance of the merits of the question of woman suffrage after the years of public agitation of that subject by the hundreds of writers and speakers, pro and con, who have raised and answered objections of every possible sort in regard to it, from every possible point of view during the last thirty years. She who does not understand in these days of widespread agitation of the subject why it would be better for her to stand on an equal political level with her husband, son and brother, ought to be, if she is not, ashamed of her ignorance. I know there are still many who are thus ignorant, but it is none the less shameful for them to be so; for, look in whatever direction they may, everywhere can be seen evidence of what even the agitation toward woman suffrage has effected, in the daily increasing concessions made to woman's importance as a factor in civilization; concessions of wider spheres of labor, opening channels of higher education, and of deference to her intellectual capacity, while all the great teachers and thinkers of the day are continually calling attention to reasons for the full emancipation of the mothers of the race. Indeed, their own unaided reason should have brought home to each of these the self-evident truth so simply stated by John Stuart Mill in "The Subjection of Woman" in these words: "Whatever has been said or written from the time of Herodotus to the present, of the ennobling influence of free government—the nerve and spring which it gives to all the faculties, the larger and higher objects which it presents to the intellect and feelings; the more unselfish public spirit, and calmer and broader views of duty it engenders, and the generally loftier platform on which it elevates the individual as a moral, spiritual, and social being is every particle as true of women as of men." The political emancipation of women should be the one supreme question of the day. Women suffragists everywhere should be banded in one strong, determined, common purpose to bring it as speedily as possible, and by every honorable means to a successful issue. Rising to the level of the high duty which calls us in united action toward this great end, we should sink all petty differences of opinion, all selfish considerations, and all individual ambitions, and leave no methods untold by which to accomplish our freedom; and especially earnest effort should be made to arouse the indifferent among women to action and make them help in the common cause.

I wish that deep down into every individual woman's consciousness could be burned the knowledge of the necessity there is for her political enfranchisement; that into her brain could be branded the crying need for her own help in her own cause, and that every woman's conscience could be made a reminding goad of her duty in this matter—a goad which should constantly sting her into performance of that duty.

Oh you indifferent women!—who in sheltered homes under kindly or loving masculine protective rule, sit serenely idle in your chairs of ease—sneering, perhaps, at this clamor for rights—if it were possible to reach you, we might ask if you think it noble, if you think it brave, if you think it just, that you should not help in this battle which is for you and your daughters?—that through your apathy the battle should be fought over and over again to gain each successive step toward enfranchisement by a determined band of your braver, more clear-sighted sisters? Would you like to see ablaze within your frigid souls the divine fire of liberty? Some day you will blush with shame, or your sons and daughters will blush for you, while the one great, aggressive battle of this era was being fought—for your liberties—you were

enrolled in the coward's list of the indifferent!

There is another class of apparently indifferent women, who are not in reality so indifferent as they seem; but yet, for all purposes of progress, they might as well be. These are the women whose reason is convinced, and their hearts convicted of the righteousness of the demand for their political recognition; but, they whisper to their consciences, their natures are too sensitive, their minds too refined, and their manners too reserved, to make it possible for them to mingle in the public discussion of the question or take part in the active campaign work of a movement like this. To these we appeal through the veneration and admiration which exists in every cultured and refined soul for those noble ideals of self-sacrifice of which succeeding ages have given us instances. What strikes them as the grandest feature in the story, as believed by Christians, of the Christ? Is not the supreme pity, the divine altruism which led him to leave his high estate, his abode of blessedness, to endure humiliation, contumely, and the companionship of publicans and sinners, and to accept an ignominious death, that men might be saved the one great theme of Christian adoration? Is it not the vivid distinctness with which Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia," brings out the generous self-denying renunciation of his kingship, and of all that life held of good, by Buddha, which gave that poem its wonderful popularity? Who can help feeling a thrill of loving admiration on reading the young monarch's reply to the choice thus offered him:

"Choose thou  
The way of greatness—or the way of good;  
To reign a King of Kings, or wander lone,  
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."

To which he answers nobly:  
"I choose  
To tread my path with patient, stainless feet,  
Making dust my bed, and love my law,  
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates.  
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,  
Fed with no meats save what the charitable  
Give of their will: sheltered by no more pomp  
Than the dim cave lends, or the jungle brush.  
This will I do because the woe of my  
Of life and all dead living I have seen,  
Into my ears, and all my soul is full  
Of pity for the sickness of this world:  
Which I will heal, if healing may be found  
By utmost renouncing and strong strife."

Our cultured indifferentists must, if their culture is of the best and highest type, bring themselves into something like this spirit of self-renunciation, although to-day's occasion does not demand quite such heroic abnegation, but they must keep clear in their minds that no unpopular cause, however just, can be advanced; no great wrong can ever be righted, until those oppressed, or those who behold the oppression, become so filled with the bitterness of the injustice done as to be willing to suffer, in order that the wrong may be righted, the injustice rectified.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF FRANCES E. WILLARD, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.  
This address is able throughout. We make one extract from which Spiritualists may learn an important lesson: "We all know that organization is the one great thought of nature. It is the difference between chaos and order; it is the incessant occupation of God. But, next to God, the greatest organizer is the mother. She who sends forth from the sanctuary of her home, being a true child, has organized a great spiritual world, and set it moving in the orbit of unchanging law. Hence, woman, by her organism, is the greatest organizer ever organized by our beneficent Creator. But in the nature of the case, the mother-nature, patiently preoccupied in deeds of love for those about her, has been slowest of all to reflect on her own innate powers, and has not until recently so much as dreamed of the resistless force of the world's aggregated motherhood. When I graduated from college in 1859 there was not on the face of the earth, I venture to say—certainly there was not in my native land, the most progressive land of all—a National society of women working on in wisdom and seclusion, in loneliness and isolation. But we learned at last the gracious secret that has transformed the world for men and made them masters. We learn the mighty difference between the wide open hand, with individual fingers impotent because separate, and the condensed, constructive, organized power of those fingers when united. We learn that floating timbers on the sea are not more futile as compared with the same timbers when organized into a ship than are solitary human beings as compared with the same persons when organized and instructed, unified and equipped in societies and guilds. The mighty work done to mitigate the horrors of our civil war first led us to our young sisters, the women of the nation's womanhood; next came the holy zeal of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies; then the heavenly enthusiasm of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, with its marvelous sequel, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; then, the beacon of the young sister, the Woman's Home Missionary Society, while the Woman's Christian Association and Congress, the Women's Clubs, Industrial and Educational Unions, Relief Corps, Protective Agency, the mighty Labor Movement, and the countless societies for local help to the sick, the friendless and the poor, abundantly testify to that *esprit de corps* which women have at last developed and are now so sure to utilize for purposes of blessing vastly wider, more pervasive, and more varied than we could at first have dared to undertake or dreamed of compassing." In the course of her remarks she refers to topics of general interest under the head of, The Demerit Medal Contest, Peace, Our Work in Schools, Heart Culture in Schools, Our Loyal Temperance Legions, The Press, At the Capitol, The Lecture Bureau, and other matters of special interest and significance to the N. W. C. T. U.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE LONDON Spiritualist Alliance during the years 1884 to 1888.

The ten discourses in this volume are well worthy of careful perusal. "M. A. (Oxon)," takes into careful consideration "Voices in the Air." Major-General Phayon discourses ably on the "Science and the Phenomena of Spiritualism." Alaric A. Watts thoroughly reviews "Spiritualism: Some Difficulties with some Suggestions." The President of the Alliance makes "Spiritualism, at Home and Abroad" the subject of an excellent address. "Some Thoughts on Mediumship," by Mrs. De Morgan, makes a highly interesting lecture. C. C. Massey ably reviews the "Application to Spiritualism of Scientific Research." Each one of the several speakers has something to say, and says it well.

S. A. Kean & Co., Chicago, with New York office at 115 Broadway, have recently published a new and revised edition of their "Digest of Laws" governing the issue of municipal bonds, which cannot fail to be of interest and value to investors, including savings banks, insurance companies, estates and individuals. It will also be valuable to authorities of States, Counties, Cities, School Districts, etc., who contemplate issuing bonds.

It is not generally known that Lincoln prepared an address to the American people in 1864, which address was suppressed by him and has never been seen by the public. It was a constitutional argument on the subject of the draft. It will be printed for the first time in the May Century from Mr. Lincoln's MS. The authors of the Life of Lincoln consider it one of the President's most admirable papers. They say that after Mr. Lincoln had finished "doubtless in his mind as to the propriety or the expediency of addressing the public directly in that manner."



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 4, 1899.

## Agnostic Hopelessness.

In a late *Unity* is an article from N. Hoggland, made up in part of a poem from "an old friend in Colorado, a man of rare scholarship, mental vigor and moral integrity; theologically what is called an agnostic, yet his faith in man and readiness to save him would teach many a believer humility."

A few years ago a promising daughter of this Colorado friend graduated at a high school and entered on a useful career. One New Year's day, she being a student in Colorado State University at Boulder, he sent her an album in which to preserve the portraits of her class mates and her own, and wrote on the first leaf,

As time sweeps on, and robs you of the faces  
That erst enriched your life with smiles and  
graces,  
May these sweet pictures, which the sun-  
beam traces,  
Keep warm their memories, for the soul's  
embraces.

She was the first of all the sweet array to pass from earth. The stricken father, failing to see that she had graduated to a higher school, was as one without light, and wrote beneath the above lines the following:

The lines above betray illusive hopes.  
The May morn promise of a sunny day,  
Remote to me appeared the western slopes  
On which its brilliant light would fade  
away.The "baseless fabric" of a dream appears,  
The "splendid purpose" beaming in those  
eyes,  
The future harkening of those wistful ears  
A phantom that lures an hour and dies.In ruins now the house it built with care—  
Had built, but could not keep in repair.  
Without a house, say, does it better fare?  
Or was there sought escape save exhaled  
air!Our science says the only thought I know  
Is product of a working, wasting brain,  
Renewed by rich red blood in ceaseless flow,  
Refreshed by sleep and free from pres-  
sure's strain.With weary, sleepless brain and sad, sore  
heart,  
I bow before death's stern reality;  
The inner life pines for its severed part,  
But waits in vain to deal mortality.The all is heartless bleak insanity,  
It hears no prayers, is blind to falling  
tears;  
To praise or blame it were insanity,  
For what to it our few or many years?

This is, indeed, the hopeless grief of a loving heart, the mourning of a tender and true father for a beloved daughter gone out of personal existence, as he feels. The pain of separation in our daily walks, on earth is hard to bear, but how much harder when there is no light behind the cloud, no thought that the blessed ministry of time may bring balm, that "the touch of a vanished hand" may reach us, the sense of the presence of our ascended friends steal into our souls and rest there as a blessed assurance.

To doubt an error opens the way for finding a truth, but to be habitually doubtful of great ideas which the soul longs for, to have no spiritual certainty or affirmation, is a calamity.

The agnostic habit of thought chills heart and soul. This noble man, in his daughter's birth to a higher life sees only the end of her career. Such was his habit of thought and such its painful result.

Suppose he had been accustomed to think of death as only a necessary event in our eternal life, needful as is the bursting of the rose bud to the development of the flower. Suppose he had allowed his intuition some weight—the voice within saying: Thou shalt never die,—and found that the range of the soul is wider than that of the external senses. Suppose some uplifting experience of spirit presence had been his, flooding his whole inner being with warmth and life, then he might have said, as he wiped away

the tears from his eyes over his dear daughter's grave:

The eye that shuts in a dying hour  
Will open the next in bliss:  
The welcome will sound in the heavenly  
world  
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

And in quiet hours the thought of her heavenly career, of her strength and grace to do what here she only dreamed of, would have brought calm and hope to his great soul.

## The Editor's Outing.

CONTINUED.

Before I realized the passage of time it was high noon, limit of the proposed stay with Heber Newton, but he quite insisted on our remaining with him the remainder of the day, and I was on the point of yielding, whereupon Curtis gave a reproving look and remarked in an undertone, "Don't you see, the man is tired out now; to-morrow comes his confirmation services, and he needs the afternoon to himself; remember the 'Golden Rule,' and let us be off." So, after a delightful and most appetizing lunch which Mrs. Newton, with knowledge of human nature, and thoughtful care, had provided, we regretfully bade adieu to this model household, feeling somehow an inexplicable accession of hope, courage, and tranquility. On the evening of the same day, March 30th, I accompanied Judge Dailey to the Conference, on Flatbush Avenue, at its confluence with Fulton, where anniversary services were to be held. I found the place to be a nice little hall in a new building. The room was crowded with earnest people, among whom were some old veterans of the movement. The eloquent W. C. Bowen was speaking as we entered, but at once gave way for Judge Dailey who by special request rendered his poem, after Poe, which appeared in the JOURNAL a few weeks ago. Every time I hear the Judge render this wonderful production I catch new and deeper meanings in it, and I imagine others do, too; and that this is the reason why his friends persist in calling for it time and again. At the request of the chairman I said a few words, and soon after we reluctantly left, to fill other engagements, but there seemed to be talent enough in sight to run an all-night meeting. On the following Sunday evening we attended anniversary exercises at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, held under the management of that indefatigable promoter Mr. Rand. We only went to see and hear, but Mr. Rand insisted on our taking part. Curtis absolutely declined to go on the platform or say anything, giving as a reason, his sympathy with the hearers and desire not to afflict them in this hour of their joyous celebration. Curtis is not a public speaker, and, unlike many who essay the role, knows it. Not less diffident but more accommodating, I made one of the three very baldheaded and short haired men who sat on the rostrum, Judge Dailey and "Brick" Pomeroy being the others. The old chestnut so fondly preserved and sprung on Spiritualists from pulpit and press, "short haired women and long haired men," lost its last bit of freshness a generation ago; though moldy as it is, one sometimes hears it from some relic of a past age who is so interested in hell that he has taken no note of this world's progress.

The hall was crowded with an especially well-dressed and intelligent audience, many among the number, so I was told, being members of various orthodox churches who had come out hoping to find fresh justification for the faith within, as to the continuity of life. Scanning the hundreds of earnest faces, full of expectation and feeling, I thought, how sterile, after all, are ideas until fertilized by the emotions; and a passage from George Eliot came up fresh and forcibly: "After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world-struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope." The lack of comprehension appreciation, and recognition of what this expert in the chemistry of character thus so concisely formulates, is the weakness of "free-thought" exponents and of most expounders of "liberal religion." The application of the truth embodied in George Eliot's words gives tremendous potency to the efforts of Spiritualist teachers. However crude, unpolished and commonplace may be the language of the Spiritualist lecturer—and too often it is all these—there is usually behind it, or pervading it in some subtle, undefinable way, a property that produces results which the mere intellectual faculties can neither measure nor comprehend; which the speaker feels but has neither the inspiration nor the education to clothe and polish, and formulate in coherent, consecutive, and orderly form. The hearer gets this spiritual essence psychically, but just how, he cannot tell; and thus it is that discourses which have uplifted, sweetened and strengthened an audience of intelligent people, so often appear stale, flat, and even puerile when put into cold print, and robbed of the spiritual force of which they are now but the cast off vehicles of transfer.

Well, well, I shall never get my readers out of that meeting if I don't stop switching off.

## JUDGE DAILEY

was the first speaker. He always talks well, but sometimes better than at others; this was one of the better sort; indeed, one of the best. I cannot undertake to reproduce even his thought, still less his words; it is enough that it fell gratefully upon the ears of many a soul-hungry listener. In the midst of his

speech, a stir at the door attracted attention, and the speaker paused to welcome to the platform

MRS. LEAH UNDERHILL,

who took her seat beside me on the rostrum amidst the enthusiastic applause of hundreds who recognized her as the elder of the Fox Sisters, and one who has faithfully and consistently held to the truth of Spiritualism from the day it was first revealed to her, forty years ago. I followed Judge Dailey, giving in a few minutes' talk some thoughts which seemed appropriate to the hour, dwelling particularly upon the duties and responsibilities which come to Spiritualists with their increased knowledge and opportunities. Mrs. Underhill spoke next; though shrinking from the effort, she could not refuse the repeated and general demand from the audience. It seemed to me that no one listening to the touching words and solemn affirmations of the venerable woman could find either reason to doubt her statements or heart to question her goodness and purity of life. She was followed by that pioneer in the cause

E. W. CAPRON,

whose delicate physique and quiet modesty, gave little token of his splendid record for physical and moral courage, both of which he was frequently called upon to display in the first years of the Movement. He told his story briefly, simply, modestly, and carried conviction. I feel sure, to every reasonable person within hearing.

The next speaker was Mark M. Pomeroy, a man than whom no other in the North was so roundly cursed and intensely hated twenty-five and more years ago, for his intemperate and shocking editorial utterances against the Union and its defenders, in his *LaCrosse Democrat*. But he coined a good sized fortune out of it, which he took to the once disloyal city of New York and dropped, as has many another before and since. He is better known to the public by his sobriquet,

BRICK POMEROY,

and barely escapes being a genius. He is strikingly original, with acute powers of observation, quick perceptions, perennial cheerfulness, monumental audacity, a kind heart, generous nature, stupendous hope, unbridled imagination, energy, a dauntless will, and under all circumstances an optimist at the core. I don't believe he would knowingly wrong any living thing; and I am sure he would give his last crust to a hungry person and starve himself, if need be; but he is a hustler, and would exhaust every resource before ringing down the curtain on the last act in the Drama of Starvation. His indomitable persistence and great versatility under difficulties are phenomenal, as witness his long years of labor in pushing the gigantic scheme known as the Atlantic and Pacific Tunnel, which he has been boring away at for ten years. He has no doubt but that he will live to ride in a Pullman car under the Rocky Mountains, after having paid for the tunnel and gathered in a fortune from the mines which he is sure will be uncovered as the tunnel work proceeds. "Brick" began his religious career as a Baptist, very naturally; for if he was to be baptized he wanted no half-way work, and nothing less than immersion would satisfy him. Gradually he grew away from the belief of his youth, and finally became a Spiritualist after severely testing the evidence. He has a keener wit, a more generous flow of humor, and far greater originality than Col. Ingersoll. If he loved himself more, or rather, in a different way, was less democratic, more selfish, and if his ambition and training had run along the line of Ingersoll's he would have far outshone that materialist imitator.

BRICK'S SPEECH

was good in its way and kept a considerable number of listeners in convulsions of laughter. Into every chunk of sober sense and reason he threw a copious supply of humor to lighten it up. The objectionable features of his address were the flippant and satirical references to orthodoxy and its followers, after the manner of Ingersoll. These defects marred an otherwise fine speech, and while they amused some they wounded others whom it were neither kind nor wise to unnecessarily offend. I am often shocked at the vindictive and intolerant spirit shown by ex-members of orthodox sects when once they are freed from the thrall of old beliefs and associations. Never allied to any sect or church, never a believer in the "Christian Plan of Salvation" I am wholly free from any personal feeling based on experience, and suppose that for this reason I cannot put myself in the place of those who have swung from the Christian pole to the opposite extreme.

Mrs. Underhill brought with her to the meeting

PROF. J. JAY WATSON,

accompanied by his daughter Annie and his son Emmons. Mr. Watson is said to be the only living pupil of Ole Bull, and certainly as a violinist he does credit to his master; and as a man he honors Spiritualism. His son and daughter are also experts on the violin as well as upon other instruments. The trio added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by the rendition of several numbers. Prof. Watson is carrying forward a commendable philanthropic work in his free violin school where poor children are as carefully trained free of expense to them as are those from whom he receives large fees. Even the rich and well-to-do are not barred out of the free class, and many thus take advantage of the opportunity to discover whether they have any musical talent worth cultivating before entering upon an expensive trial.

Altogether the evening was a happy surprise to me, relieved as it was from the customary Fourth-of-July oratory, and pervaded

by a spirit of self-examination, mutual encouragement toward fresh efforts for self-culture, benevolent activities and a more scientific handling of the phenomena of Spiritualism. By the way, it may be of interest to record, in passing, a remark made to the audience by Mrs. Underhill. After commending the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in terms which modesty forbids me to repeat here, she said: "It is the only Spiritualist paper that I read, or consider worth reading." I felt both glad and sorry at this statement; glad that a medium of her experience and intelligence approved of the JOURNAL and had the courage to publicly say so; sorry that other papers had not sufficiently kept up with the progress of the times to meet her approval. However, I am pleased to here bear witness that the JOURNAL's contemporaries have all shown signs of improvement within the past year, some of them in a quite marked manner. All are gradually, though slowly, coming on to the grounds for which the JOURNAL has so vigorously and uncompromisingly fought. It is the most hopeful sign visible in the whole Spiritualist movement to-day; it not only proves the soundness of the JOURNAL's positions, but gives large promise for the future of rational Spiritualism and increased interest in its higher aspects.

PROFESSOR KIDDLE.

Among the pleasant people I met while in Brooklyn was my old acquaintance, and, in the past, rather frequent and sharp critic, Prof. Henry Kiddle. Mr. and Mrs. Dailey invited him to dine and spend the evening with us, and he very kindly accepted. I found him the same genial gentleman as when I last met him at a fine banquet given in my honor by Mr. Bronson Murray, some half a dozen years or more ago. However widely one's views may differentiate those of Professor Kiddle, one must commend his zeal and loyalty to Spiritualism, his high personal character and scholarship. I doubt if he is ever intentionally unfair in dealing with an opponent, though I have sometimes felt that his intense nature blinded his vision or caused him to see obliquely. I have gone at him without gloves ere now, but always found him ready, not only to skillfully parry a blow but to follow up with a vigorous attack from his own corner. I rather think the battle might be called a drawn one, with no permanent gain to either side. So, I am willing that by-gones should be by-gones; and I am sure Professor Kiddle is equally willing to wipe off old scores and begin anew; both of us all the more readily, because there was never any difference in ultimate aims, nor in moral standards. I have not changed my views as to methods, and doubt if Prof. Kiddle's are greatly modified, but we shall both "get there" all the same in good time; and where our roads run together we may give one another a lift, and where they diverge we can part in a friendly way.

MRS. HESTER M. POOLE.

so well known and highly esteemed by the JOURNAL's readers, met me one afternoon by appointment in New York. I was glad to find her showing such marked improvement in health and spirits. She has grown in spiritual and intellectual strength in the past three years more rapidly than almost any other person I can recall. Her attention has for a couple of years been closely given to mental science and its application to the preservation and restoration of health, both of body and mind. As a teacher and practitioner her success has been and is now most marked. I look to see her acknowledged as the leading authority in this line in New York, as she is now in reality. She avoids exploiting her work in a sensational way, and detests the hippodroming expedients of some who have essayed this field under the name of "Christian Science." And she will still be active and successful long after some who are beating their tom toms to draw the rabble, have retired into obscurity. Mrs. Poole is versatile, and while carrying forward her specialty, has found time to do much good literary work.

All the older Spiritualists of New York know Milton Rathbun who grew up in the fold from boyhood. I went out with him to Mount Vernon one afternoon and spent the night with his happy family, consisting of wife and two splendid boys. Mrs. Rathbun has written considerable for the press in the past and I hope will ere long take up the work again. This family is a typical specimen of what spiritual culture can do toward making life worth living. Another pleasant experience was a visit with Mrs. J. M. Staats, now a grandmother, but formerly one of the best known and highly respected public mediums in New York. The Cary Sisters, Horace Greeley and nearly all the local celebrities visited her, in their day; and with many of the leading people of the country she has continued to maintain close acquaintance, dating from a first call upon her in a professional way. She showed me a fine old-fashioned desk, presented to her by one of the Cary Sisters, and she has many tokens of the esteem and friendship of those whom the country honors. I hope she will publish her autobiography which is full of most interesting and valuable history in connection with Spiritualism. At Judge Dailey's I met Dr. and Mrs. La Plongeon, jointly noted for their explorations and invaluable discoveries in Central America. The work begun by them should be followed up either by private effort or Government assistance. I cannot here undertake to outline the nature and extent of their researches, but will say that if their conclusions, based on what seems on its face to be irrefragable evidence, are correct, there are to-day buried in the forests of Yucatan relics of civilization which will revolutionize thought in many directions and render it

necessary to rewrite history, when brought to light and understood. The La Plongeon claim that in Central America was once a civilization antedating that of Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tice are going abroad this spring and as I desired their testimony in my defense against the suit of Eliza A. Wells, the materialization trickster, I secured it by agreement between counsel. Mr. Henry J. Newton, who for some inexplicable reason is backing the vender of spurious spirits in her bluff game, was on hand to coach her attorney during the tedious task of taking the testimony. I think he has enjoyed séances more than he appeared to this one. Should the case ever come to trial Mr. Newton will wish he had never heard of Eliza Ann. I understand "conditions" have been such as to spoil the woman's trade in New York, and she is now exploiting her powers in rural districts.

I expected to carry my readers out of New York this week, surely; but here I am at the limits of my space and time.

## Capital, Machinery and Labor.

At a dinner of the New York Unitarian Club, on the 12th of last month, there was a discussion of "Social Conditions and Tendencies." Felix Adler, B. F. Underwood and the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, were the regular speakers. Short speeches were also made by Rev. Robert Collyer, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton and ex-Gov. Chamberlain. The discussion of such a question before a club composed of a fastidious class of men, chiefly men of wealth and social rank, is full of significance. We are not surprised to learn that most of the speakers wandered from the text of the evening. The New York *Herald*, in its report, says, "Mr. B. F. Underwood was the only speaker who stuck closely to it." This fact makes his speech of more than usual interest, and the condensed report furnished by a JOURNAL representative who was present, is given to our readers in another column.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe closed his month's engagement at Kimball's Hall last Sunday. His lecture in the morning was on the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship," and contained many valuable hints and suggestions.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins lectures at Elmira, N. Y., May 5th and 12th. He goes from there to Stafford, Conn., where he speaks on the 19th. Mr. Stebbins will always be glad to receive subscriptions and transact business for the JOURNAL.

J. C. Wright lectured to fair audiences at Glen Falls, N. Y., during the Sundays of April, and spoke in Sunderland, Manchester and Sandgate, Vermont, on week-day evenings. He is advertised as engaged at Cincinnati for May, but can be secured for western engagements during June and July. His permanent address is Newfield, New Jersey.

William Newman, Barnum's experienced elephant trainer, is credited with the following philosophical comment: "Elephants are very much like human beings, especially in one regard, and that is the females are very much nicer and better than the males, and also in that when a female is bad she is worse than the worst male."

Mr. J. J. Morse of England, will commence his final engagement in Washington, D. C., on Sunday morning next, the 5th inst., and continue it during the remaining Sundays of the present month. It is reported to the JOURNAL that Mr. Morse's engagement during the past month, with the First Society of Spiritualists, in New York City, was greatly appreciated, the various lectures being much commended.

"The Ghost's Way," republished in this issue from the New York *Herald*, is, we are assured by those familiar with Gotham's musical circles, founded on fact; and only disguised in a way to conceal the identity of the personnel. Whether our informants are correct or not in their opinion, there is nothing improbable nor unreasonable in the ghostly part of the story.

On the sixth page, under the heading, "The Benefit Derived from Magnetism," is an account of a remarkable case to which we call the attention of medical men and scientists and ask their explanation. There is no question as to the facts, they are exactly as related. The correspondent who supplies them speaks from personal knowledge, is trustworthy and is not the doctor in the case.

Thousands of visitors at the Lake Pleasant camp will recall Mr. B. F. Galloupe, and his valuable services in the police department of the institution; and they will be interested in knowing that he graduated on the 19th of April, from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Boston, with the highest honors, carrying off the valedictory. The JOURNAL wishes Dr. Galloupe a long and successful career in his profession.

In all the municipal elections in Kansas the women were conspicuous. At Cottonwood Falls the ticket composed of women who take the lead in all works of charity, temperance and morality was elected, receiving two-thirds of all the votes cast. Every name on the successful ticket was that of a woman. The newly elected Mayor, Mrs. W. R. Morgan, is the wife of the editor of the Chase county *Leader*. In Leavenworth one of the incidents was the voting of the straight Democratic ticket by a colored woman a hundred and six years old. In Topeka the best ladies in the city turned out, and, as a rule voted as their husbands did. A delicate woman brought a colored woman to the polls and was so frightened at the crowd that she fainted. At Wichita three liquor dealers were elected alder-



the advocates of woman's suffrage grained at the outcome of their efforts. Jskaloosa the female candidates for city offices were carried by sweeping majorities.

Such of our readers as have not already ordered Hudson Tuttle's new book, *Studies in the Outlying Field of Psychical Science*, in advance of publication, can now procure it from the JOURNAL office. Price \$1.25. It is just from the press.

*The Hermetist*, a monthly published in Chicago, expects to commence in May the publication of "The Mysteries of the Sphinx and the Pyramids," a translation from the French describing some of the soul thrilling events of the ancient initiations.

"Heaven Revised," says G. B. Stebbins, "is a charming and valuable little book, better, in some ways, than 'The Little Pilgrim,' which had such wide reading by that outer world, not Spiritualists but hungering for light. This ought to have a still wider reading. It is just the work for every Spiritualist to lend to thinking neighbors and friends. Many such will be taught by it and will greatly enjoy the lesson."

The annual convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society met in this city on Sunday and Monday last. Between thirty and forty delegates were present from different States and over a territory extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On Sunday evening the delegates, visiting members and members of local societies were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Bundy. Some seventy-five ladies and gentlemen were present. Short, impromptu speeches were made by Messrs. Buck, Keightley, Judge and Holington; each speaker deprecating all rivalry and feeling of antagonism between Theosophists and Spiritualists, and claiming that while differing as to certain doctrines, and as to the importance of others, there was in the last analysis a common purpose moving both cults.

#### Savages's Sermon.

In his last Easter sermon Rev. M. J. Savage gave an able exposition of Spiritualism, portraying its dangers and weaknesses, and its glorious beauties, stupendous facts, and grand philosophy. The JOURNAL is always candid with its readers and the general public; and is not afraid to give both sides of all questions: hence Mr. Savage's discourse is herein presented in full, from corrected sheets. The sermon is commended to all sober seekers after truth. It will teach Spiritualists their duty; and it will also carry hope to thousands who are groping about in darkness, misled by the Jastrows, the Newcombs, the Huxleys and other small and great scientists whose *a priori* opinions and ignorant assumptions when treating of Spiritualism too often pass current as having value.

#### The Ghost's Way.

(Continued from Eighth Page.)

and ends in a confused scratching of pencil marks just where you were so unfortunate as to faint last night."

As he spoke he drew several stained pieces of music paper from his pocket and extended his hand holding them toward me.

"You must excuse the dirty appearance of the sheets," said he in the same musing tone of voice. "The poor fellow cut his throat just before he finished the score, and that is his life-blade on the paper."

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed starting from my seat and waving back the accursed music. "I tell you I never heard of him before. Where I learned that horrible music I do not know. I said it was original only because I could not locate it. Take it away from me."

"Pardon me," said the stranger, rising. "I fear I have been impertinent," and he started as if to go.

I interrupted him. "Pardon me," I replied, "or rather my vehemence, I shall not, I cannot, permit you to leave without giving me at least some information as to this unfortunate man, whose music I seem unwittingly to have appropriated."

"With pleasure, sir," he replied, "if it can be a pleasure to rehearse even in a few words so melancholy a history."

Seating himself he went on:—

"Aronsonheim was born in Bavaria, educated in Munich. Before he was sixteen he was considered one of the finest pianists in Germany. Allured by flattering hopes held out to him by relatives in this country, he came to New York and gave a few concerts. He was very unfortunate in his selections; for he had an insane admiration for early Italian and German masters and would play their compositions. Grand as they are to the true musician they were caviare to the general.

"Aronsonheim earned applause and admiration from artists, but the public only came to hear him once or twice. Chagrined and heart-sick he came to my native town with letters to me and boarded in my house. In a month's time he was desperately in love with a most beautiful and bewitching girl in our village, the daughter of a wealthy manufacturer there. An honest, openhearted gentleman, he declined to tell his love to the girl until he had the parent's permission, and with a frank manliness that deserved at least recognition he went to her father asking leave to address the daughter, who he believed was not indifferent to him.

"The usual result followed. Cursed as a beggarly 'Dutchman,' he was ordered out of the house, forbidden to speak to the woman he loved and insulted as a snob only can insult a sensitive soul.

"I met him at the door. His face was so pale it frightened me. He rushed by me into his room, locked himself up there for a day and then came out a broken man.

"He tried for a week to get a single word with his love. He was denied admittance. The letters he wrote were returned unopened. He believed, I know not why, that the young woman loved him and would leap all barriers and fly with him, could he only tell her of his love; but no opportunity was afforded him to see her.

"At last he confided to me his scheme:—'I will give a concert. I know she will come. I will play her Gluck's "Orfeo." I will play her some of Playford's music, and then I will ask her in music to be mine. Ach, Gott! I know she will be mine."

"Nothing could dissuade him from his

scheme. His concert was advertised far and wide for the 22d day of October, two years gone. He sat up from half-past ten the night of the 21st—I gave a convulsive start as the strange man said this, the reader can guess why. "To-day break the next morning. Just before breakfast I entered his room and found him, wild-eyed and haggard, writing the score I now hold in my hand. "He would not come to breakfast nor dinner despite my entreaties. I went up to his room about four in the evening, and just as I put my hand on the door knob I heard him give a despairing cry. 'I cannot do it. It will not come to me.' I threw the door open, but too late. He had cut his throat from ear to ear, and his life-blood ran out on this score, which I have kept by me ever since, but never heard rendered until you played it last night. May I beg you to accept it?"

It is unnecessary to go into any further particulars. Suffice it to say that the stranger left me no wiser than he came as to my musical knowledge or the source of my marvelous performance. But the horror that entered into my soul as he told his simple narrative can be better imagined than described. Had I then located my ghostly performance?

I had grown somewhat accustomed to my peculiar profession. I was—who alone knew my secret—and I had talked the matter over, and I was beginning under his repeated asseverations to believe that it was really imagination on my part and that my genius took this peculiar shape. But now all the horror of my first night returned. I recalled with a shudder that it was about half-past ten on the 21st of October night that I first felt those awful hands. It was true he died two years before, but it was on the anniversary of the day he commenced work on this piece of his that he—for I knew now it was he—came and took possession of me. Oh! the horror of it, the horror of it. I knew now why sometimes the touch of those hands felt moist and clammy.

Could I ever go near a piano again? Yes! I felt that I must continue to go on; to let him through my agency accomplish something, I knew not what. And then a great pity surged in my soul for the poor spirit whose body was mouldering into clay, with no loving hand to deck the mound under which it was to become dust.

As the stranger left me he made one request.

"I beg of you, sir, to visit my town (here he gave me the name, which need not be repeated here), and if you do, please play this score."

I made up my mind to comply with this request, and though Skab stormed and swore, and finally made me pay \$1,000 forfeit, I carried my point, and on a lovely June day found myself in the village of—, billed for a concert in its neat little music hall.

The stranger visited me at my hotel, but I declined his invitation to return the visit, and with some petulance, I fear, begged to be excused from going to see Aronsonheim's grave, as he urged me to do.

"My dear sir," I said, "what in the world is the man to me?"

I gave a little shudder as I said it, but I do not think he noticed it. He left me again repeating his request that I would play the dead man's last composition that night. I promised to do so—"if I can"—and must confess I did not like the curious way in which the gentleman looked at me as I spoke these words.

And now I did a very curious thing, which Skab never understood and never will understand unless he reads this narrative.

I sent for him and ordered him to call in our advance agent, and cancel every future engagement. My six months' contract had expired about a month before, but I had gone on with my performances on the same terms.

The reader can imagine the scene that followed. I do not care to dwell on it.

I agreed to pay all expenses incurred and to give Skab the entire proceeds of the concert that night, with the understanding that I was to have my old place in the Bijou orchestra. This last he promised with great eagerness, but in the most earnest manner begged and plead with me not to throw away our fortunes, as he was convinced I was doing.

I told him with seriousness that this was my last appearance as a pianist, and I was convinced it was to be. A very strange feeling had come over me as soon as I had arrived in the town. I felt that I was called there to fulfill some purpose, and that I was to be relieved of what was now a terrible burden. No amount of fame, no sum of money, not all the applause of all the world could have induced me to continue to suffer what I now suffered every time I touched the piano.

The effect on my nerves ever since I had the interview with Aronsonheim's friend was shocking, and I had grown irritable, wakeful, peevish and as capricious as a spoiled child.

"Oh!" said Skab; the manager reasserting itself under his rage and disgust, "oh! why didn't you give me a chance to advertise your farewell performance?"

And with this disappointment ranking in his soul he left me.

I walked to the hall that night with a feeling of relief so great that it almost overcame the usual feeling of horror and reluctance with which I approached a performance.

I found the hall packed and jammed, and the applause that greeted my appearance was, I think, the heartiest I ever received.

The usual cold chill took hold of me as I seated myself at the instrument; the phantom fingers grasped my own and I played on just as usual. I supposed I had executed over two-thirds of the number of pieces I usually gave and had retired for a rest behind the wings when Skab came around and spoke to me.

"You are not playing in your usual style," said he, "What's the matter?"

I told him that I was unaware of any difference. But I was conscious I was not exactly candid in the statement, for there was a nervousness apparent to myself and a strange tremulousness in the fingers that grasped my own.

I returned on the stage and took my seat. Just before I stretched my arms out to the keyboard I happened to raise my eyes and saw in the box just in front of me the most gloriously beautiful woman I ever looked upon. She was not exactly a blonde, yet not a brunette, with rich chestnut hair, an exquisite complexion, and eyes the light of which no Italian sky ever equalled; blue they might have been, for black they were not, but if blue it was like the azure of the illimitable sky reflected in the blue depths of the unfathomable ocean. You lost yourself looking in them.

I saw that this beautiful creature was watching me intently. Her rich red lips were parted, so that a gleam of her snow white teeth could be seen between them. She was leaning slightly forward, and before I touched a key I felt that I could not with-

draw my eyes from the strange light that gleamed in hers.

And yet I was conscious that she while watching me was looking beyond me, over my shoulder, and if I could have done so I could have turned my head. But before I could stir a muscle the hands seized me with a grip—this time so hard I gave an involuntary cry—and I heard, as if in a dream, the opening strains of Schubert's serenade.

Never have I heard anything play this witching music as I then heard it. But for once my sense of hearing was dimmed, so completely had the sense of sight taken possession of me, so entirely was I lost in the gaze of the magnificent eyes that looked through and beyond me, that I only knew when the music ended by the applause of the audience.

#### XII.

An encore was demanded. Still watching the beautiful girl, who seemed now for the first time to be aware of my gaze, my hands touched the keys, and ere a single note was sounded I knew what was coming. "Love's Question," I heard Evans shout, and I saw the beautiful face above, reddened and then grow as white as sea foam.

Oh! how that music sounded. My flesh grew cold, my eyes were flooded with tears, my heart beat against my bosom as if it would burst through my flesh. On and on, in a strain whose ravishing sweetness no earthly melody ever equalled, I heard Aronsonheim at last tell to the bride of his soul the love story that had forbidden him to speak.

She heard it. I saw her rise from her seat, push back with a magnificent gesture the hair that rippled over her forehead and lean across the brass rod that encircled her box. Her bosom was heaving like a tempest tossed billow; her breath, I could see, was coming fast and short. Her lips were wider apart and her eyes looked as the half opened gates of Paradise must look to a condemned soul.

I partook of her agitation. Swaying from side to side I felt that the climax was approaching. The discord at the awful ending of the written score was coming. I, too, breathed sharp and hard, but clenched my teeth in terrible fear.

Would those hands clutch my throat? those cold, clammy fingers tear me as the despairing soul felt that music could not tell its anguish? The last note reached, but instead of the crash of discordant notes, pure and sweet as an angel's song a sublime, symphony crept from the keys and made the warm blood leap in my heart. It was no questioning music any longer; it was a joyous knowledge that filled the soul and overran the senses with a silvery flood of harmony.

"Thou art mine!" it said, "mine forever and ever and ever! No more despair, no more doubt, no more fear! Joy, joy, joy! even as the angels feel in the presence of God. Mine! mine! mine!"

My head swam; reason reeled; but above the music I heard a voice cry "Rudolph!"

In a mist I saw white arms stretched out toward, but not at me, and as I saw the lovely woman's head fall on her bosom and her form sink back, the arms still stretched out as if to clasp and hold a beloved one, I felt the cold fingers loosen their grip upon my hands, and with a light caress leave them forever.

When I recovered from an attack of brain fever, I found myself in Pittsburgh; faithful Tommy Evans my nurse and Seab my general bodyguard and watcher. For a long time I asked no questions, but one day as I sat in my easy chair on the balcony of my room, I mustered courage to ask Evans a question.

"That girl—"

He interrupted me, his face white and troubled.

"Dead," he replied, and from that day to this I have never mentioned the subject.

I am still leader of the orchestra at the Bijou Theatre, but the piano, at my request, has been removed. I use my bow or a handsome baton Skab has given me.

I have never touched a piano since my last concert, and I do not think I ever will again.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

#### Spiritualism a Rock of Knowledge.

(Continued from First Page.)

explain the telegraph and the telephone, but I know they are true. I cannot explain these things, but I know they are true.

But one step more I will hint. Something else has occurred in my experience which puzzles me beyond all words to express. I have no place for it in any scientific theory with which I am acquainted; I do not know what to do with it. In the presence of a personal friend, only two being in the room, I have had communication made to me of certain things occurring at the very instant in another State. Where did it come from? How? I do not know. I simply know that science, according to its present development, has nothing whatever to say to facts like these; it has no place to put them, and must widen its theories before it can account for them. Of course, if I were ready to accept all the claims put forth on the behalf of modern Spiritualism, I should naturally explain these facts in the light of that theory. I frankly say I do not know of any other theory that even promises an explanation.

Perfect candor and fairness compel me to say that some of these communications have about them such traces of the identity of the "spirits" claiming to communicate as fill me with surprise. I have never counted as evidence of "spirit" activity anything a "medium" might tell me which I already knew. I have said, This may be mind reading. But, over and over again, until it is commonplace, I have had thus told me things which it was impossible the psychic should ever have known.

But when, as on several occasions, I am told things that neither myself nor the psychic knew, ever did know, or ever could have known, so far as I could possibly discover, then I know not what to say unless I am to suppose the presence and activity of some invisible intelligence. But, were that proved, it would still remain to prove that this intelligence was once embodied as man or woman.

Here, then, I rest. I am in no hurry. The one thing, the only thing that any sane man can desire is the truth. It seems to me the most fool-hardy of all things for any man to object to a fact. If it is a fact, then it is only folly to object; for if indeed it be a fact it will remain a fact after you have objected your life long. The only sane search in the world, then is for truth. I am so anxious to find the truth that I cannot afford to make up my mind too readily. I must pause, I must wait. I must not only think certain things probable, but I must know they are true.

But this much I will say. It seems to me due to the claims of this higher Spiritualism to say that if I should ever come to accept the central claim of Spiritualism, I cannot see wherein it would change my belief, scientific, philosophic, ethical, practical, one whit. What would it do? It would simply place under my feet a rock, demonstrated to

be a rock, instead of a hope, a trust, a great and glorious belief.

If this higher faith of Spiritualism should ever be universally accepted, what would follow? It would abolish death. It would make you know that the loved are not lost, though they have gone before you. It would make any human life here, whatever its poverty, disease or sorrow, worth while, because of the grand possibility of the outlook. It would give victory over sorrow, over heart-break, over tears. It would make one master not only of death, but of life. It would make him feel sure that he was building up, day by day here, the character that he was to carry with him on to that next level of the ascent that is never to cease, but eternally to come nearer and nearer to God.

I then frankly say to you, friends, that, while I am so anxious to find the truth that I wish to know that the dust is the end of me if it is, I would certainly rather believe that it is not. I would rather believe that we are forming the beginning of associations here which are to be eternal. I would like not only to listen to, but to believe, the whisper that comes down out of the infinite light: "There shall be no more death."

#### Ellensburg, Washington Ter.

The special attention of the readers of this paper is invited to the advertisement in another column of Messrs. Walters & Co., Ellensburg, Washington Territory. They will be pleased to furnish on application full and complete information about the climate, business prospects and resources of the wonderful new state into which everybody is crowding from all over the Union. Ellensburg is located on the Northern Pacific R. R. in the fertile Kittitas valley. It has a population of four thousand and is growing fast. It is a city of the future. It is generally conceded that it will become the capital of the state of Washington. Real estate is rapidly advancing and opportunities for business and investments are very fine. Walters & Co. are the principal real estate firm of Ellensburg and Central Washington. They refer to the Ellensburg National Bank, and to Ben. C. Snipes & Co., bankers. Write them for full particulars.

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Dr. D. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

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Voices From the People.  
AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
**THE CENTENNIAL APOSTROPHE—**  
**COLUMBIA, ALL HAIL!**

EDMUND S. HOLBROOK.  
Columbia, all hail! From the depths of the ages  
The black clouds of Tyranny hung o'er the world;  
Thou comest, the promise of prophets and sages,  
And back into chaos their thunders are hurled;  
Thou comest, the First-born of Time, A FREE NA-  
TION;  
Thy Infancy, chastened by deep tribulation;  
Thy Childhood made pure by the heart's dedica-  
tion;  
Thy Youth girl with strength, thy proud banners  
unfurled.

Columbia, all hail! As we view from this mount-  
ain,  
This Century's height, thy long valley of tears,—  
This stream that had swelled from its earliest foun-  
tain,  
Thy growth amid storms and thy hopes amid  
fears,—  
Now stretching thy borders from river to ocean,  
To whom the far kingdoms shall seek with devo-  
tion,  
Our souls turn to Thee with sublimest emotion,—  
Thou, boundless in greatness, in goodness, in  
years!

Columbia, all hail! Oh, Thou God of all nations,  
Ye angels, ye souls that have mounted the skies,  
Ye patriots, martyrs, oh, save from temptations,  
What conscience forbids and what honor denies:  
Oh, aid us in love and by counsels paternal,  
Inspire us with knowledge and virtue eternal,  
That Liberty's Temple shall here be eternal  
That it issues from her altars forever shall rise.

Columbia, all hail! Oh, how grand and how glori-  
ous  
Thy name and thy lands and thy peoples shall be,  
When Wisdom and Justice shall bear Thee victori-  
ous,  
A Queen among nations, bright, happy, and free:  
Equality thou shalt give each his true measure;  
Then Labor rejoice in use, duty, and pleasure;  
Religion unfold her full Heaven-garbed treas-  
ure  
And God, Man, and Angels be honored in Thee.

Columbia, all hail! For, though late came the dawn-  
ing,  
And long hung the day-star all trembling and  
pale,  
The darkness now fades, and the splendors of morn-  
ing  
Shoot o'er the hill-top, down valley and dale;  
'Tis Freedom's fair daughter! fling high the star-  
banner;  
Let Music and Poesy voice their hosanna;  
Let hearts beat in worship, let tongues speak in  
honor,  
Thou best-born of Heaven. Columbia, all hail!

Authorship of "Universal Brother-  
hood."

In a late *Unity*, I find a poem, entitled "Universal  
Brotherhood," which, you say, is published by re-  
quest of some of your readers who like it and with  
the hope to thus learn the real authorship of  
this newspaper. It may have been published in  
the newspapers anonymously, stolen at first,  
without credit, but is to be found in "The Poems of  
Progress," by Lizzie Doten, of Boston, a fair volume  
of some two hundred pages, first issued in 1871, by  
Colby & Rich, and of which, some eight thousand  
have been sold, an earlier volume of hers, "Poems  
of the Inner Life," was published by William White  
& Co., in 1863, and some fifteen thousand copies  
have been sold. The original title of the poem you  
quote is, "Chemistry of Character." It is, as you  
say, good, yet is far from being one of the best in  
these choice volumes. I have often seen quoted,  
always without credit, the fine verse, opening the  
stanzas entitled "Reconciliation":

God of the Granite and the Rose!  
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!  
The mighty tide of being flows  
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.  
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,  
Through every grade of being runs,  
Till, from creation's radiant towers,  
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

A part of "The Rainbow Bridge," is as follows:

"'Twas a faith that was held by the Northman bold,  
In the ages long, long ago,  
That the river of death, so dark and cold,  
Was spanned by a radiant bow:  
A rainbow bridge, the bridge of hope,  
Of the strong Gods, free from ill,  
Where the beautiful Urd fountain flowed,  
Near the ash-tree Igrasill.

"O, beautiful faith of the grand old past!  
So simple, yet so sublime,  
A light from that rainbow bridge is cast  
Far down o'er the tide of time.  
We raise our eyes, and we see above,  
The souls in their homeward march;  
They wave their hands, and they smile in love  
From the height of the rainbow arch."

"The Sacrament," "Resurrex," and "Poor Old  
Margery Miller," are especially excellent. A wide  
range of thought and expression—from grave to  
joyful, from noble aspiration to tender sympathy—  
marks these varied verses.

Miss Doten is a middle-aged lady, whom I have  
known for years, and whom it is a pleasure  
to meet, as she is sincere, sensible, intelligent and  
attractive. She is a Spiritualist, and in a modest  
preface, gives a glimpse of her experience, telling  
how she feels herself guided and inspired by invis-  
ible intelligences, and gives what comes largely from  
Poe, Burns and others.

George Eliot tells how "a something not herself"  
seems to possess and use her in giving her best writ-  
ings, and a like experience would seem to be that  
of Miss Doten, the difference being one of exalta-  
tion, probably, of a deeper feeling of the person-  
al source of that "something" in the latter case.  
There can be no question of the sincerity of both  
these gifted writers.

On their own merits, these two volumes, stand  
among the best—true poems, not mere rhymes—  
and their alleged origin gives them a special inter-  
est.  
I regret to say that they find, as yet, no place in  
popular book-stores; for that they can wait, and it  
is sure to come. Those who want them, must send to  
the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,  
94 La Salle street, in your city.

G. B. STEBBINS, in *Unity*.

The Benefit Derived from Mesmerism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
Two years ago Mrs. J. was prostrated with a se-  
vere attack of sickness, which ultimately went to  
her head. Our family physician, one of the best in  
the city, after exhausting all of his skill in trying to  
relieve her, gave me the cold comfort that she was  
beyond human help, and as a last resort I was  
induced by a friend to try a magnetic healer, Mr. Fry.  
He called at my residence about 7 o'clock in the  
evening, and in less than two minutes had Mrs. J.  
in a perfect mesmeric state, and to all outward ap-  
pearance dead. She was kept in that condition for  
over six hours, and while therein she saw and  
conversed with heavenly messengers; and when  
aroused to her normal condition, all vestige of pain  
and affliction had departed, and to this day has not  
returned.

Since that time, this lady has been able to see  
while in her normal condition many who are now  
in spirit-life, and talk and commune with them, and  
receive flowers, messages and advice. She is now,  
and has been for many long years a member of the  
First Baptist Church.

This is a new life, one of deep interest to the  
household, and my object in writing is this: Will  
you or some of your many readers explain something  
of the nature and causes that have produced this  
wonderful and yet pleasant change in a life that was  
once dark and full of affliction, to now full of light  
and joy?  
CONSTANT READER.  
Denver, Col.

Magnetism, Hypnotism, Spirit, or  
What?

THEOS. HARDING.

On the sixth page of the JOURNAL of April 20th  
appeared an article, taken from the Hartford (Ct.)  
*Times*, on the subject of Prof. Carpenter's experi-  
ments. It detailed two remarkably successful opera-  
tions on diseased persons by the method called hy-  
pnotism, and as it is a long time since I had a contri-  
bution in the JOURNAL I feel disposed to communi-  
cate the facts of two operations which were recent-  
ly performed by a lady in private life, whose success  
has never been heralded by the public press and who  
does not seek the notoriety which is so acceptable to  
superficial minds.

The lady operator had been (in days gone by) a  
remarkable medium in many phases of Spiritualism.  
She is now a Christian Scientist and still holds her  
spiritualistic belief, although she takes no pleasure  
in what are called the lower or physical manifesta-  
tions, these she considers profitable, but the  
purifying influences which come from the wise and  
good among those who have joined "the majority"  
seem very acceptable to her. I am not authorized  
to give the lady's name to the public, but have no  
hesitation in saying that the "subject" on whom she  
operated was myself.

I had been greatly troubled by vertigo, a dizziness  
and swimming of the head; it continued many  
months and was so bad that to save myself from  
falling I would have to grasp and hold on to some  
object stable enough to sustain me; it would attack  
me in the street sometimes and I often thought  
those who saw me staggering might suppose that I  
had imbibed too freely of something stronger than  
ice water. I took medicine for it, consulted phy-  
sicians about it, changed my food, etc., but nothing  
seemed to do me any good. One evening I was sit-  
ting in the parlor of Mrs. L., at La Grange, Ind.,  
conversing with her on general topics when, with-  
out saying a word on the subject, she went behind  
my chair and passed her hand very gently across  
my forehead, the fingers barely touching. As I  
never received the least benefit from manipulation  
I had no faith in it. I always supposed myself too  
positive; even mesmerism had been tried but with-  
out effect. I could never be produced over; nevertheless  
I have healed others by laying on my hands; but  
from the moment of Mrs. L.'s operation I had no  
more vertigo and at the time it seemed to me like  
one of the old Bible miracles, the effect was so com-  
plete.

The other case occurred but a few days ago. I  
had been the subject of rheumatism for several  
months; it was quite severe in my right knee and  
elbow; a little exertion caused my knee, particularly,  
to become so stiff and painful that I could not  
bend it without excruciating pain, which would  
make me cry out impulsively in a style that I had  
this but please. I was in La Grange a few days ago  
and remembering Mrs. L.'s success on the former  
occasion I thought she might help my rheumatism  
also. The method of Christian Science, that is,  
sitting opposite the patient for fifteen minutes  
with the eyes closed and the subject's eyes also  
closed, was her preferred method. I had heard  
much more faith in her fingers than in her science.  
We sat for a while in silence, however, and then at  
my request she passed her hand over my knee and  
elbow and although I had been on my feet almost  
continually for days and also exercised much  
since my return home I have not had an inkling of  
rheumatism since. Here her hands were rather  
of course time alone can tell whether it will return,  
but at present I know that I have no trouble from  
it, even the soreness, which was constant in one  
side of the knee has quite disappeared. So I may  
tell the Hartford *Times* that there are other "mirac-  
le" workers as well as Prof. Carpenter, and other  
rheumatism cases have been cured by her. I have  
may go farther and say that in private houses and  
families are frequently to be found the most suc-  
cessful practitioners of occult science, women and  
men who do not desire to have their names blazoned  
abroad.

But the puzzling question with me is, what *causes*  
this potent influence, power, person, principle, or  
thing which accomplished the work? I cannot  
tell. I only know that whereas I was lame now I  
am not, and that though once dizzy, now "my head  
is level." Many scientists speak learnedly in this  
age on the subject of hypnotism, magnetism, etc.,  
as though they had fathomed the depths of occult  
causes. For my part I am satisfied to wait to learn  
and learn to wait.

Was it hypnotism? I think not, because both  
operator and subject were in the normal condition.  
I know I was not asleep or mentally subject to Mrs.  
L.

Was it Christian Science? I doubt it, because C. S.  
teaches that the physical contact or touch is of  
no avail, but on the contrary retards the process of  
cure, and that it is not the operator but the subject  
who performs the work through faith or the con-  
scious possession of power over existing, "non-ex-  
istent" diseases. As she said, "I had heard much  
more faith in her fingers than in her science." In the  
first instance I rather contemptuously and scorned the  
method, and the cure of vertigo was affected in spite  
of me, and in the second I was simply trying an  
experiment, reasoning that as the operation was suc-  
cessful with vertigo it might be with rheumatism;  
besides it was the contact which seemed to be the  
essential thing. No! I cannot credit it to Christian  
Science.

Was it animal magnetism? I think not. I felt no  
particular sensations, mental or physical, during the  
operation; neither was the lady conscious of im-  
parting to me any quality, potency or vitality; she  
simply touched my head and the vertigo was gone.  
She passed her hand over my knee and the rheuma-  
tism departed. I do not feel capable of defining  
what magnetism is, as that word is used by sci-  
entists of Professor Carpenter's school, and even  
by healers, mediums, or Spiritualists generally, and  
I feel disposed to think that the word, in our pres-  
ent degree of knowledge of occult science, is indef-  
inable; but from what I suppose of it, its charac-  
teristics and its qualities, I cannot accept animal  
magnetism as the agent in this matter.

But lastly was it the spirits or a spirit who per-  
formed the work, employing Mrs. L. as their or his  
agent of transmission? Perhaps it was, but I don't  
know. We have evidence that the spirits can pro-  
duce those extraordinary effects on physical man,  
and exercise power over inert objects and matter's  
laws. We ask, "Who or what is doing these  
strange things?" The answer invariably is, "We,  
the spirits, do them." This answer, universal as  
it is, perhaps, our only warrant for believing in  
spirits agency in such cases. But does the "occult"  
force tell lies? It seems that it does sometimes and  
in some cases it propounds false theories and intensifies  
the grossness of selfish persons, who give it  
unreasoning credence. But the universal claim  
through rapping, writing, speaking, etc., that "We,  
the spirits do all these things," must per force carry  
with it weight. It is a claim that the elements  
of the claim is a just one, more particularly if it is  
strengthened by the personal experiences of the  
student, which, perhaps, have forced themselves un-  
bidden upon him.

But can I say as a bona fide fact, that spirits  
through the agency of an operation of Mrs. L., of  
La Grange, cured my vertigo and the rheumatism?  
I don't think I can. It may have been so but I don't  
know. I do know that the work was done and  
that is about the extent of my knowledge in regard  
to it.

Perhaps, Mrs. L., and her school would credit it to  
the almighty power of the God of Christian Sci-  
ence, and the claim may seem reasonable to those  
who accept the theory that there is nothing real but  
God, the spirit universal, and that every man is, in  
his essence, a God and every woman a Goddess; that  
in the sanctum sanctorum of our being we are,  
when self-assertive, all-powerful, and that all things  
outside that central man, are but the "occult"  
force, but is simply imaginary. But who imagines?  
It must be the "God," if nothing outside the centre  
is capable of originating a thought, which consid-  
eration weakens the force of the argument.

But supposing the C. S. theory to be correct, that  
"We are all Gods," it would not be difficult to im-  
agine a case wherein a "God" was carrying about a  
load of rheumatism (real or imaginary) which  
from some cause he was unable to throw off, and  
that another "God," who hadn't any, came to his  
assistance; there does not seem to be anything in  
that idea which conflicts with the theory of C. S., as  
I understand it. "Rear ye one another's burdens  
and so fulfill the law of Christ," is a sentence fa-  
miliar to all Christians, whether of the school of  
Reason or Science. The Christian Scientist claims  
to be doing that very thing on earth. Will he cease  
to be engaged in such good work when he shuffles  
off the "unreal" mortal coil? Will he be a worse  
man in heaven than he was on earth? or will he be  
less capable of performing "Christian" work when  
the impediments to it are removed?

To my mind it seems reasonable to suppose that  
invisible intelligence, capable of comprehending the  
situation and able to apply laws, which in such  
cases, were provided, would take delight in coming  
to the assistance of the suffering. I think, were I  
one of them, I should. If any such person has  
done this good turn for me, I must feel deeply grate-  
ful to him. I have not seen Mrs. L., but I know  
herself, and I earnestly hope that the "God" within  
me, if he possess the power claimed for him by  
Christian Scientists, will continue to assert his prerog-  
ative of absolute dominion and keep the rheuma-  
tism away.  
Surgis, Mich.

Rev. R. Heber Newton and Spiritual-  
ism.

The following editorial appeared in the Madison  
(Wis.) *Daily Democrat*, April 7th.

A few days since Rev. R. Heber Newton contrib-  
uted to the New York *Herald* a lengthy and exhaus-  
tive article on modern Spiritualism. While Mr. New-  
ton does not come out positively in support of the  
phenomena of Spiritualism, yet the candor with  
which he treats its claims, is indeed a general sur-  
prise to the public. The assumption that Spiritual-  
ism is a humbug, and that what is called its phre-  
nomena is the product of fraud, is evidently giving  
way to a more candid and earnest consideration of  
the subject. Many men of large intelligence and  
learning are beginning to ask, whether after all that  
theology has taught, there exists any positive evi-  
dence of immortality. Modern research has weak-  
ened the foundation of faith, in that it shows that  
such foundation is composed of opinions, derived  
from opinions, back and back, until their origin  
cannot be traced. It is no longer satisfactory for  
one man to tell another that somebody else has told  
him. A necessity appears to have arisen for a better  
assurance. Materialism in its milder as well as worst  
forms is hard at work destroying human hope, and  
planting the seeds of human despair. It is claimed  
that the advance of science and of unbelief, go hand  
in hand; and it cannot be denied that the views of  
Aristotle have shaken the faith of a vast number.  
The church acknowledged the reality of its influence,  
when it deprecated the falling off of its attendance.  
The tendency toward unbelief and loss of faith must  
be confessed, and few endeavor to show to the con-  
trary. At such a time, a demand arises for more  
satisfactory proof of immortality, and is it impos-  
sible that the law of supply, which the Creator estab-  
lished by the side of the law of demand, may not  
now be at work, furnishing the proof required to  
hold men to a belief in his wisdom, and to a reliance  
on his mercy? God does not marshal the powers of  
his "universe" when he throws more light upon the  
world's darknesses; it does not come suddenly, but by  
degrees, that the eyes of men may gain in strength  
to receive it. "The babe in the manger," illustrates  
his way with man. As regards the phenomena of  
Spiritualism, its origin cannot be urged as proof of  
its unfitness to work out a revolution in belief. Nor  
can it be called trivial, so long as it confounds the  
theology of the age. If it be not a voice from the  
grave, it is not a voice from beyond the grave, then  
what is it? Until this question is answered by some-  
thing better than a sneer, belief in it will not decline.  
The cry of "humbug," "fraud," "collusion," etc., has  
failed to satisfy the public mind. The fact is, there  
exists a heart-felt desire for better proof of immor-  
tality than the world has. Rev. Newton's able and  
candid article may be regarded as a forerunner of a  
better and more intelligent discussion of a subject,  
which, whether the offspring of truth or of delusion,  
is to-day exercising too large an influence over the  
minds of men to be longer ignored.

RUDOLPH'S DEATH.  
A Story that a Ghost Was the Cause  
of His Tragic End.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Whether or not there be any truth in the following  
horrible story now going the rounds of the press, it  
is interesting as showing a drift of public feeling  
which makes the circulation of such things possible.  
Occurrences like those described, however, are not  
entirely unknown to occultists who have investiga-  
ted the possibilities of what is called "black magic."

F. T. S.

In certain circles in Vienna there is a story cur-  
rent regarding the death of the Crown Prince Ru-  
dolph which is generally not believed, but is accept-  
ed by some as the true account of the unhappy ter-  
mination of his life. The prince, as it appears,  
much devoted to the study and practice of the mystic  
arts, and was also greatly influenced by any woman  
who prepossessed him. He was a medium, and on  
several occasions had boasted of having seen the  
Burgtheater, an apparition which has for centuries  
haunted the palace of the Hapsburgs at Vienna, as  
white lady who had been seen by Baron Hohenzollern  
at Berlin. Only a few days before his death, while  
dining with Count C., the door of the dining-  
room suddenly opened. The count was startled, but  
the prince said, laughing: "Don't be disturbed, it is  
only the Burgtheater. I have often met it and we are  
intimate friends." The crown prince was always  
fascinated by mystic and occult matters, and it was  
at his request that Baron H. brought the medium  
Bastian to Vienna. There was much discussion at  
the time whether Bastian was or was not an imposter,  
but the crown prince himself was never able to  
determine in his own mind that he was. There was  
considerable controversy on the subject between the  
prince and Baron H. in the course of which the  
baron offered to give palpable proof of the possi-  
bility of citing spirits, even without the aid of a me-  
dium. In order to put the baron to the test an ap-  
pointment was made, and he and the prince, with  
Count C., met on a dark night at the castle of  
M. The baron lighted seven torches and pro-  
duced his book of incantations. The crown prince  
looked at it, and was immensely amused on finding  
it to be only a French Ollendorf's grammar, but the  
baron explained that it was immaterial how he ex-  
cited his will, all that was necessary was for him to  
produce the spirit.

The conjuration of a spirit then began, the baron  
reading as he spoke. As he proceeded the prince's  
voice resounded in the chamber with terrible in-  
tensity, and the very air seemed to become alive with  
invisible horrors. At the same time a rushing blast  
extinguished the lights. Count C. fainted away  
and the prince rushed out of the room. His mind  
seemingly much affected, he returned, and what he  
witnessed and he insisted that the baron should pro-  
duce some elemental form to him to live in love with.  
Baron H. then employed various arts to work  
upon the prince's imagination. He abstracted blood  
from his side and burned it, at the same time mak-  
ing him recite some incantation. At last the ele-  
mental form in the shape of a beautiful woman ap-  
peared when the prince was alone in his room. He re-  
peated her visits, growing each time more tangible,  
and one day the charm was broken by a keeper  
firing a gun at the apparition. At the same time the  
Baroness Veltzer, a most beautiful woman, lay dy-  
ing at Vienna, and recovered by a miracle. The al-  
leged reason that the prince's elemental form had  
taken possession of her. Later on the prince met  
the baroness and fell violently in love with her.  
They met at the castle of Meidling, and by some  
means the prince found out that the baroness was  
his elemental form. He had in the meantime become  
tired from spiritualism, was horrified at the  
discovery. The elemental form, insulted, departed, leav-  
ing the body of the baroness a corpse in the prince's  
room, but as the elemental had become a part of his  
own life he, in a fit of mental alienation, shot him-  
self.

How Jonah Did It.

We confess that up to date we have been troubled  
about the story of Jonah and the whale. Never  
having occupied an apartment that kind of a fish  
we have been puzzled to know how the prophet  
supplied himself with rations or got the necessary  
degree of ventilation.

Dr. Talmage, however, in the report of his ser-  
mon printed elsewhere, clears up our last lingering  
doubt, and we now feel prepared to believe any-  
thing, provided Talmage will interpret it. The  
reverend gentleman stated yesterday that Jonah's  
life was preserved while, in the interior department

of the whale in a very simple way. That is, he  
dodged "the gastric juice" so nimbly that the fish's  
digestive apparatus couldn't get a fair hold on him.  
Those of our citizens who contemplate crossing  
the ocean this season ought to pin this rule in their  
hats:—If you happen to be swallowed by a whale,  
keep in motion.

We come to the conclusion that Dr. Talmage  
knows a good deal more about some things than he  
does about others. On whales he is an authority.—  
*New York Herald.*

Social Conditions and Tendencies.

Abstract of an After Dinner Speech by B. F.  
Underwood before the New York Unitarian  
Club, Friday Evening, April 12th.

The scramble for wealth, and the struggle for  
position and power are a continuation, in a mod-  
ified form, of the "struggle for life." Men fought  
one another, impelled by hunger and passion; they  
now struggle to overreach, outwit and out-do  
one another, in securing whatever is demanded by  
their complex and cultivated tastes. The essential  
difference, persisting among the working  
classes and in the professions and all the voca-  
tions of life. Co-operation has always co-existed  
with competition. Men combined in the past for  
defense. They do the same now. Laborers unite to  
resist the encroachments of capital; capitalists  
unite to resist the demands of labor. They com-  
bine also to overcome competition among themselves  
that they may, by limiting production and fixing  
prices, make large profits and thus fleece the public  
"along the line of the least resistance."

In the modern industrial world machinery is a  
great factor and revolutionizing agency. It saves  
labor and adds enormously to the power of produc-  
tion. It ought to show its results in reducing the  
hours of labor and in increased leisure for all; but  
capitalists own the machinery and get the greatest  
advantages from it. The public are benefited, of  
course, and the wages of mechanics are higher than  
they once were; but they are lower in proportion  
to the number of wants and demands which must  
now be supplied to make their social position as  
highly relative, and their condition as satisfactory  
as it once was. There is nothing like an equitable  
distribution of the products of the products of  
labor. The working people see this, and hence  
much feeling, often unreasoning and unjust, is  
kindled against the rich, chronic discontent and so-  
cialistic theories and tendencies of the day—the desire  
for a gigantic monopoly powerful enough to defeat  
and destroy the trust monopolies which have grown  
up, they say, on the labor of men who live in  
poverty.

On the other hand those who are fortunate  
enough to possess wealth naturally desire to keep it,  
and to add to it. Their wealth makes them of im-  
portance and influence. The age is one of indus-  
trialism and they are its captains. They can obtain  
newspaper support and give to the campaign fund  
of a reformer, political influence, to protect their  
special interests. The energies of multitudes  
are directed to the acquisition of wealth because of  
the influence, distinction and honor it gives. All  
who succeed unite in perpetuating and increasing  
these advantages. So there is a tendency on the one  
hand to boundless wealth and on the other to wide-  
spread poverty, ignorance, disease, drunkenness  
and other evils which poverty fosters. We are, as  
never before, confronted with the question how to  
secure the vast benefits that result from competition  
and lessen the evils, the failure, wretchedness and  
ruin which it produces.

Industrial enterprises lead to constantly increas-  
ing division of labor and specialization of function.  
This insures skill in every specialty, but it is at the  
expense of a full and rounded mental development.  
Will the next generation of mechanics, artisans and  
operatives be better equipped to contend with their  
employers than are those of to-day, when machinery  
is constantly destroying trades and making a great  
part of mechanic work almost automatic?

The wage-earners must look to themselves and  
not to any outside influence. They have numer-  
ical strength but lack the wisdom to use it effectively.  
Their reliance must be on agitation, education  
and popular intelligence. More than all else is need-  
ed a moral education which has hitherto formed but  
an incidental part of popular instruction. The  
pulpit but represents the popular religious thought;  
the daily press reflects public opinion. These ag-  
encies will never initiate a new moral and social  
movement, however much they may assist it when  
once launched upon the billows of controversy. Do  
not expect progress without progress without compe-  
tition, nor competition without poverty and suffer-  
ing. But the infusion of justice and the spirit of  
humanity in business and social life must mitigate  
the evils of the struggle. The fittest will survive,  
but a recognition of the solidarity of the race and  
affording equal opportunities for all, may keep  
many who otherwise would go down in the strug-  
gle, to it survive. Out of the poverty and despair  
that existed nineteen centuries ago on the banks of  
the Jordan and along the shores of the sea of  
Tiberius, sprang a movement which has revolution-  
ized empires. Out of the competition and strife,  
the conflicting interests, and the discussion and agi-  
tation of today will come, let us hope, a great re-  
volution which shall secure to the mass of workers a  
fair share of the products of their toil. If not, our  
civilization will continue far from complete.

Travels in the "Black Belt."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In my record of travel in the "Black Belt," I dated  
my letter from Ocean Springs, Mississippi, and, con-  
tinuing, will say that our one week's contemplated  
stay grew into two, and yet we lingered under its  
spell, and the old negro, who had been with us for  
length we broke away from its pure air, and a few  
hours found us in New Orleans. Avoiding the old  
landmark, the "St. Charles" by advice of those who  
had been under fire of its \$4 per-day-and-help-  
yourself-to-what-you-can-get, we found quarters at  
the Dennesshouse on Carondelet street, a comfort-  
able, bright, airy, and pleasant place to learn what  
four days about town would do for us. Having  
arrived on Saturday, we opened up exploration with  
a visit to the French market, a place of which so  
much has been said.

After breakfast I attended 10 o'clock mass in the  
Cathedral, said to be the oldest church in the  
United States—a large building, well preserved  
within, but time worn without. We witnessed the  
concentrated mummeries that date far back into  
the misty past, and which, doubtless, will still be vig-  
orous when the sunlight of new truths are illumi-  
nating the world, for progress is an unknown quantity  
to the Catholic Church, a sad contemplation  
to those who have seen the old brick and mortar  
the newer light of Spiritualism. The Jesuit Church,  
a building of later construction and more beauty,  
presents a sadder picture, because of the presence  
of a more dense cloud of bigotry which pervades its  
atmosphere.

New Orleans is a veritable "City of the dead." I  
had known of the burials above ground, but I had  
no conception that what I saw would so reverse my  
line of thought as to the manner of disposal of one's  
mortal remains. I am an advocate of cremation for  
sanitary as well as other reasons; but when I saw  
the beautiful structures wherein are placed from  
four to twenty bodies of friends, hermetically sealed,  
and past all possibility to corrupt the atmosphere, I  
felt like compromising upon it as the best of all  
manner of burial for general acceptance. Wealth  
had its representation; art its illustration, and love  
its expression in the thousands of flowers that had  
been placed at the portals of the homes of the dead.  
Howard, the monarch in the scheme of the Louisi-  
ana lottery, has the most expensive of all the  
crypts which I saw, it being a square enclosure,  
9 x 15, with apartments for caskets on three sides,  
fifteen in all, and in the centre of the room sat an  
exquisitely cut male figure in marble, with his first  
finger placed to his lips indicating silence. It was  
bought with the hard earned dollars of the thou-  
sands of hopeful and expectant purchasers of lottery  
tickets that literally flood the city, quite in contrast  
to our old good city which has now, under indict-  
ment, an agent, for violation of our rigid laws  
against dealing in lottery tickets. Half of the retail  
stores, tobacco stands, candy stores, variety shops,  
and, indeed, in almost every window are exposed,  
dozens of tickets for sale.

As the city lies seven feet below the river at high  
water, a visit to the high levee was interesting.  
This embankment, 20 feet on the top, sloping both  
ways, and ten feet above high water mark, is the  
city's protection against flood.

A. P. C.  
Chicago, Illinois.

New York City has a new street, which will bear  
the euphonious name of Tee-Taw avenue.

Notes and Extracts on Miscella-  
neous Subjects.

Judge Joachimson, of San Francisco, has decid-  
ed that the broomstick is not a deadly weapon.

A Vienna, Ga., man has a cow that is the fond  
mother of twin calves, over a month old and doing  
well.

There is a dog in Americus, Ga., that lives on  
English sparrows, which he catches by slyly creep-  
ing up on them.

Jim Reid, of Thomasville, Ga., has in alcohol a  
chicken with two fully developed necks and heads  
and three wings.

The salvation army has abandoned Berlin because  
the officers have discovered that the city "is not yet  
ripe for salvation."

Last year 153,000,000 shad and about 80,000,000  
trout fry were distributed over the country by the  
fish commission.

Twenty years hence no hunter will be able to dis-  
cover a wild elephant on any portion of this globe.  
The big beast must go.

It is said that a Japanese line of steamers will  
soon be run on the Pacific coast in opposition to the  
Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

A New York beef-exporting firm has 300 retail  
meat shops in Great Britain. Joseph Eastman, its  
founder, is a native of New Hampshire.

Levi Stauffer, of Goodville, Lancaster County,  
who is sixty-four years old, has spent fifty-three  
years in bed, being a helpless paralytic.

The largest fish hatchery in the world will be at  
Pulaski Island in Lake Erie. It will have a  
hatching capacity for 500,000 whitefish eggs.

Charles Mourse, aged fourteen, and Nellie Shat-  
tuck, aged thirteen, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., ran away  
and got married. When they returned to their home  
the bride got a spanking.

A man at Newton, Kan., advertises as follows:  
"Wanted—A good six or eight room house by a  
family without children, grandchildren, mother-in-  
law, grandparents, or hired girl with a lover."

Isaac Keim, of Reading, has the fur of the largest  
ever killed on the Blue Mountains. The length,  
with tail, is over four feet. The fur shows that the  
animal was a cross between the red and gray foxes.

W. L. Thomas and J. C. Hunt, of Lowndes Coun-  
ty, Georgia, have deer farms. The animals are as  
 tame and gentle as cattle. They are kept in pas-  
tures that are inclosed by wire fencing twelve feet  
high.

Major Post, of Atlanta, Ga., could not tell why  
the sparrows should collect around his house, and  
make such a tremendous clattering noise, but he learned  
that some one had tied a huge owl fast in one of his  
door way trees.

A rosy-looking Chester County man stayed some  
time in a Pottstown hotel, leaving his horse un-  
tended. When he came out, brushing his mustache,  
the well-informed animal awaited him some distance  
up the street before another hotel.

John Hamilton, of Frankford, Philadelphia, was  
severely bitten on the back of his hand by a dog.  
Since then Hamilton's hand has been almost  
useless, the bones appearing to decay. His physi-<



## THE UNIVERSALIST PLAN.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTIN.

Oh, may we gain that lofty eminence  
That overlooks the broad highway wherein  
All creatures move in harmony toward God!  
Observe the perfect workings of that plan,—  
God's perfect plan, as rhythmic as grand,  
That out of evil embryonic good  
Evolves, through changeless law, complete, divine,  
Man's dual nature, high and low combined,  
The higher struggling for supremacy,  
Absorbing, conquering baser attributes,  
That silently recede and are dissolved,  
As night's dark shade that, changing, melts away  
When touched by subtle morning's magic wand,  
Bursts forth in blushing skies and golden beams.

The pathway lies through death, not of the form,  
Not the material garb of dust and clay,  
But of the crude and undeveloped traits  
That clog the soul's unfolding and its growth;  
While from these attributes, absorbed and changed  
Through economic, grand, and wondrous laws,  
The spirit's mystic garment's warp and woof  
Unfolds, and blending every tint and shade  
Harmoniously, the beautiful fabric forms.

To reach that height is peace,  
To feel our kinship with all forms of life,  
To greet all men as brothers, parts of the  
Great whole. The unit God: the universe  
The God, and God the universe.

There to abide is life,  
Full-fledged and strong, above contentious thought  
That sharpens Envy's slim venomous tongue,  
Respeaking littleness, horizons small,  
Distorted views of life, of man, of God.

There to remain is gain;  
For love, true charity, with well-filled arms,  
Both dwell upon that heavenly plane.

How vain all strivings are,  
With sordid, selfish ends and lesser aims!  
How grand experience, though 'tis winged with woe  
That bears us upward to that brighter realm,—  
That elevation with its rarer air,  
Where sunlight gleams above the fogs of sense  
And thick miasma of the vale below!

There find we heaven,  
Where God doth dominate and harmonize,  
The good develops and the ill transforms:  
The lower nature change by steady growth  
When touched by power divine through contact  
close.

With the First Cause,—unfolds a human soul.  
O man, developed, noble, god-like, grand!  
Mount up the stairway of infinity,  
Fair offspring of the Deity. Thou art  
Coeval with eternity and God.

—Christian Register.

## A Contribution to the Therapeutic Utilization of Hypnotism.

(Albert Baron D. Schrenck-Notzing.)

Hypnotism has found in France therapeutic application long ago. After men, whose honesty, liability and competence cannot be doubted, have published the often surprising cures effected, obtained by it, Germany's medical world, although at first maintaining a position of unfriendliness, could not have continued to simply ignore the whole subject or even call it a mere swindle. In the sixth general meeting of Prussian Medical Officers, the statement was: "Hypnotism is nothing but a dialectical play with the words: Will, Sleep, Convulsion," but this statement would be entirely without foundation nowadays. The same may be said of the statement that hypnotism was nothing but a contortion of certain established physiological notions. The time is gone, when everything improbable was branded "impossible" and when "swindlers" was the name for everything not in harmony with the traditional notions of what was possible.

Many a therapeutic fact has acquired legitimacy, although in its beginning it was greeted with doubt and even ill-will. Many another one, which was hailed with enthusiasm, was confined to oblivion after short-lived celebrity. No one ought to be inaccessible to a discovery which promises possibly to alleviate suffering, and to cure diseases, provided the remedy in itself is without danger; and hypnotism, in the hands of an able physician, conversant with its methods, is free from such danger, according to general opinion.

The most important part of hypnotic literature has been furnished by France, Germany, Belgium and Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, etc., and forms, as it were, an appendix only to French literature. In France there are two different schools of hypnotic treatment. The Paris (Charcot) school is more inclined to use hypnotism as a means of diagnosis, and only in cases of so-called Grande Hysterie as a therapeutic agent, while the Nancy school (Bernheim) enlarges the circle of the so-called curative method by the introduction of posthypnotic suggestion.

The results obtained by the Nancy school are undeniably brilliant. In Germany also, they have been confirmed, and it is of importance to signalize the brilliant curative results obtained by suggestion.—*Deutsche Medizinische Zeitung.*

A series of articles on Samoa will appear in the May number of the Century. They are written by Dr. Whitaker, of the United States Navy, who recently visited the island by Mr. George H. Bates, the commissioner sent to Samoa in 1886, and (since this article was actually written) again named on the Commission appointed by the present Administration; and by Captain Henry Erben, who took the Tuscara to Samoa with Steinberger on board. The subject is profusely illustrated with maps, views of the main islands, and inhabitants. In connection with Captain Erben's article are given several letters from the Taimua, or governing chiefs of Samoa.

One year ago B. C. Kells, of Marysville, Yuba County, Cal., put out quite a number of peach seeds at a nursery owned by G. W. Elder. From them have sprung up a number of seedling trees, all of which are of surprising height and dimensions. One of them is 7 feet high and measures 2-3 inches in diameter. It has a dozen roots, which measure from 1/2 to 1 inch in diameter. This is the largest seedling that has ever been grown in that locality, and doubtless cannot be surpassed in the whole country.

An army officer, familiar with Oklahoma, is credited with the statement that among its indigenous productions that will furnish employment and obtrusive fellowship with the settlers are skunks and badgers. Of the former he says there are countless millions, and that they will be found, strong, pungent contestants for the country. The Indians have been in the habit of killing them and selling their pelts by the wagon load. The soil is full of badgers, and they are a thousand times worse than the skin fleas.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is also a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution.

Dr. Stockwell, author of "The Evolution of Immortality," writes: "I am thrilled, uplifted and almost entranced by it. It is just such a book as I felt was coming, must come."

Science devotes over a column to it, and says: "One does not at once open a book treating on the moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction."

A new edition of Dr. J. H. Dewey's, The Way, The Truth and Life will be issued soon. This work has had a large sale and is still meeting with great success. For sale at this office, price, \$2.00.

D. D. Home's Life and Mission is as popular as when first from the press and it is well worthy the praise it has received. The career of a remarkable medium like D. D. Home should be familiar to all students of the spiritual philosophy and occult students generally. Cloth, plain \$2.00; gilt, \$2.25. For sale at this office.

Statuism, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Fahnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commission. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Heaven Revised is now ready for the public and is meeting with success. It is a good missionary pamphlet and can be had at this office for 25 cents. Now is the time to order.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## Head of the List.

I know of no more powerful, reliable, or economical blood purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For building up the health generally it stands at the head of the list, and I am glad to be able to certify that the public still as ever consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best.

T. F. MOLLOY,  
Cor. High and Dover-st. Lowell.

## Ayer's at the Front.

As a clerk and proprietor I have been connected with the drug trade in Lowell over five years, during all which time I have remarked a steadily increasing demand for Dr. Ayer's remedies. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still at the front where its merits entitle it to remain, second to none. In my opinion there is no better blood purifier than this standard remedy.

D. W. MASON,  
Market and Suffolk-sts., Lowell.

## Demand Constantly Increasing.

I take pleasure in attesting the fact that among all the blood purifiers Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the longest in the market and best known of any—now as always sustains its high reputation. It is endorsed by the best medical authority, and is what it claims to be—a genuine Sarsaparilla. I recommend it to my patrons with the fullest confidence in its virtues, and note a constantly increasing demand for it.

C. J. STUART, M. D.,  
35 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's is the Best.

From long experience, when our opinion is sought, we invariably advise the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best preparation for the blood. We hear none but favorable words from those who use it. We have a host of customers who say they could not go through the spring without Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It makes them feel brighter, stronger, and enjoy their work better.

SHANAHAN & HICKEY,  
Lawrence and Wamsit-sts., Lowell.

## Sales Steadily Increasing.

Our sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are very satisfactory and steadily increasing. There is no better blood purifier.

EUGENE HAMBLER,  
325 Central-st., Lowell.

## Its Popularity Increases.

During the many years in which as clerk and proprietor I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla in Lowell I have never heard my customers speak otherwise than well of it. Its popularity increases.

J. L. WESTWOOD,  
87 Gorham-st., Lowell.

## Still the Best.

The extraordinary skill with which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared, as well as the remedial virtues of its ingredients, have long established this blood purifier as the best that can be had, and its increasing sales indicate that the public appreciate it.

O. J. BELLE-ISLE,  
28 East Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's is the Standard.

The name of J. C. Ayer & Co. on the wrapper is sufficient guarantee for the reliability of the preparations made by this eminent house. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, now as ever, is the standard blood medicine, and in constant demand.

GREGOIRE BROS.,  
68 Bridge-st., Lowell.

## Sale Constantly Increasing.

The sale of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is constantly increasing. We are thoroughly convinced from the effects and results which have come under our observation that this remedy is all that is claimed for it. We never hesitate to recommend it.

JOHN L. GIBSON & CO.,  
Corner Central and Merrimack-sts.

## Largely Preferred.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the few proprietary medicines we can confidently recommend. Its ingredients are among the best blood purifiers in pharmacy, compounded with the utmost care, skill, and neatness, and absolutely free from any injurious drug whatever. It is largely preferred by my customers.

OSMOND L. FIELD,  
199 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Often Speaks in Its Favor.

I am often asked my opinion of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and being familiar with its formula speak with confidence in its favor. My sales are steadily increasing.

ANDERS THOMASSON,  
Corner North and Central-sts., Lowell.

## Gaining in Popularity.

As a safe and reliable blood purifier I commend Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is free from harmful ingredients and has a solid basis of merit which has been proved and tested in numerous cases coming to my personal knowledge. It has been a satisfaction to me as a druggist to find this grand old medicine steadily gaining in popularity against all competition.

ARTHUR BARIBEAULT,  
382 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's Holds First Place.

Among all the Sarsaparillas now before the public no other so commends itself as a medicinal preparation, thoroughly adapted to the uses for which it is designed, as Ayer's. The results of its use are not spasmodic and temporary, but when properly taken the medicine builds up and permanently improves, invigorates, and gives tone to the system, and promotes vitality, health, and strength. We invariably recommend this medicine with confidence that it will do all that is claimed for it, and that it will continue to hold the first place among blood purifiers.

A. L. FIELD,  
247 Thorndike-st., Lowell.

## GET THE BEST!

Lowell Druggists Prefer and Recommend

## AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

In Quality of Ingredients, Curative Power, and Amount Manufactured and Sold

## IT IS WAY AHEAD

Of All Others. We Refer to the Following

## Letters from Lowell Druggists

Readers of the following testimonials will remark the high estimation in which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is uniformly held by the druggists of our own city. We point to this fact with pride, because during the nearly half century since our business was established in their midst they have had ample opportunity to know the character of our house and the quality of our products, and also because, by their professional character and their intimate relations with the medical men and best citizens of Lowell they are peculiarly qualified to judge correctly and advise safely in matters which affect the health and lives of our citizens.

It is for this reason that when so many of our leading pharmacists testify to their personal knowledge of the ingredients and mode of manufacture of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and unite in pronouncing it the best blood purifier, we insist that their verdict should have great weight. There is no secret about the ingredients or manner of compounding this medicine. It contains no dangerous drug, but is a highly concentrated vegetable extract, a superb alternative, unequalled in value by any similar preparation. Druggists and physicians are freely supplied with our formulas and invited to inspect our laboratories. From the very first only the best selected ingredients have been used, regardless of cost, and always the basis of our remedy has been the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla, well known to be the richest in medicinal virtues of all the varieties of this root. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the constant reliance of multitudes of families who will use no other blood purifier, and is the original—cheapest—best medicine of its class.

## Ayer's Has a Great Sale.

Few manufacturers of proprietary medicines take the medical profession and the drug trade into their confidence, but Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. have been at great pains from the first to make the formulas of their preparations well known to druggists and physicians. The result is that these medicines are recognized as standard articles. They are known to be safe and meritorious. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an invincible position among medicines on this account and its great sale attests its popularity. My sales of it show its steady hold on public favor.

DR. C. HENOTTE,  
22 Cabot-st., Lowell.

## Always in Demand.

Our experience in selling proprietary medicines is that while new remedies, under the influence of an advertising "boom," may have a brisk demand for awhile, the sale of the old standards, like Ayer's Sarsaparilla, keeps up with the increase of population. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is always in demand.

F. H. BUTLER & CO.,  
Junc. Central and Gorham-sts., Lowell.

## The Very Best.

We always take pleasure in selling the preparations of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Their arrangements for procuring the best quality of ingredients are unsurpassed, while their laboratory is complete and their product is the very best of its kind. Their Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla proves its remedial virtues wherever used. Among our customers it has always given satisfaction.

CARLETON & HOVEY,  
164 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Gives the Best Satisfaction.

We have no hesitation in certifying that Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any blood purifier in the market, and our sales show that the public have undiminished confidence in its merits.

B. O. BANKS,  
H. E. WEBSTER, Agent,  
58 East Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's Has No Equal.

It is our experience that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood purifier, especially for the cure of scrofula and all cutaneous disorders. We take more than a mere business interest in selling this excellent alternative because we are confident of its power to alleviate disease and remedy many of the ills that flesh is heir to.

H. C. BROTHERS,  
Cor. Middlesex and Howard-sts.

## Ayer's is the Best.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. It is the best.

R. J. LANG,  
212 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Large and Steady Sales.

Whatever temporary effect the sensational advertising of other blood purifiers may have Ayer's Sarsaparilla still maintains its remarkable hold on public confidence. Its large and steady sales attest the general belief in its merits. We take pleasure in recommending it to our customers.

O'BRIEN BROS.,  
Cor. Cross and Willie-sts., Lowell.

## The Best of Its Kind.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best preparation of its kind. I always recommend its use, and am never disappointed. I consider that one bottle of Ayer's is worth more than half a dozen of any other, as it is so concentrated and always uniform and reliable.

S. C. SHIRLEY,  
Cor. Gorham and Olive-sts., Lowell.

## Honest, Reliable.

We endorse Ayer's Sarsaparilla as an honest, reliable blood purifier, and take pleasure in selling it. We know it will give universal satisfaction.

EDWARD L. RAMSDALL JR.,  
389 Merrimack-st., Lowell.

## Sells on Its Merits.

For twenty years, as druggists and pharmacists, we have recommended and sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it has never yet gone back on our endorsement. This Extract, made of the best selected materials, is compounded with care and skill, and upon its merits any druggist can endorse its sterling qualities.

CARTER & SHERBURN,  
Cor. Merrimack and Bridge-sts., Lowell.

## Never Known It to Fail.

I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla unsurpassed as a blood medicine. Have handled it ever since I have been in the drug trade—22 years—and never have known it fail to give satisfaction. Customers use it year after year, and one neighbor recommends it to another. It is one of the best-selling medicines in the market.

JOSEPH PLUNKETT,  
Corner Market and Dutton-sts., Lowell.

## A Strong Hold.

There are scarcely any of the so-called Sarsaparillas in the market that are not open to suspicion as to quality or safety of their ingredients; but no such doubt attaches to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is known to be a genuine article, free from all harmful drugs. No medicine has a stronger hold on the public. We have a steady and increasing demand for it.

CHARLES W. SWAN,  
Pawtucketville, Lowell.

## Always Says Ayer's.

We are always glad to have customers ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla when they want a blood purifier, because we know they will be satisfied with it and come again for more if needed. As a matter of business we prefer to sell reliable family medicines, such as will not detract from our reputation as druggists. Therefore it is, when asked to name the best blood purifier, we invariably say, "Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

F. E. McNABB,  
Cor. Broadway and Adams-st., Lowell.

## More Confidence in Ayer's.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla sells freely right along. Customers never have any complaints to make of it. I recommended this blood purifier in preference to any other first, because it is cheaper, being more concentrated; second, because I have personally more confidence in it.

MARTIN LAPOINT,  
158 Middlesex-st.

## Sale Constantly Increasing.

We consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best preparation of its kind, and from its concentrated state the most economical for the purchaser. Its sale is constantly increasing.

BENOIT & CO.,  
105 Middlesex-st., Lowell.

## In Steady Demand.

The merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a standard blood medicine are well known to the druggists and people of Lowell. We have sold it for 19 years, and have always heard it well spoken of. It is in steady demand.

ELLINGWOOD & CO.,  
Cor. Merrimack and Central-sts., Lowell.

## A Genuine Remedy.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives satisfaction. The public feel confident that in purchasing it they are sure of a genuine remedy.

C. A. DALY,  
72 Suffolk-st., Lowell.

## It Justifies Confidence.

We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla ever since we have been in the drug trade. Its great merit as a blood purifier justifies the public confidence in this standard medicine.

MARSTON & SHAW,  
109 Central-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's Sells Freely.

We sell Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely, and we recommend it with confidence.

A. W. DOWS & CO.,  
218 Central-st., Lowell.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## Sell More of Ayer's.

I have been in the drug business in Lowell for twenty years and sell more of Ayer's than of other Sarsaparillas. It is made from the best blood purifiers known to medical science, and contains nothing but what can be recommended by the most scrupulous physician. I have known of a great many cures effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, some of them very remarkable and worthy of record.

G. C. OSGOOD, M. D.,  
Corner Merrimack and Suffolk-sts.

## Always Satisfied with Ayer's.

There is no proprietary medicine we have in stock better known or appreciated than Ayer's Sarsaparilla. We can not recall an instance where a customer has not been satisfied with this remedy, which is more than can be said of most of the so-called "blood purifiers."

FRANK C. GOODALE,  
118 Central-st., Lowell.

## More Cures from Ayer's.

We hear of more cures from Ayer's Sarsaparilla than from all other similar remedies combined. It is a rich field extract, made of the best material, with skill and care, and the most economical for the buyer. We are always happy to recommend its use.

W. B. REILLY,  
86 Church-st., Lowell.

## The Best is Ayer's.

For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion the best remedial agencies for the cure of diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine.

G. C. BROCK,  
63 Bridge-st., Lowell.

## Never Fails to Satisfy.

After an experience of a quarter of a century we have yet to learn of a case where Ayer's Sarsaparilla has failed to give satisfaction. We have sold it ever since it was put on the market. Its merits are established.

F. & E. BAILEY & CO.,  
Cor. Merrimack and John-sts., Lowell.

## A Splendid Record.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a splendid record as a useful and popular medicine. It has always had the confidence of the druggists and people of Lowell. We have a good sale for it.

J. F. BLANCHARD,  
Cor. Middlesex and Thorndyke-sts.

## Well-Earned Reputation.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla justifies its well-earned reputation with my trade.

CHARLES E. CARTER,  
Cor. Branch and Smith-sts.

## Thousands of Bottles.

My customers always speak well of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold thousands of bottles of it since I have been in business, and I am glad to note its continued popularity.

ALBERT CROWELL,  
139 Central-st., Lowell.

## Sales Very Extraordinary.

Our sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have been very extraordinary the past year, showing a steady growth in popularity and proving that the public appreciates a strictly standard medicine.

F. P. MOODY,  
Cor. Dutton and Fletcher-sts.

## From Nashua.

My trade in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is larger than in any other Sarsaparilla, and it is a pleasure to deal in it because no fault is ever found with it.

ALLEN'S DRUG STORE, Nashua.

## Ayer's Sells Better.

It gives me pleasure to be able to say truthfully that in all my business experience I have never sold a blood purifier that gave more general satisfaction than Ayer's. I never hesitate to recommend it because I know it will please. It sells better with me than any other medicine of its kind.

A. E. WALLACE,  
Nashua.

## Ayer's Highly Praised.

We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla ever since beginning business, and never yet had a bottle returned as unsatisfactory, on the contrary, it has been highly praised.

LUSSIER & CO.,  
Nashua.

## Ayer's Has the Largest Sale.

I have been in the drug business in Nashua for 12 years, and have always dealt in Ayer's medicines. They have given universal satisfaction to my customers. The Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of any blood medicine I have ever dealt in.

NELSON S. WHITMAN,  
Nashua.

## Selling Great Quantities.

I am selling great quantities of Ayer's medicines, especially the Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best of blood purifiers.

E. H. EVERETT,  
Nashua.

## Sales Larger Than Ever.

It gives me pleasure to state that we are having the largest sale of Ayer's Sarsaparilla that we have ever had. We always recommend it to our trade in preference to any other, simply from the reason that we believe it to be the most reliable Sarsaparilla in the market.

J. W. WHITE,  
Oldest Druggist in Nashua.

## Excellent Satisfaction.

Your preparations all have a good steady sale and give excellent satisfaction. The sale of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is above others in the market.

BLANCHARD & CURRIER,  
Nashua.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA MAKES THE WEAK STRONG



## THE GHOST'S WAY.

## A Musician's Story.

[New York Herald, March 31, 1889.]

I am leader of the orchestra in the Bijou Theatre at Pittsburgh. I am nothing but a plain musician, yet I was once considered a very great one. That was when I lived on Third Street, in a suite of rooms so small that my piano and bird cages left hardly room for me to turn around. They called my rooms "The Aviary" then. Now I am well-to-do—rich, in fact, for a bachelor—and I owe my riches to the strangest circumstances that ever befel a man of my prosaic nature.

I am a diffident, shy man—have very few friends. Evans, the drummer in the orchestra (Tommy, as he is usually called), and Skab, the manager of the theatre, are my only intimate friends. How they came to be this little story will tell you.

I had been leading the orchestra for two years, and it was on the night of October 21, 188— that I experienced a sensation which gives existence to this narrative. I did not often use the open piano before me, but this particular night we were one or two men short and needed noise. The piano and I supplied the lack in that particular. We were playing a waltz in the interval between the fourth and fifth acts of a lurid melodrama, and I was banging away in *tempo di valze* steadily as you please, playing almost mechanically, as one is apt to play fashionable waltz music.

All of a sudden something—it was something, and yet I cannot say what it was—took hold of my hands and dashed them violently down on the keys. It was just as if some one had reached long arms around me, and seized my hands and banged them on the keyboard. My hands felt numb and chill, and I verily believe I should have thought myself paralyzed but for the actual sense of strong hands grasping my own, overpowering them and casting them down with a great crash of sound upon the piano.

I felt a cold chill start at my toes, run up my body and go out of the tips of my hair, which bristled as if electrified. I was terribly frightened, I can tell you, and my fright grew no less as I felt cold fingers—or what seemed like cold fingers—place themselves over each of my thumbs, and then my hands began to move without any volition of my own. The entire orchestra of course stopped and stared at me. The hum of the audience hushed, and then, without will or wish of my own, guided by these cold finger tips resting on my own, my hands began to play a waltz of Gluck's—an exquisite bit of music I never could execute, but which I loved even as you love, Sir or Madam, the perfume of the first violet you find in the early spring.

Amid the profoundest silence, my hands, guided by this unseen agency, played this waltz with a perfection of time, and exquisiteness of touch, a thorough appreciation of its beauty, and brought out in the most subtle way meanings I never dreamed lay hidden in the score. It was as beautiful as it was awful, and even in my terror—which was something to feel, not to describe—I felt that the music was rendered by something which had once been a master's soul.

## II.

The bell tinkled for the customary slow music for the curtain, but the curtain was up and the villain of the piece on the stage ere my hands ceased playing. The last two bars were indeed soft and sweet and low, dying away like a ghost of music, and as the last note ceased I fell from the stool bathed in a cold, clammy sweat, too insensible to heed the wild and tumultuous applause that came from pit, boxes and gallery, the loud shouts of encore and the sharp clapping of the hands of my own musicians.

The villain tried in vain to speak his lines; the distressed heroine peeped from the side scene; the manager shook his fist at me from the prompter's window; but the audience roared for more, and at last I was compelled to arduous myself, and in some way form the words beg to be excused, before order was restored and the play allowed to go on.

Tommy Evans took me down under the stage, made me swallow a draught of villainous gin from the bottle he always carried, and restored me to some sense. Every nerve in me was quivering. I was as hysterical as a woman; I laughed and cried all at one and the same time. I verily believe I should have lost my senses had not Skab—our manager—hurried down to were I was and aroused me by his ornate and lurid profanity.

"What, in the blankety blank blank, possessed you, Elstermann?" said he. "You don't drink, blank you, and yet by the blank blank you played well enough to have been possessed by the devil. Blank me if I knew you could do it. Only, for the sake of blankety blank, pick a better time for your blank solos."

And thus he went on, now blaming and cursing me, and then swearing that there was not a pianist in America who could have played as I did.

When I became somewhat composed I tried to excuse myself, though I found I could not possibly tell him what was the matter. Something seemed to hold my tongue as I tried to speak, and finally I put a bold face on the matter, told him I saw the audience was tired of the worn waltz we were playing and I thought I would give them a surprise.

"Blank me if you didn't succeed," said he, and went off grumbling at what he called an internal "ivory knocker's whim."

## III.

Ivans got me back to my place, and the audience again interrupted the play to roar at me. Extreme heat succeeded my chill. I sat in my place fingering my baton, my pulse leaping in the nineties and my head throbbing. I managed to get through the rest of my work without any other disturbance—only I did not touch the piano again. All the gold in Christendom could not have induced me to touch a key.

After the play was over and we had finished our final piece, the audience having dispersed, my orchestra gathered around me, and while loud in praise seemed solicitous about my apparent fainting fit. I passed the whole affair off as a joke, told them I played only to tease them, and pretended to faint merely to get a drink from Tommy.

They laughingly took it all in good part, but saw second violin and cornetist put their heads together as the clarinetist looked at them, and winking, tapped his pate with a very dirty finger, in a very knowing way.

"Tommy Ivans," said I, as he and I left the stage door, "where do you sleep to-night?"

"In my usual quarters at the Bell," said he. "Why?"

"You must come and stay with me," I replied.

"What, in the Aviary? Your infernal mocking birds and canaries will wake me too early."

"Never mind that," I answered. "I beg you to stay. I ask it as a friend."

"All right, Johann Meister," was his answer. "I've no doubt you and I can bunk nicely together; but you show bad taste in bedfellows, my hearty."

Doubtless I did, but to be thoroughly honest I was wild with fright. I believe I would have lost my mind had I been alone that night.

My grand piano—a magnificent Weber—stood in the room, I called it my parlor. I had to close the door between that room and my bedroom! The piano looked to me in the shadow like a great rosewood coffin, and the air seemed to have that terrible, indescribable odor there is ever about a room in which a corpse lies. A basket of cut flowers in my window-sill I hurled into the street. Their scent but added to the terror I felt.

## IV.

I never closed my eyes during the entire night. Tossing from side to side I woke up poor Tommy half a dozen times with the insane query, "Are you asleep?" until finally he sat up in bed and stared at me in a sleepy and angry way.

"Look here, Johann, is your noodle in exactly correct time? It strikes me you are getting bass and treble jumbled in your music box, and if you don't go to sleep you'll soon be jangled out of tune. I believe there's something wrong about you anyhow. What's the matter? Play out loud and then let me go to sleep."

"Tommy," said I, and I said it in deep earnestness, "I didn't play that waltz to-night, but the devil did." And then in as few words as possible I told him exactly what had happened to me. As I went on with my story Tommy's eyes actually bulged from his head, and his sleep-swollen face, his startled expression, partook so much of the ludicrous that I broke out into a hearty laugh—which was a wonderful panacea to my nerves.

"Blank me," he said under his breath, "I believe you've been drinking on the sly and have got 'em at last," and then he shook his head in the most solemn way.

Presently he leaped from the bed, turned on a full head of gas, threw open my parlor door, lit the burners—every one of them—and came back to my bedside.

"Get up," said he, and there was a note of command in his voice. "Here's your dressing gown. Blank me"—his oath was almost like a prayer—"you've got to play that waltz right now for me—or—or—I'll go home and lock the door behind me."

I pleaded and begged in the most abject way, but he was inexorable and I followed him into the parlor and sat down at the piano.

As I did so I glanced at the clock; it was half-past three. Nerving myself by a violent effort, and calling up all the manhood I possessed, I struck a chord boldly. The sound echoed through the room. I put out my right hand to commence the waltz, when again, though this time without any force, but with a grip like steel, I felt both hands seized, and again the cold fingers lay on mine and the cold chill passed over me. I felt my hair bristling, and looking at Ivans I saw he, too, had noticed and was partaking of my terror.

## V.

He stood motionless before me, and I sat like a block of marble, only my hands, guided by the touch of those awful fingers, glided over the key-board. This time it was not the waltz my hands played, but a selection from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice"—that portion of the act where Euridice has vanished and Orpheus waits for her in music that might indeed have stirred the Heart of Hell.

I never hear the music played now without a shudder, although I never have heard it really played but once since that night. Weird and heart-thrilling, sobbing with an utter hopelessness, entreating, calling, pleading, beseeching, stretching out the hands of music to the vanishing soul; begging it by the memory of happy bygone hours to turn and look upon him once again ere eternity swallowed it up, all, all! All this and a thousand things more I heard as the relentless possessing fingers swept my hands over the keys.

Nor was this the end. When the last note had died away the fingers again forced my hands to play—this time another selection from the same musician, but from a different opera, "La Buona Fignolina," a sparkling little *morceau*, that danced and chirruped and sparkled until my birds woke up, and in a moment the room was alive with their notes, and glancing at the window that opened to the east I saw the gray dawn begin to steal above the horizon.

But the spirit which possessed my hands seemed not to fear the dawn. When the finale of the last air was reached it dashed my hands rapidly down the treble and in a moment the room was full of the sounds of some of the exquisite melodies Playford has preserved for us—melodies than which nothing can be more unghostlike. It was broad day ere the music ceased, and then as I felt a slight shiver creep over me my hands dropped almost lifeless in my lap, but I myself was calm and composed. Not so my friend.

I never saw a face in which awe and admiration and ludicrous terror were so mingled. He shuddered as I stopped, then ran hurriedly to the chair on which his clothes lay, drew from some hidden source the bottle of gin and took a long, long pull at it.

Returning to the piano he stared at me a minute and broke out:

"It is a ghost, by G—, for you couldn't do it yourself. Keep him, Johann. It's a haunt that's worth at least a hundred thousand dollars."

## VI.

I did not then take in exactly what my friend meant, but after a cold bath, a good breakfast and a stroll over to Carson with Ivans, that matter of fact pounder of sheepskin—as he called himself—put a notion into my head which never would have evolved itself out of my own consciousness.

To express in a few words what it took him an hour or more to explain to me, he convinced me that this strange possession, be it what it might, had made me a magnificent pianist. His idea was that I should test this power a week or more, see if it remained with me, and then launch out on the sea of public life and give concerts.

It is needless to say that I flatly refused to do anything of the sort, and that I parted with Ivans about dinner time, neither of us in a very good humor.

After dinner, as I was smoking a cigar in my room, to my surprise I was honored by a visit from Skab, a favor never before vouchsafed me, who in his blunt way told me that he had been wonderfully struck by my playing the night before, and he wanted to know, to use his own language, "Why in the blank I had kept it all to myself?"

I am not going to repeat much of Skab's talk, only I must say that in spite of his profanity and roughness he was about the shrewdest manager I ever knew, and a man

who understood when and where to take the opportunity—the theatrical opportunity I mean—for the forelock, and in his own words, again "work it for all it was worth."

A good deal of talk wound up by Skab's insisting on my playing for him, and I started him not a little by the vehemence of my refusal.

It ended, however, just as I feared it would, and in spite of my horror and reluctance I found myself at the piano.

Just here, for once and all, let me say that from the first time I felt this strange possession, power, or whatever you choose to call it, until it departed from me, I never approached a piano without a terror and shrinking fear that I cannot explain. I grew hot and cold, shuddered, trembled, even felt sick, and, although I played over two hundred times before immense audiences, my sense of fear never left me from the time I approached the piano until I knew from the falling of my hands that I could play no longer.

And in order to save time I may as well here tell you exactly how the thing felt. If it were possible to introduce into the veins of each foot at the toes about ten pounds of the smallest size shot frozen, to let the cold pellets run rapidly up the veins to the heart and hunt along the arteries until the whole body was tingling with cold and motion, and then to let every one of these shot run together in the throat, and rush up through the head and out at the tips of each bristling hair, then it might be possible to feel as I felt when this awful thing overshadowed me. First I felt my arms grow colder than my body was, next they grew hot, and upon each hand I felt the pressure of an icy hand; the fingers crept along my fingers, the thumb pressed my thumb, and with a grip of steel I felt these hands close down on mine, then I surrendered, arms and hands entirely to their possession, and played what they played.

How I peddled I don't know; I can only say that it was purely mechanical and was done unconsciously. As far as my individuality was concerned I was a block of marble, with hands and fingers moved by machinery. After I had played, say an hour or so, the hands lifted from mine, sometimes quickly, sometimes rather slowly, giving my hands a sort of caress—if I may so call it—which frightened me more than a blow would have done.

I felt all these sensations when I sat down at the piano to play for Skab, and I played, or rather my hands played, for an hour or so. The music executed this time was of varied character. An arrangement of Schubert's serenade first, then a potpourri of popular airs, then one of Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Wörter," and lastly a merry little bit from Galuppi's "Il Mondo della Luna."

Skab's amazement was very great, and his praises would have put me to blush had I been the actual performer of the music I played.

He then made the same suggestion Ivans had made me in the morning, only putting it in a business shape, and offering to "manage" me. He proposed that I should commence by giving a concert at his theatre, then try some of the smaller towns and eventually Philadelphia. If I made a success there, then New York, Boston, the South and West, and even Europe. He took my breath away with the auguries of future greatness, and a very Palestrina rolled in his rapid speech.

I was carried away with dreams of ambition, of wealth, of fame, and ere he left me I had promised to consider the matter and give him an answer in a week's time.

## VII.

That week was the most feverish of my existence. I could not—of course—tell how long my ghost given powers would last. I feared they might leave me in the middle of a performance; and I knew I could not finish as the audience had been me begin.

The prospect of being hooted off the stage was not agreeable, and that of being compelled every night to go through the sensation I have described was almost as bad. I sent for Tommy Ivans; I domesticated him in my room, and I played every night; Sunday, by invitation, I played at mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral Church, and found that on the organ my fingers were controlled even as on the piano.

Monday I signed a contract with Skab for a six months' engagement; he to bear all expenses and to receive half the profits. Tommy Ivans, I stipulated, was to be employed in some capacity so as to be with me, and my first concert was fixed for the 12th day of November.

Skab's willingness to risk money on me, and my desire to prevent his losing anything reconciled me more than anything else to the ordeal I had to undergo, but I suffered tortures in the intervals between the day I signed the contract and the night of the 12th of November.

I will not attempt to describe that night. My success was phenomenal. Encore after encore, wild applause and unbounded enthusiasm greeted the performance, and I woke up the next morning to find myself famous and the possessor of \$650 net proceeds of my ghost's handiwork.

Just here I will explain a want the papers complained of—namely, that I gave out no programme of my performance and the audience had to guess at what I played. Leaving out of view the fact that the vast majority of audiences do not know any more about what you play with a programme than they do without it I will say that I could not help it.

I never knew myself what was going to come until after a bar or so was played, and to be perfectly honest once or twice I played pieces the names of which I did not and never did know.

After one or two concerts I mended matters the best I could by stationing Ivans on the stage and telling him the name of the piece after I got well into it. He thereupon sang it out in a stentorian voice. If it happened—as it did more than once—that I myself did not know the name of the piece, I whispered, "A fugue of Tartini's" or "A sonata of Scarlatti's" or "A stoccata of Goudimel's," and Ivans roared it out and the audiences were perfectly satisfied.

They did not like this method—I mean of proclaiming the names of my pieces in Boston, but they had to put up with it.

Now, I am not going to attempt to describe my six months' tour nor my wonderful success. If I mentioned the name under which I played you could yourself write out the history of my engagement. Suffice it to say that the morning after my first concert in New York, Richard Grant White pronounced me the finest pianist America had ever heard, and I do believe he was right, only he ought to have written "my hands" instead of my name.

I played steadily along—starring, as they call it, through half a dozen States, and by the end of the next May had invested \$10,000 in United States bonds and had \$10,000 more in the bank. Tommy Ivans was gorgeous on a salary of \$100 a week and had eschewed gin, never drinking any other tippie less expensive than Roederer.

## VIII.

At a little city in Massachusetts the first incident of any note occurred, and it was the beginning of the end.

About midway in the concert a very excellent performance of one of Spohr's was engaged and I attempted to repeat it. Of course I failed, and my hands glided into an arrangement which I thought at first was the andante in A flat in Beethoven's symphony. But ere I had played two bars I found I was mistaken and that it was one of my "unknown's."

What possessed me to do so I cannot tell, but I whispered to Tommy, "Original arrangement: Love's Question," and he shouted it out.

The piece was listened to in the profoundest silence and well did it merit attention. As I say, it commenced like the andante in A flat, then it danced off into a kind of scherzo and then glided into the most pathetic music I have ever heard. My name was an inspiration. The whole arrangement was one grand question, and the anxious, timid, hopeful, half-despairing way in which the chords groped about in doubt, now feeling their way, now rejoicing at a little light, now beseeching an answer, now putting it off as if afraid of what it might be, has never, to my knowledge, been equalled in music. It was the cry of a soul to a soul. "Do you love me? Can you love me? I am not worthy even of a thought, but Oh! think of me tenderly."

It said, in music, what Shelley only could say in words. "The desire of the moth for the star" was the undertone of every note, and so strangely did it affect me that tears trickled down my cheeks as I played. All of a sudden I was conscious of a human eye piercing me through and through. I looked in the dress circle, and on the front row of seats a dark eyed, gray bearded man was contemplating me with a look in which wonder and fear were so blended that I caught something of each. In the midst of the most delicate and tender movement of the piece my hands were violently lifted up at my throat and then dashed down so violently on the keys that I heard the strings of the piano snap, and heard and saw nothing more until I awoke to consciousness in the green room on Ivans' knee, Skab standing over me wringing his hands and swearing like a trooper.

Finding that I had only been out a moment I insisted on going back, for to tell the truth I was in an agony, fearing that my power had left me. Such, however, was not the case. The ghostly hands still exercised their sway and I finished the concert. Once I lifted my eyes to the dress circle, but the man I had seen had left his seat.

It appeared to me—it may have been fancy but it certainly seemed to me—that the cold fingers on mine trembled, and that the execution was not as vigorous as usual.

## IX.

Next morning, about ten, a visitor to see me was announced. I told the bell boy to usher him into my apartment, and so fully convinced I was of who the visitor was that my pulse did not beat on whilst the faster, I was cool and collected when the man whose glance had terrified so the night before came into my room.

After the usual civilities, a kind inquiry after my health and few compliments on my matchless playing, as he styled it, the stranger, begging my pardon for what might seem an impertinent query, asked me if I had ever taken lessons from or known Rudolph Aronsonheim. I answered promptly and truthfully that not only had I never known him but that I then for the first time heard the name.

"Strange, sir," said my visitor, half musingly, "strange. Your touch, your execution, everything about your playing, even down to your rather peculiar fingering, is Aronsonheim's in every respect. And stranger still, that beautiful concert piece you played was written by him. I never knew that any one but myself had even so much as seen the score. I have it with me. It is unfinished

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

## Good Health

Depends upon pure blood; therefore, to keep well, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine is peculiarly designed to act upon the blood, and through that upon all the organs and tissues of the body. It has a specific action, also, upon the secretions and excretions, and assists nature to expel from the system all humors, impure particles, and effete matter through the lungs, liver, bowels, kidneys, and skin. It effectually aids weak and debilitated organs, invigorates the nervous system, tones the digestion. A peculiarity of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it strengthens and builds up the system while it eradicates disease. Try this excellent medicine this season.

The splendor of the "American Alps" are beginning to be appreciated by our people, and a visit to Switzerland for gorgeous scenery is unnecessary. The picturesque mountain resorts on the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado are absolutely unrivalled on this continent.

Oh, if I only had her complexion! Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzon's Complexion Powder.

## WHY YOU SHOULD USE

## Scott's Emulsion

Cod Liver Oil WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.

It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.

It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer.

It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

RIDGES' FOOD THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS. Used everywhere. Not a morsel of food, but a clean, cool, healthy, and delicious strength-giving food. (See every label, Palmer, Mass.)

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY.

For internal and external use. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

## IT COST TOO MUCH.

## The Sad Experience which Befel One of the Astors.

In the early days of the direct trade with China, importers were anxious to secure the earliest cargoes of a new crop.

The fastest clipper ships were engaged in the trade. Great haste in loading them was followed by a hot race to reach New York first.

The first cargo brought the best price and large profits. The successful Captain was always rewarded, so every known aid to navigation was adopted.

The young captain of one of Mr. Astor's clippers bought, on one of his trips, a new chronometer, and with its aid made a quick passage, and arrived first. He put the price of it into the expense account of the trip, but Mr. Astor threw it out, insisting that such an item of expense for a new fangled notion could not be allowed.

The Captain thereupon resigned and took service with a rival line.

The next year he reached port long in advance of any competitor, to the great delight and profit of his employers, and the chagrin of Mr. Astor.

Not long after they chanced to meet, and Mr. Astor inquired:

"By the way, Captain, how much did that chronometer cost you?"

"Six hundred dollars," then, with a quizzical glance, he asked:

"And how much has it cost you, Mr. Astor?"

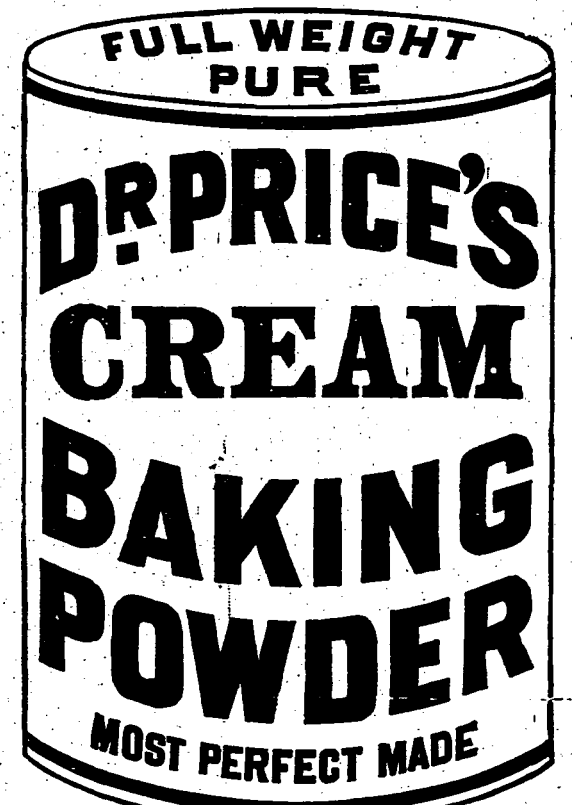
"Sixty thousand dollars."

Men are often unfortunate in the rejection of what they call new fangled notions.

There are sick men who refuse, even when their physicians tell them they cannot help them, to take Warner's Safe Cure, because it is a "new fangled" proprietary medicine. The result is they lose—life and health.

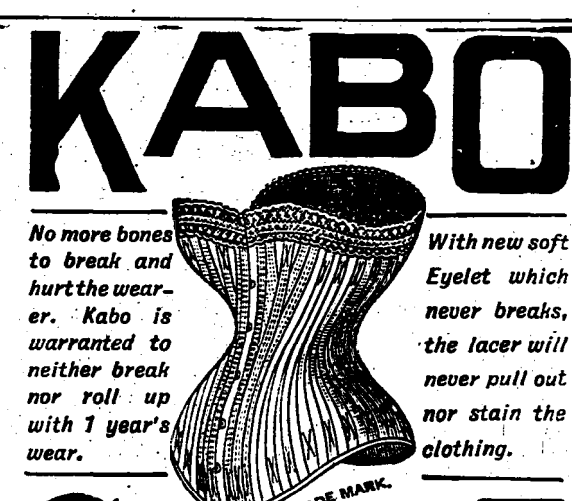
Thousands of other men have been restored to health by it as the testimony of "Health," London, Eng., says, in his magazine, in answer to an inquiry, "Warner's Safe Cure is of a perfectly safe character, and perfectly reliable."

The refusal of a manufacturing firm to pay for the patent of a new invention by one of their workmen, cost them their entire business. A new firm took out the patent and were soon enabled to make goods enough cheaper to drive the old firm out of business; and many a physician is daily finding his patients, long-time chronic invalids, unaccountably restored to health by the use of a new kidney specific. New fangled notions are sometimes very valuable, and it costs too much to foolishly reject them.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the great Universities as the Strongest Purifier and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.



## CORSET

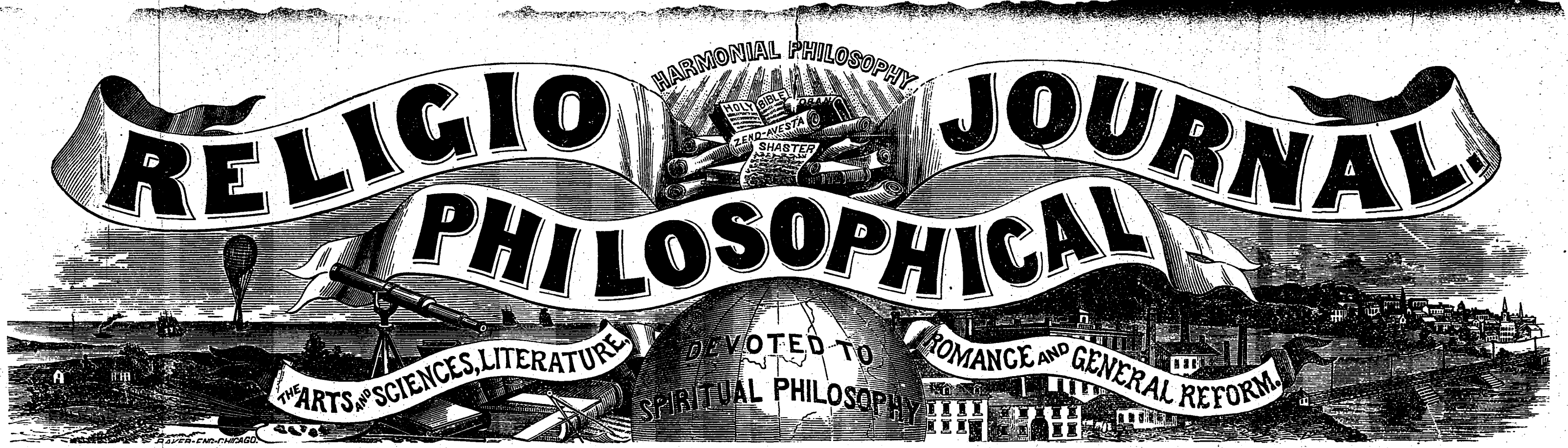
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Over 14 Millions Sold in this Country alone. The Best Fitting and Best Wearing Corset Ever Made. SOLD EVERYWHERE.





Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1889.

No. 12

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies, or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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- EIGHTH PAGE.—Coincidences. A Fugacious Philosopher. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

#### A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the following narrative is detailed the experience of a medium, Mrs. Cora Freeman, a young woman now undergoing her development at my home in Santa Monica, Cal. This trance or clairvoyant experience occurred about three weeks since, and was for the purpose, as set forth in the narrative, of seeing and describing, in part, the home now preparing for a member of our family.

The medium, though so young, not yet 22 years of age, is already developing powers of a varied and high order. She is under the control of a powerful band of advanced spirits, to whose high work she has dedicated the remaining years of her life on earth, be they few or many. Her work for the past few weeks has been the making of pictures, both in crayon and oil, and of frames to suit them, and our humble little home is turned into a veritable "Spirit Picture Gallery." Her best work so far is the set piece entitled the "Gates Ajar," built in pebbles and shell work. I wish all the readers of the JOURNAL could see this marvellous production, begun and finished in six sittings of two hours each; done by this slender young woman, under control, with her eyes closed. But I must not weary my readers with my introduction. I will retire, for the present, and let the medium talk.

H. C. TOWNER.

Santa Monica, Cal.

#### A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND.

As in my vision I saw and heard, so will I try to tell you. From the deep, dark border land of sleep, I stepped out into the enchanting light of eternal day. My feet pressed an undulating carpet of richest grass and flowers, and there began my journey onward. Before me lay a broad smooth avenue lined on either hand with choice shrubs and flowers that gave out the sweetest fragrance. As I walked through what seemed a veritable Garden of Eden, at length I paused on the brink of a crystal stream, whose shallow waters rippling over their pebble-strewn beds, made sweet, bird-like melody. I crossed on a dainty structure, that one could hardly call a bridge, so frail and fairy-like did it seem, and traversing the now familiar path with the same beautiful surroundings, I came to a second stream much more broad and deep, where I found no bridge; but, moored upon the placid waters, lay what I at first sight supposed a gigantic swan, but which on closer inspection proved to be a beautiful, luxuriantly furnished boat. I admired it while my courage failed. I could not venture into that lovely, frail craft, so, keeping along the shore, I soon found another bridge, and crossed safely over.

Now I began walking along a wide pavement of richest mosaics, and as I emerged from the thicker foliage into more open ground, I fairly held my breath with delight, for there loomed up before me almost within a stone's throw the home of my dear earth friend and her spirit mate. Standing in the midst of extensive grounds, with every environment that supernal love could suggest and supernal skill and energy execute, it was the very embodiment of a typical English country residence, on a scale of magnificence and grandeur beside which the proudest palaces of earthly monarchs were but child's play; a combination of the best effects of the Elizabethan and Queen Anne periods; with the broad round tower, the multitude of gables and dormer windows, the balconies, the vast chimney stacks, the grand entrance, the long perspective of marble steps leading down to the very water's edge; an impression of the beautiful and sublime

in architecture is left upon the mind, that can not be easily forgotten.

I did not seem to care to enter this wonderful spirit home, but turning to the left as I drew near, passed around to the rear, or, more properly speaking, a new front, where stretched away in pleasing perspective a vast wing, in itself a palace, battlemented in true medieval style, and rendered complete as glorious a picture of true comfort and elegance as even the Spirit-world itself might furnish.

For a little time I was lost in contemplation of this celestial abode of love and harmony. Then resuming my walk along a broad way shaded by stately oaks and beeches, I had not gone far when I saw before and on either hand two statues: to the left a lovely woman with drooping head and down-cast mien; a beautiful picture of Sorrow in Parian Marble; opposite, and a few paces distant, the figure of a knight in full armor, who held a battle-axe aloft as if it were his cruel mission to strike the angelic being who bowed as meekly before him, with crystal drops of water issuing from her eyes. The sight saddened me. I hardly knew why, and I was about to pass on when I heard a light movement on the walk behind me, and beheld advancing toward me with easy graceful carriage, a being to whom the word "Man" in its present limited sense will hardly apply; a veritable demi-god; a divine Apollo, full of an ineffable graciousness, smiling brightly upon poor bewildered me, who stared as one in a dream at the ideal of angelic manhood in a conventional dress suit. His voice, full of a tender musical sweetness, reassured while it enchanted me:

"You are looking at two of my fountains," was his salutation. "I see that the sight is displeasing to you. Let me give you a better impression."

So saying, he seemed to press a concealed spring, at the base of the main figure, when the statue, as if endowed with life, assumed a new attitude. The threatening expression was gone. The battle-axe was laid down, and in its stead the mailed hands held forth a beautiful vase, from which poured a jet of sparkling crystal spray. No less wonderful and pleasing was the transformation in the lovely woman. The seemingly lifeless figure was erect. All traces of sorrow were gone, and from every fold and petal of a bouquet of lilies and roses she held in her hands, sprang tiny streams of the same snowy spray.

As I, enraptured, admired the magical scene, my companion spoke: "You have come to visit my spirit home that I am preparing and adorning for my beloved mate yet in the earth-life. Therefore by your leave I constitute myself your guide and master of ceremonies, with the hope, yes, the knowledge, that it will be as great a pleasure to you to see, as to me to show."

So saying, with a wave of his shapely hand he turned down another broad walk. I obediently followed. We now entered upon an extensive vista: down either side of the walk a double row of elegant columns supporting a trellised roof, and columns and roof over-run with a wild luxuriance of climbing vines whose rainbow-tinted flowers shed far and wide a delicious fragrance that fairly made the atmosphere heavy; at irregular intervals, soft easy chairs, divans, costly rugs of intricate pattern; great fountains, throwing high their silvery spray, their basins filled with gold and silver fish; musical instruments, and tables covered with books and papers; all this bewildering effect of luxury and convenience, my guide explained in a few almost careless words as we passed through:

"This is the Arbor," he said, "in a very natural matter-of-fact way. I will now show you where I keep my birds."

As if reading my thoughts in my face, my guide replied: "Let me idea of bolts or bars disturb you. I draw my pets to me by a power stronger than bars or chains of iron or steel; by the power that rules the universe; by the irresistible power of love! but younder is my birdcage!" And truly a singularly looking cage. Imagine an immense square, with a tall massive marble pillar at each corner; these four pillars supporting a lofty roof of light and graceful open iron work, and depending therefrom by long slender chains a multitude of small baskets filled with flowers of a thousand hues, swinging to and fro in the light breeze, making queer shadows on the smooth marble floor, while the effect was further heightened by the wild lattice work at the sides, giving the whole structure much the appearance of a gigantic cage.

After a few moments pause that I might drink in the beauty of the scene, my guide said: "Now that you have seen the cage, let me show you the birds." He then began to whistle softly, and melodiously, and in a moment, as it seemed to me, the air was filled with living rainbows. "Here come the birds," he said. Were these birds? These living, darting flashes of blue, white, red, green and yellow lightning? All these colors and a myriad of resultant tints and combinations were flashing, sparkling and glowing as they dashed hither and thither in endless graceful lines and curves, rising and falling in troops and battalions, breaking into squares, triangles, stars and crescents, and a bewildering maze of undulations, so swiftly that the delighted eye could hardly follow the kaleidoscopic-like lightning flashes of living light and color; and all the time the air was vibrant with the entrancing melody of their myriad happy voices—a grand yet simple bird harmony, which without being in regular accord, yet had a certain thrilling unison.

Suddenly, as if by magic, a simultaneous

movement was made, and in an instant every bird of that vast multitude was sitting serenely in a basket of flowers, as lightly as so many masses of down, swinging and swaying, their long tails pendant in the light summer breeze, and their delicate plumage like so many masses of floss silk; of a truth, "Birds of Paradise." All this glorious effect was produced by the simple power of love, that can make even the birds of the air come at its bidding.

My guide now said: "You have seen the extent of my grounds in this direction, though you have seen but a small portion of my estate. You had a view of the park as we came by the arbor. It is now necessary that we return, as your time is limited, so I will take you back by way of the amusements; and first we will visit the Fishery. It was not without a certain regret that I turned my back upon the enchanting bird-cage, and followed my guide by a way that commanded many fine, though distant, views of the park, whose varied beauties I had so much admired from many a point of vantage, from windrows and doors, as we came through the arbor. Waterfalls, clumps and groves of ever living, ever blooming trees and shrubs; lakes and streams; beautiful vales where the timid, mild eyed deer browsed in eternal content, never disturbed by a thought of the hunter. All this I could see, but distantly now, as we came by a new and winding way to an extensive building hitherto unseen, constructed entirely of glass; sides, floor and roof were all of this translucent material, the roof being in beautifully variegated colors that produced many fantastic effects on the other very plain pavement. Scattered around the room were many articles of furniture: chairs, tables, sofas, all of solid, transparent, enduring glass, carved, turned and fretted in many and varied designs. But we lingered not long in this room, which seemed merely an ante-room to the main apartment itself, "The Fishery," as my guide called it, and truly the first room was but a waiting room to this magnificent apartment. Of vast extent and lofty height, it would have well served as an audience chamber for King Solomon himself, while the furniture and fittings were on the same princely scale; but the main feature of this room was an immense basin, of an irregular circular form, sunk below the floor level and filled with the purest sparkling water. It appeared very deep and shallow alternately, and there were many beautiful designs in rock-work and sub-marine grottoes, extending dimly, far back. I seated myself on one of the sofas near the side of the pool and watched while my guide went to an exquisite gem of a cupboard and took a small dish full of some pearly white substance, which he scattered upon the water, saying, "Now I am feeding my fish."

I could not repress a cry of delight as I witnessed the scene that followed. I had noticed here and there bright graceful forms, singly or in small groups, sporting at ease in the pellucid depths; but now the whole basin seemed alive with them, thousands of the lovely creatures, great and small; a dozen different varieties, their brilliant coloring vying with even the rainbow tints of the birds as they crowded forward, many leaping clear from the water in their eagerness to secure the coveted morsels. In all this beautiful scene there was no hint of destructiveness; no show of fear or enmity. The little fish swam fearlessly among the larger ones, and like the birds the peaceful aquatic community acknowledged the same mighty power of love.

I could have lingered long watching the fascinating play of these lovely denizens of the watery sphere, but an impulse I could not resist was urging me on to the completion of my task. There was no impatience manifested by my guide, however, as he smilingly led the way out through a large garden beset with countless varieties of flowers and flowering shrubs, all in full bloom, whose commingled fragrance had almost overpowered my senses with their subtle aroma. As we passed through the garden, in itself a princely estate, I noticed several grand mansions, charmingly situated among the flowers and shrubbery, that I took to be the residences of people of great wealth and importance until my guide, indicating them with a careless wave of his hand, said: "My summer houses." Summer houses indeed! More like enchanted castles. Onward we walked, or rather, glided, for I was not conscious of any perceptible motion. We passed the summer houses, groups of statuary, fountains, bowers, grottoes and then came to what appeared to be a gigantic playground, and such indeed it was. Here were numerous tall swings; not clumsy poles and ropes, such as are used on the earth, but elegant columns, with silken chains depending, and light airy baskets attached. Some were hung from the branches of trees; others were horizontal; an improved sort of "merry-go-round"; and one was a beautiful *tele-a-tele* chair. Nothing seemed to be lacking to complete such a series of swinging and flying apparatus and other conveniences that would have sufficed for the delectation of a whole town full of children; and all as clean, neat, light, airy, and all so suggestive of the sweet stories I had read, of the fairies and their houses and play-grounds; and yet everything so real, it seemed as if I had stumbled by chance upon some particularly beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, save that in all the length and breadth of the region I traversed there was not one single sign, or hint, of anything like death or decay. Not a fallen leaf; not a dry twig; not a speck or stain; not a sign of dust or mud! And yet, with all this perfection of order and neatness there was no suggestion of primness or angularity; all the corners were rounded; all curves easy, flowing and graceful; and, with the blue sky overhead, and the green grass, flowers and rippling water at our feet, and the glorious landscape all about us—all was so real and yet so dream-like, that, like the apostle of old, "whether in the body or out of it, I cannot tell."

But I must leave the swings, doing so with sensation of lingering regret that came over me as I left each successive stage in my journey behind, and realized that I was drawing near the termination of my celestial visit.

Proceeding on our course, with a vast extent of undulating landscape, with many a grand mansion and cozy little cottage on our left, and that mighty, charmingly irregular, and peerlessly graceful mass of architecture, the home of my guide, dominating the horizon on the right. By a smooth spacious flower-bordered driveway, we came to a very extensive, and at first sight a very confusing arrangement of tall poles and short poles, ladders and bars, silken ropes and cords innumerable, trapezes, hurdles for running and leaping, and all the concomitants of a perfect gymnasium.

As I looked upon the scene, the order and harmony soon appeared, and the same divine beauty of construction and finish, even to the smallest detail, were conspicuous. Here a regiment of ambitious gymnasts might have disported themselves, while the surrounding amphitheater seemed capable of sustaining thousands of enthusiastic spectators; but gymnasts and spectators were both absent, and it is worthy of note that with the single exception of my guide I saw no person, man, woman or child, during my entire journey.

Of animal life there was plenty: horses, cattle, deer, and some of the finer varieties of dogs; perfect in form and feature, roaming at will through these eternal parks and pastures, cared for and watched over by love divine, without fear or care. More beautiful by far than earthly imagination can conceive, they find here in this land of everlasting life and love a fitting compensation for their hardships, toil and suffering in the earthly life.

While I wondered somewhat at the utter absence of personal life, yet it did not occur to me to ask an explanation, nor did my guide offer any. But I have since learned that this incident of my visit to a higher sphere had its meaning. My mission there, was to take mental note of a particular place and its surroundings, and to be able to give an earth friend a fair idea of one phase of the future home prepared for her; and it was thought best that my mind be not distracted from the work by any such scenes as would inevitably ensue if I had met any of my dear ones gone before.

From the gymnasium, our course was through a small grove of magnificent elm trees; then turning obliquely toward the mansion, we soon came to a building fairly embowered in flowers and flowering vines, whose appearance within and without was much the same as that of the arbor, save in one important particular; and here occurred the most singular experience of my wonderful journey. Passing through the main part of the building, among a multitude of beautiful and interesting objects, amid such princely furnishings as no earthly mansion could boast of, my guide drew aside a fold of a silken *portiere*, and ushered me into a room whose particular arrangements struck me at once as among the most marvellous of the host of marvels I had already witnessed.

Ranged about, over the length and breadth of the immense apartment, whose mirrored sides reflected the wonderful scene, somewhat after the style of an earthly restaurant, were a great many low tables of great variety of work and carving, and shining like polished glass, each with its surrounding of easy chairs, and arranged in long rows with broad aisles between.

Depending from the lofty carved ceiling, over each row of tables, were a great number of silver and golden cords. From the lower end of each silver cord, depended a small tassel, while each golden cord was finished by a small hook. While inwardly wondering at the meaning of all this strange furniture, I followed the example of my guide, and seated myself with him at one of the tables.

"We are now in the Fruit Bower," said he. "Would you like some fruit?" I immediately felt a strong desire to taste some peaches, and intimating my wish, my guide pulled lightly at one of the silver tassels. Instantly from the ceiling came the soft sweet note of a silver bell, and one of the golden hooks arose, as if the cord were wound up.

"Look, said my guide, and there appeared, hanging from the hook, a silver filigree work basket. How or when it came there, I cannot tell; but there it was, and in a moment more was on the table before me, and nestling there, a half dozen of such soft, creamy peaches of which poet never sung, or painter put on canvas.

It seemed almost like sacrilege, to eat such lovely luscious fruit. My guide, seeing my hesitation, said: "Do not scruple to taste them. They were brought to you for this purpose. They are a part of the ordinary fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that this is my Fruit Bower?" His words reassured me, and my walk had given me an appetite, and I did taste them. They literally melted in my mouth, and the dear sweet remembrance is with me like a benediction.

Unlike earthly fruit, there was no waste, no

stain. The beautiful porcelain dish on which the fruit rested was as spotlessly clean after our repast as before; and the snow-white napkins had no spot or stain. There was no sense of fullness, such as follows an earthly meal. It appears that our systems absorb the substance of the fruit entirely, giving a sweet sense of satisfaction that no earthly food could supply.

I tried to imagine the glorious scene when this great room should be filled with a gay assemblage of the divine people of this blissful sphere, men and women, who while on the earth, had done their duty, whether in exalted or lowly station; who had, perchance, drank to the very dregs the bitter cup of sorrow and affliction; who had endured, mayhap, poverty, disease, persecution, martyrdom, for the truth's sake, and who having fought the good fight, having kept the faith, were now enjoying their reward. What an array of the best minds that "Merrie England" had produced through the centuries might be gathered at these tables. What a "feast of reason and flow of soul" would be here. What jests! What anecdotes! The sounds of their innocent mirth and the hum of their conversation, would be mingled with the melodious notes of resplendent birds, as they came flashing into the room, through the open window arches, the great mirrors reflecting the perfect forms and faces, the brilliant dresses, the laces, and the jewels. But the room was empty, save for its furniture; and silent, save for the occasional songs of the birds:

Fitting, fitting, here and there, Singing, singing, everywhere.

I had fallen into a sort of reverie, which my guide, noticing, said: "Pardon me for disturbing you again, but your time is limited. I will now show my croquet grounds. This way, please." He led me out by another door, and the bright scene faded from my sight, to be succeeded by another scarcely less wonderful, as we wound our way down through a veritable "Booby dell," and came to a large open space in the midst of ancient and venerable oak trees, very patriarchal in appearance, with the symbolic mistletoe clinging to them, "fondly as of yore." Of all the imaginable places for a croquet ground the most beautiful! It was a great rectangular space, with a smooth yielding pavement, something like asphalt, with all the paraphernalia of arches, stakes, balls, mallets, all in their proper places, and only wanting the gay crowd of youths and maidens to complete the enchanting picture. The scene was enchanting, the broad, irregular open space being set with the loveliest, sweetest flowers, and flowering shrubs; charming little bowers and summer-houses; exquisite figures and groups of statuary, and, in the center, the long wide rectangle, the croquet ground itself, with restful seats scattered invitingly around.

Under our feet was the velvet like green sward, so soft, fine and yielding, it seemed more like a carpet than living green grass. Roundabout were the mighty encircling forests of grand old oaks, beeches, elms, and maples, shutting us in from the world, except on one side, where an opening in the trees gave one a beautiful view of the blue dancing waters of a small lake, with here and there a sail-boat, like a white winged swan, bowling merrily on.

And over all brooded the deep blue sky, with its great golden sun shining mildly, not fiercely, like our earthly sun; and the air was heavy with the breath of the flowers, and vocal with the music of myriad feathered songsters, many of which sat on flower or shrub, and would hardly move out of our way. Do you wonder that I felt sad at the thought of leaving this blissful region, or that my heart was heavy as I realized that one more scene must terminate my visit?

My guide noticing my sadness, said: "Do not grieve, little one. What you are now experiencing is but a foretaste of what you shall sometime certainly have and enjoy. You have yet a work to do, and it is necessary that you go to perform the same, that before you came over here your earthly labor will have been finished, and you be ready to enter upon your reward. We will now visit the dancing hall."

Once more on the way, through the great forest, along the border of a silvery stream, through a bewildering maze of flower gardens, arbors, summer-houses, and lovely little parks where deer and antelope were quietly resting, we passed one vast, open meadow, fenced in with a border of roses of all colors, so graded as to form a beautiful pattern, where a large herd of magnificent horses were gathered. As we passed along, my guide spoke to them, and then what a commotion, prancing, galloping to and fro, tossing of manes and tails, that fairly swept the ground; arching of proud necks, and soft low whinnies, and the loving glances from the large, tender, gazelle-like eyes! Beautiful, noble horses, how I loved them! They could do every thing but speak; and surely, methinks, such dumb protestations of love needed no words to make them understood. Love is its own interpreter, whether in speech or only dumb show.

As we passed on, my guide said: "These are my hunters. I keep them for myself and friends when we want to go out riding. I conquer them and keep in subjection by the magic power of love, without which nothing can be done in this sphere."

As he talked we were passing through one fairy scene after another till suddenly we emerged from a group of magnolia trees, in full bloom, and I found myself in front of the most unique, and in many respects the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY T. D. CURTIS.

1. My parents were the uneducated children of pioneer settlers in the heavily wooded sections of central New York, and were reared under the sporadic ministrations of the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians. They had too much natural force of intellect to be drawn into any of the churches, until weakened by old age, when they joined the Methodist church, but soon found its professions too extravagant, its practices too selfish and narrow, and their means too limited; so they backed by staying away from it and letting it severally alone. I was reared amid the red-hot blasts from these three openings to the pit, and my young and tender imagination was sorely scorched, from the tortures of which I was at times driven nearly to insanity. In my sleep, I had visions of the conflagration of the world, of the devil wandering to and fro, up and down the earth in the garb of a dirty-looking beggar, and of his sometimes coming toward me with his dirty paws extended, at which time I would scream and wake from my sleep. By day I was brooding over the infernal pictures drawn by the ministers at the revival or "protracted meetings," till I became afraid to go out of the sight of the house without some one with me. I brooded over the "experiences" of some of my young associates who became "serious," went forward to be prayed for, and I longed to have some evidence in myself of that wonderful change of heart talked about by the ministers and claimed by some of my playmates to have been felt. They used to get me one side and pray for me; but all to no purpose. There was no sign of hope of salvation for me. They could not even persuade me to kneel. I could not profess what I did not feel, and was sure if I lied about it God would know it, if he knew all things. I preferred to take my chances with him by being honest and truthful. So I failed to join any church, and floated into the world a free thinker. In a little while I became not only an atheist but an annihilist, believing when man died he went out like a candle-blaze, without hope of resurrection or of being re-lighted. This was pleasant and more rational to me than orthodoxy. The more I thought of being washed white in the blood of Jesus and of the remission of sins on the mere blind assent to this credal doctrine—of the whole scheme of vicarious atonement, and the pardoning of sins by the priest—the more absurd, demoralizing, dangerous and infernal the orthodox scheme appeared. But I think not that I was irreverent and not anxious to treat the "straight and narrow way." The trouble with me was to find it. I watched the pious deacons and the reputed good church members. But I found them do better than others, and often they were the most unscrupulous, selfish and mean men with whom I came in contact. If I trusted their honor, or the strength of their religion, I was pretty sure to be cheated. They appeared to "wear the livery of heaven to serve the devil." It was plain to me that morality and religion were two very different things. I scrutinized the lives and actions of non-believers and infidels. Some of them were cranky, but they were generally not only the most independent but the most truthful, frank and upright men with whom I had deal. I naturally gravitated to the company of such men, much to the injury of my popularity and against my success in the world, but to the betterment, I now think, of my morals. I did not know but I was making a mistake in not "enjoying" this world, when I had the opportunity, as some of my church-going friends did; but somehow I steered between Scylla and Charybdis, though often in great danger, and acquired no habits of dissipation—not even the priestly one of smoking and chewing tobacco, which I have in vain tried to save my boys from, by both precept and example. As to the Bible I could not see why the writings composing it should be any more authoritative or sacred than the speculations, imaginings, fantasies, vaticinations and visions of men of the present day. I soon found the histories of these writings were lost and their authorship was unknown. This, looking to them for guidance was like looking into a dark hole for light. They are variously interpreted, according to the intelligence and prejudices of the interpreter, and their orthodox advocates of them as the word of God have never been able to rationally cope with the infidel critics, but at once got angry and abusive, calling down the wrath of an unknown personage, whom they call God, upon the heads of the infidel offenders; but, so far as I can discover, that wrath has never descended except through the instrumentality of the priests and their dupes. Thus it will be seen that, by sheer force of facts and logic, I was driven out into the cold, and obliged to either become a hypocrite and liar, or remain in the "outer darkness" into which I had been banished by the absurdity and outrageousness of orthodoxy, and by my conscientious regard for truthfulness and reason.

2. I have been a Spiritualist, as I understand the term, for over 30 years—that is to say, I have during all that time believed in the immortality of man, in the communion of spirits under proper conditions, in evolution and eternal progression through countless conditions or spheres, and in the brotherhood and absolute equality of all men and women, the differences here being external and seeming, and largely caused by the ignorance and selfishness of mankind in general. Hence, I hold that a belief in Spiritualism involves the duty of working for the overthrow of the present reign of mammon, and the substitution of equity and co-operation in place of the unjust competition that now prevails.

3. My first experience with spiritual manifestations was with J. B. Conklin, the leading medium in New York at that time. My first communications were of a very general character, and not very satisfactory as tests. But they contained enough to induce me to pursue the investigations, as they opened a new field of absorbing interest to me. I cultivated an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Conklin, and was with him almost daily for about two years, often sitting with him at the request of his control, George Fox, for the purpose of answering sealed letters while the

medium was in a trance condition. These answers, as far as I followed them, were always pertinent. I witnessed many tests given by him. I also made the acquaintance of other mediums and received frequent communications. The result of all was a thorough conviction that there was a genuine disembodied individual intelligence behind all these manifestations which I could not account for more rationally than by assenting to the truthfulness of what was claimed through the manifestations themselves, viz: That they were produced in some way by the spirits of those who once inhabited earthly bodies. Whether good or evil, did not seem to me to change the fact. This at first I thought was evidence so far of the truthfulness of the claims of orthodoxy for the immortality of the soul. But judge of my astonishment when I found church members generally refused to accept this, which seemed to me strong testimony. I soon discovered that real belief, based on evidence, was quite different from verbal assent based on blind faith and the fear of the consequences of owning the truth of innate unbelief. Then followed an almost miraculous cure of myself of disease of the heart, which on the least violent exertion would compel me to lie down flat on my back, with the most deadly feelings and pallid face. I did not know what the matter was until after the cure, nor did I have the least idea of what was to happen when the trying moment came. I was seized with a burning sensation at the heart which gradually spread to my very extremities. I grew faint and had to lie down. In a few minutes my clothes were drenched with perspiration, and my skin felt as if it were parboiled. The shock to my nervous system was so great that I had to drop brain work for several months and go into the country, where I was able to perform all kinds of the hardest physical work and keep up my end with the common day laborer. The only immediate witness of this cure, by the laying-on of hands, was my wife. The medium was Dr. Fellows, of Albion, whose controls, he said, sent him to New York City, telling him his mission would be disclosed when he got there. In some way, which I do not recollect, he fell in with a friend of mine, who brought him to the office of the New York Dispatch, on which I was an editorial writer, and introduced him to me. He was around for several days, when I became so interested in him that I invited him to my house to make it his home. One evening, during his short stay with me, he was controlled, and leading first my wife and then me into the middle of the floor, placed our hands together, and went through with what appeared to be a marriage ceremony, using what we took for the Hebrew language. It was then that the burning and fainting sensation came over me, and he soon announced my cure of a fatal heart disease. I had subsequent evidence that such was the case. I never again had a fainting turn. He remained under influence for most of the evening, singing and rejoicing, and introducing to me invisible personages who congratulated me through him on my cure of a disease which, they said, might at any moment have proved fatal. In a day or two, he said his mission was fulfilled, and without receiving pecuniary reward of any kind, he left for home and I have not heard from him since. During my stay in the country, nearly eighteen months, my wife became, for about six months of the latter portion of the time, the best clairvoyant and clairaudient medium I have ever seen. This was in 1858, and to us was given a panorama of the war of the rebellion, which the spirits said would surely come, although nobody then believed a war possible; and many were the evenings which we spent conversing with the, to me, invisible, though to her perfectly visible while apparently in her normal state, which she never seemed to lose, and sometimes while she was going around the house attending to her domestic duties. We were told that her mediumship would be but temporary; and on our return to New York the manifestations almost ceased. We soon lost two little girls, one with consumption of the bowels, and one with scarlet fever, both of whom were shown to her in the spirit life, and with the appearance of the last one her mediumship, or that peculiar phase of it, ceased altogether. I had while in the country labored under the impression that my earthly life was near its close. But through her I was assured that this was not true, that I would go out into the world and take a more active and prominent part than ever before, although "I would be in it rather than of it," all of which has proved true.

4. The answer to this, as far as I can give one, is contained in the answer to question No. 3. I may add that my stay and work in the country, in 1857-8, can be verified by many citizens of Earlville and Smyrna, N.Y., and that for many years after I paid comparatively little attention to Spiritualism, in accordance with instructions received during my wife's clairaudience and clairvoyance; but on her death in 1883, I again began investigation. Through many mediums, to whom her name could not possibly have been known, and some of whom at the time did not even know mine, as I had good reason to believe, her name, an unusual one, has been repeatedly given to me, and a pretty clear and consistent history of her condition and progress in spirit-life has been given.

5. By no means do I consider Spiritualism a religion, for religion, as I understand it, requires submission on faith, without evidence, to the dicta of a priesthood; while Spiritualism, like every other science, demands and challenges investigation. When did any religion ever do this? It does not even permit you to doubt or question; it says, "believe or be damned," as if belief or disbelief were subject to human will, without evidence, or a virtue or vice to be set to your credit or discredit. Spiritualism calls for and demands the freest and fullest investigation that candor and fairness can give it. Its philosophy is as well established as that of the wave theory of light, the atomic theory of chemistry, or even the theory of gravitation. There is not a scintilla of evidence of the truthfulness of any religion. It demands belief without evidence, and is forced upon the human mind through ignorance, superstitions fear, and the warping of the infant intellect. Nothing of this kind pertains to Spiritualism, which has its innumerable facts and tests, and appeals to the reason and understanding. It teaches progress here and hereafter, while religion has put shackles on the human intellect, worried, tortured and murdered the messengers of new facts and truths in science, and bitterly opposed every good thing that tends to the progress and enlightenment of mankind. The world has progressed and gone up higher in spite of its opposition; and yet when any advance has been made, and acknowledged, the religious advocates have had the impudence to claim it as the fruit of religion! Let no one confound morals with religion. There is no immorality, no atrocity, that has not been perpetrated under the sanction of religion, for the glory of God! It has ostracized, put

under ban, tortured, murdered and butchered men and women by the millions, from and before the days of Galileo, and the Spanish inquisition, down to its milder but no less vicious opposition to the revelations of geology, the doctrine of evolution, and the manifestations given us from the Spirit-world. Religion is the most stupendous humbug and curse of the ages, and has done more to retard human progress and tax the purses of the tolling multitude than any other one thing that can be named. The church is the stronghold of the subtlest and most malignant class of spirits that ever trod the earth. Spiritualism comes with light and power, appealing to human reason and affection, to exterminate this engine of darkness, set mankind free, and introduce the reign of wisdom and love. All history attests the truthfulness of what I say.

6. The greatest need of the day is the moral courage to "speak the truth and shame the devil." It is only the defence which virtue puts to vice, because of its age, that enables the church to maintain a footing in this so-called "land of the free and home of the brave." Mankind have been made cowards by priestly cunning and imposition, and lack the courage to bravely, at once and forever cast off the shackles which the church puts on their spiritual limbs by their own consent. What is the sense or excuse for paltering in these days of light and progress? Let the truth be spoken about the church and its abominable doctrines of vicarious atonement and priestly absolutism, than which nothing can be more absurd and demoralizing. Cease putting your children under priestly influence, and allow their minds to expand in the air of freedom, guided only by their spiritual intuitions and the discipline of good morals. Work night and day for the radical destruction of all acknowledged error and wrong. Teach the beauty of free thought, free speech, and free action, in accordance with nature's laws and the principles of divine love and wisdom. No creed is required. That which can be cramped into a creed has ceased to be of use, and becomes evil and non-progressive in its influence. Open the doors of knowledge, give all the fullest chance to think and act for themselves, on their own responsibility, and the redemption of the world is not far off.

"This question may be better answered by asking another: In what way would it not help us in all the affairs of life? The knowledge of any natural or moral law can not be otherwise than useful. A knowledge of psychic laws would cause us to keep our children away from all priestly and other evil influences. It would show the absurdity of all religious creeds and teachings, and that as the natural laws govern the matter, so the moral laws govern just as inexorably the spirit. It would banish the church and all kindred institutions, and in a short time enable men and women to act like rational beings, instead of like so many priest-led idiots.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
FINAL REVIEW OF HINDUISM,  
And Response to My Four Critics.  
PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

[In my last I referred to doctrines presented by the Theosophists of New York. The editor made it the Theosophists, there is no such publication. I referred also to "the dry rot of indolent credulity" which was changed into the "driest indolent credulity."]

The necessity of my vindication of Theosophy to prevent that noble word from being monopolized by the Hindu movement and made to represent an ancient superstition instead of a grand science, has been made more apparent by the replies that have appeared, which, instead of refuting, have confirmed my statements. In these replies which are not answers, and which have occupied six columns, an attempt was made to escape from the word Hindulism, and represent the so-called Theosophical Society as a body of scientific inquirers devoted to liberal religion, untrammelled by any ancient theory. It is by means of this false view that the society has gained much of its standing in this country, and it was necessary to correct that erroneous view, that I should quote the assertion of its founder-president, that its Theosophy was but the "uncolored recapitulation" of the ancient theories of India. This, none of its advocates have been able to deny, and Mr. Judge maintains that they have not attempted to deny it, but that "its members have, from the very first day of the society's organization," insisted upon it that they were directing "the minds of the present age toward all the old philosophies and religions," which by the way, he thinks that modern research can not improve.

I have not presented this as a new discovery, but as a truth which was continually, not denied, but disguised, by the pretension that the society was simply a creedless religio-philosophical association. This cloak being now entirely removed, the public may distinctly understand that this society is simply a Hindu propaganda and does not represent what all philosophic thinkers not converted to Hindulism regard as Theosophy.

I can excuse Mr. Judge's little personalities, representing the American conception of Theosophy outside of Hindulism as "the wisdom given out to this age by the excellent gentleman, J. Rhodes Buchanan." Such jokes as these are necessary expedients when arguments are entirely lacking. There is certainly a good mass of American Theosophy aside from my own discoveries, one of which was announced by the founder of the Theosophical Society "among the noblest and greatest of this great epoch of human thought," and is, therefore, entitled to a little more respect from Mr. Judge than he shows. As to the remainder of my discoveries, constituting the science of Anthropology, it is because he knows so little of it that he is not a disciple. It is never rejected by its students.

My criticisms must have disturbed Mr. J.'s serenity, or he would not have misrepresented me so far as to say that I maintain that "whatever is old is necessarily untrue and valueless." I maintain that antiquated science and philosophy are of little value to those who have advanced beyond them. Of what value to us is the geography, the astronomy and physical science of ancient Greece. Almost as unimportant is the psychic science of ancient India. The fact that this ancient psychology is rejected by the materialistic stupidity of modern scientists, does not give it any more value to more advanced students of nature, who understand its truths and reject its speculative errors.

Mr. Judge maintains that these ancient, before the dawn of modern sciences, had completely conquered and occupied all psychic science, leaving nothing for modern discoveries. Such are his expressions in *The Path*, and his fanatical faith in the ancients reminds us of the fanatical clergy, who maintain that the Divine wisdom of the book of Genesis has left nothing of cosmogony for modern geologists to discover. While these two fanaticisms are at war, modern science cares little for either. Whether Hindu Theosophy has anything of the spirit of exact sci-

ence, as Mr. J. claims, is sufficiently shown in my last essay, and is illustrated in ever number of *The Path* and the *Theosophist*. I might fill many columns with quotations from the empty and delusive speculations of the unscientific in those magazines, but the columns of this JOURNAL would not welcome matter so dry and uninteresting.

It is this delusive and inaccurate way of thinking which makes my critics unable to understand my position and criticisms. The rubbish that I have condemned is not the interesting writings of Olcott or Blavatsky, and my attitude is not at all like that of bigots who oppose Spiritualism because they refuse to investigate it, but is the attitude of an experimental scientist who demands proof, and objects to the visionary theories which demand our blind faith, as do all the champions of a remote antiquity. So much for Mr. Noyes's misconceptions of the discussion.

As for Prof. Cones's suggestion that the fourth-rate fanaticism referred to meant any of his writings, such playful jokes are allowable, perhaps, as no one could take them seriously; but in speaking of his "too hasty assumption that all the persons in the Theosophical Society" size up "alike," he is speaking seriously, and perhaps may mean it. Therefore, I must say, that I think the society extends in its membership from the Zenith to the Nadir of human intelligence, and that a society which offers as its head and front such a constellation as Cones, Olcott and Blavatsky, stars of the first magnitude, may be forgiven for having an immense amount of shapeless nebulous matter in its train. And if in that nebulous region I shall find a "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum," he will excuse my open expressions, if he has some secret notions of the same kind himself, for it is impossible that so enlightened a gentleman should accept the rubbish that is published in the name of Theosophy.

Yet, bright and ingenious as Prof. C. undoubtedly is, he has undertaken an impossible task in endeavoring to show more than three constituent elements in man. He attempts it by the perilous method which has ever misled speculative minds—by confounding the subjective and the objective. In the spirit world subjective and objective come very near together, and almost blend, but in this world they are antipodally distinct. Too many spiritual thinkers fail to realize this absolute distinction; and thus Prof. C. attempts to analyze man by analyzing his idea of man, and finding in addition to body, spirit and soul—vitality, which is a quality merely, and not a being. He might just as well go on with other additions and add to the physical body, *caloric*, which is a necessary presence, making not seven but eight elements. Or he might analyze an egg and find not only its three parts, the shell, the white albumen and the vitellus or yolk, but a fourth element, the water, which is certainly present but is an essential constituent of the other elements within the egg as life is a constituent quality of the spiritual being, and has no existence apart therefrom.

Equally erroneous do I conceive it to call any presentations which may come from the soul and the spirit body, a distinct element or astral body, for they are but a manifestation of those two elements in various degrees of perfection, according to their psychic energy and independence of the body. A manifestation is not a distinct being, any more than a man's voice could be called a distinct part of his constitution. When to these he adds animal magnetism as another entity, it begins to look jocose. He might as well enumerate caloric or electricity. What is called animal magnetism is but the aura that emanates from the nervous system.

In adding to these, intuition and reason, he but illustrates the utter failure of the several-fold doctrine for these are but faculties of the soul, no more distinct entities than music or love. If this style of subdivision be allowed, I could easily bring in a hundred sub-divisions of man, by naming qualities or faculties, and calling them entities. Hence the Professor must excuse my calling them "quiddities." They are mere concepts of phenomena.

And finally Dr. C. gives up the task too readily. He might easily have found the whole forty-nine, but he gives it up and introduces God as one of the parts of man!!! though certainly when we speak of man, we mean something distinct from God. Now, let the professor put on his thinking cap and try to realize the difference of entities or organized beings, and their attributes, qualities or manifestations.

I suppose it must be owing to excessive sensitive modesty that Prof. C. should think my remarks on the folly of the Hindoo writers aimed at the grateful writers in English who have tried to make Hindulism plausible. My language does not warrant this construction, and, therefore, I have no unkindness or discourtesy to apologize for. I must add that I have a sincere respect for the American members of the society, and feel very sorry that the vagaries of antiquity should have enlisted in their defence gentlemen whose bright talents ought to have been given exclusively to scientific and ethical progress; and though they may be somewhat misguided in science, I trust the ethical spirit of their movement will continue to be as admirable as it has been expressed by Col. Olcott. This ethical impulse may, I hope, ultimately lead them into clearer views of truth.

As to soul and spirit, which is the higher and which the lower element, popular literary usage is inextricably confused. I have recognized the word soul as signifying the higher interior principle, and spirit that which is nearer the body—others reverse the order. If some college or congress of spiritual psychologists would settle this matter, it would relieve us from much confusion.

A WORD TO GEN. DOUBLEDAY.

After a thorough exposition of the falsehood of Hindulism and the unlimited credulity upon which it is based, it might be supposed that if it were in the least defensible, some serious attempt would be made to answer and refute, or at least to parry the criticisms. The signal failure to meet these criticisms is apparent in all the six responses that have been called out. Instead of argument we have irrelevant remarks and sneers at Dr. Buchanan, which are quite irrelevant in discussing such a question. Prof. Cones alone has spoken to the point and he has been fully answered.

But I did not expect any such childish gossip as is introduced by Gen. Doubleday, though I know that very silly stories are accepted by the credulous. As I have never seen any materialization of Jesus and have expressed my opinion very freely and emphatically of fraudulent performances of that sort, there must have been some very robust lying among those who resorted to Madame Blavatsky, and told the story that Gen. D. reports. If he would give names I would like to trace the guilty parties.

I fear that Gen. D. is himself too loose and inaccurate a thinker to make him a reliable witness. I have no recollection of the conver-

sations with him on any subject; but as to African slavery my sentiments are recorded and published, and I could not, in contradiction to them, have advocated as he says, "the atrocious system of African slavery in the United States." What I think on such subjects does not interest the public and I have not egotism enough to ask half a column of the JOURNAL to illustrate my private opinions, nor do I see any relevancy in this to the question of Hindulism, except that it shows the utter helplessness of its advocates who resort to personalities to avoid argument.

As to communications from spiritual sources published in the *Banner of Light* and appreciated by its readers, it is true that I regard them as simple, honest, spiritual facts correctly reported, which though not of a high order are characteristic of the communicating spirits, could not have been fabricated by the medium, and have often been corroborated by parties at a distance. The gentlemen who treat such simple facts with supercilious contempt without investigation, because Madame Blavatsky assures them that the spirits are mere shells, are equally credulous toward all her theories, and when her grand mahatma, Koot Hoomi, gives out a piece of the ancient wisdom-religion, they accept it, of course, with profound reverence until it is proved to be an impudent plagiarism from Professor Kiddle!

But whether Gen. Doubleday or Dr. Buchanan has any erroneous opinions is entirely foreign to the question of Hindulism; yet if the founders and oracles of the Hindu Theosophical Society are proved to be as I have shown them, persons of unlimited credulity and incredible assertions, it certainly destroys their value as oracles, and the reliability of their huge fabric of assertion and opinion unsupported by reason and science. Gen. D. endeavors to evade the point by saying that these marvelous stories are merely illustrations of a psychological illusion. *There is not a word of truth in this.* The Olcott and Blavatsky stories are published as matters of fact, and as such imposed on the credulous. The warriors fighting in the clouds are stated as facts, and the magicians who could destroy invading armies are described as historical verities, and, indeed, I might mention many other wild stories which are current in the sphere of Hindulism, but I forbear. Let societies of unlimited faith be established to gratify the love of the marvelous. There is nothing dangerous in such a movement.

Boston, Mass.

THE ETERNAL HOPE.

Portions of an Easter Sermon Delivered at Petersham, Mass., April 21st, by Rev. H. H. Brown.

... Thus far we have followed Passion Week as we find it in gospels, and as it comes in the line of probability we can accept it. But Passion week is followed by Easter. Palm Sunday yields supremacy in Christian observance to the resurrection morn. "Jesus rose from the dead," so we read. Friday evening before sunset he was placed dead in the tomb; before sunrise Sunday morning he left it alive again. Can we believe it? Did Jesus rise from the dead, that first Easter, 1835 years ago? To doubt this, was, fifty years ago, rank heresy even among Unitarians. Today to believe it is the exception.

God works no miracles. If Jesus died, he did not rise. If he rose, he did not die on the cross. That he lived and died it is rational to believe; that he lived, was thought dead and recovered consciousness we can believe; that he lived, died and lived again on earth is beyond belief. Thus the resurrection as held in Christian dogma has no true for rational minds no value. It is no true.

But the fact of the belief in the resurrection has an immense importance to all. Hundreds of millions have believed it. Millions to-day sincerely believe it. In the Episcopal creed we read: "Christ did truly rise from the dead, took again his body with flesh, bones and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature."

In the Apostle's creed, used by so many churches, we read: "He was dead and buried. He descended into hell. The third day he rose again." And among those who believe this are many of the learned, the exalted and the good of earth. What can we do? We can be honest! We can be conscientious truth seekers. We can rely on what God has given us of conscience and reason, and study the question; and conscientiously we must say: We have no evidence that any person ever came to life from the dead. Many thought to be dead have been restored to consciousness, but such a restoration was not an evidence that they had been dead, but that they were still alive. The resurrection of the dead would be the most extraordinary event possible. Extraordinary events demand extraordinary evidence. To attest this most wonderful of all we have only tradition, legend and a few books of doubtful date and authorship. These are not evidence to us of the fact, but are evidence that this belief of a resurrection existed among the early Christians; that they believed with Paul that because Jesus rose from the dead all men would rise and that ultimately death itself, the last enemy would be destroyed.

No candid, impartial reader of Paul's epistle can come to any other conclusion than that the "kingdom of God" Paul expected was an earthly kingdom; it was the reign of the Redeemer of Israel from the bondage of a foreign yoke. In his later years Paul expected his yoke to include the redemption from an evil life, but to the last he retained his belief in an earthly kingdom of resurrected beings in spiritual bodies. He at first expected to live to see it, but later in life expected to "fall asleep" and to be resurrected "to meet the Lord in the skies at his coming."

Whence came this belief? It either was born of facts or of imagination. But if an imagination still it must have been born in some natural phenomena, some thing or things must have started it.

We know how Paul got his faith. He had "evidence of things unseen," on his way to Damascus. There, he says, he "saw the Lord Jesus." But he did not see him physically for none of those with him saw him. Now, however, this event may be explained as imagination, delusion, hallucination, insanity, self-mesmerism, as a miracle or as a spiritual presentation of Jesus himself. Paul believed it as a fact, and the result is the same in any case upon Christian history. Something occurred to change Paul's life and convinced him that the crucified was alive. I have no difficulty myself in believing that Paul had a vision of Jesus as a spiritual being. I believe this, because I believe such things possible and because this is the only interpretation that enables me to understand Paul and his work; and as Paul believed in and interpreted a resurrection, notwithstanding he expected an earthly kingdom, so do I accept and believe in a resurrection, and it may also be here on earth that the resurrected may be seen. He says: "It is sown a natural, and it is raised a spiritual, body."



The resurrection Paul believed in was such an one as he had seen—a psychical one.

But are we thus to interpret the gospel stories? I believe we are. There are only three ways of disposing of them: First, to entirely ignore them as of no historical value, pure myths, or to say they have a basis of fact in phenomena. The women saw Jesus in the garden, the disciples really saw him in the road to Emmaus and in that upper room; Jesus, who had not died, or they had some spiritual experiences out of which came the stories. Which shall we choose? He had either awakened from his swoon, borrowed clothes from the gardener and escaped from Jerusalem where he was a criminal, showing himself accidentally on his way to his quiet Galilean home, for he said to the women, "Go and tell his disciples and Peter He goeth before you unto Galilee;" and there he disappeared from history; or he died and his spiritual presence was seen by some of them. One of these three interpretations we must accept. Which shall we believe? I confess I am not satisfied with the thought of his restoration to consciousness and disappearance, though good men and good scholars hold it.

I prefer to regard the stories of the resurrection and subsequent appearances of Jesus as a record of exaggerated and misunderstood spiritual phenomena. As Paul saw what none others did, so among the followers of Jesus at his crucifixion there must have been many as sensitive as Paul to spiritual presences, and their experiences are the basis of the gospel narratives.

The discrepancies, the impossibilities and the contradictions we find therein forbid us to believe we have in them a correct narrative, but still we must believe that underneath these interpretations and reports lies a basis of fact.

I am not disposed to throw away such a valuable "find" as worthless, but to extract from the rock of legend the pure gold of fact, and from a careful analysis I am sure that no physical man was seen, but that Jesus was seen or sensed as a spiritual being. Prof. Cary, at Meadville, used continually to say to us: "Each one must interpret the gospel narratives from his own experiences."

I believe that the presence of spiritual beings has been sufficiently attested in all times and ages for us to believe in their occasional appearance. Clairvoyance I believe to be an established fact; not that we are to believe every ghost story that is told us, nor are we at once to resort to spiritual agency to account for all wonderful things. No! God is spirit and hence as spirit is the source of all things, but everything is orderly, and in this order we call law. Everything that accrues outside the range of known law, is in the range of that law we sometimes shall know. These appearances of Jesus were as natural as those of men and women that walk our streets to-day. Spiritual appearances are rare, occasional, and not understood.

The Bible is largely a record of such appearances; and as such a record it is growing every day more valuable. I hold that to preserve it as a spiritual book, as a spiritual guide for future generations, to preserve the respect and reverence of humanity for it, we should give it that rational interpretation that will preserve, as far as possible, its records as facts. We are also to find behind those facts the spiritual origin and significance. As a record, then, of spiritual phenomena not yet understood do I accept the stories of the resurrection. I do not know them to be true, but I believe them to be true. From the vision of vary at the grave, to that visit in that upper chamber and the ascension from the mount, I believe them all. I do not believe them as miracles. I do not believe them as interpreted by Bible writers, nor by theologians, but I believe them as I interpret them by my own life and knowledge. I accept the resurrection of Jesus as a psychical appearance, and place it in the line of evolution as natural to the spirit of man as is birth; it is, in fact, the second birth.

This story, then, of that first Easter, is our thought. "Since Christ is raised, we all shall be!" If Jesus by a natural law lives as a spiritual being we all, like him, shall live as spiritual beings. Demonstrate the existence of one person after death and you demonstrate the possibility of all to live.

Those occurrences (whatever they may have been, you and I shall never know just what they were) that gave rise to those stories in the Gospels and the Acts have been of untold value to generations, for they have kept alive this eternal hope. They have been rocks of rest in hours of doubt. They still are needed by millions. Millions to-day find their hope and trust of immortality in the truth of these Easter stories.

You and I would believe still in immortality; we do know them all to be pure myths; and we are glad that we can thus far believe them, and thus join our voice in that anthem that to day rises from all Christendom: "He burst the bars of death and triumphed o'er the grave."

Easter comes to Christendom full of the promise of immortality, but Easter never comes to a soul till it knows itself immortal. When from any cause the conviction is borne in upon any person that he is a spiritual being; when he knows he is indestructible; that death is powerless to touch him, then has Easter come to him, and he is resurrected. He has risen above the fetters of materiality. The soul has burst the grave of earth and has come to its inheritance. The revelation of immortality comes to each individual soul when it is ripe for that revelation. It may come before death. It will come at death. When that revelation does come, death is destroyed; for to know yourself immortal is to know that you cannot die. Death only lives in ignorance and fear. When knowledge and trust comes, he dies. When Easter comes to any soul death is transferred into life, eternal life.

"O Life, beautiful Life,  
Thy glories unveiled I see.  
O Life, beautiful Life,  
That the Angel of Death brought me."

All fear of the change is gone, and like one awaiting the boat that is to take him to fairer friends, friends long loved, he waits the coming of the Death Angel.

Not till our Easter dawns either by development of our souls this side the grave, or by the touching of the hand of death upon our pulse and eyes, shall we comprehend the beauty and holiness of those who have climbed the Mount of Transfiguration and thus kept alive the faith of earth. Not till Easter dawns for us shall we fully appreciate, comprehend and love that beautiful, holy life in whose name is kept this Easter day.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, who in his 80th year is rapidly recovering from the amputation of one of his legs, says that in his opinion the vitality and endurance which he possesses are due entirely to the care which he has taken of his health. He never used tobacco nor drank ardent spirits in any form, and from boyhood had not permitted a day to pass without indulging in some form of exercise.

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

### THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE FUTURE.

I have been reading a description in a Liverpool (Eng.) paper of recent date, of one of the public institutions of that city which interested me greatly. It is that of a wash-house or laundry. Let me quote part of that description. "To look into the washhouse on a drizzly day, is a sight never to be forgotten. The building itself is a smart brick edifice, with terra cotta facings, standing opposite to St. Alban's church. An open door and a long passage lead into the washhouse, but a dense fog fills the air, and nothing can be seen in it except at intervals, when one catches a glimpse of rows of curious looking stalls, with the bare heads of women showing above them. Walking through the steam-laden air between two rows of these stalls, it is seen that in each one is a woman busy washing, and piles of garments, washed and unwashed, are strewn all over the place. A woman can come in here at any time from eight in the morning till six at night and wash one hour for a penny. That charge was settled by act of parliament, but if for two hours then the charge is threepence, for the penny charge does not pay. That is, one hour is a penny, but two hours cost threepence and four hours sixpence. For this sum a woman is provided with a stall in which to do her washing, a wringing machine and a drying room. The temperature of the latter ranges from 150 deg. to 175 deg. Fahr. and the clothes dry in two hours. Everything works according to rule, and when the two hours of drying have expired, a bell rings, the doors are opened and the steaming, chattering, ragged crowd rush in to get their clothes, and a new crowd go in to hang up."

"In the stalls the arrangements are very simple and exceedingly compact. Each washer is provided with a footboard, a 'dolly-tub,' a small pail, a pot-stick, and hot and cold water. A large trough is divided into two compartments, the front one the largest. In the bottom of each is a wooden plug, which the washer carries with her from the office when she has paid a deposit of sixpence on entering. In the smaller trough is a very simple arrangement for boiling the clothes. A stream of cold water is turned on first, and as soon as that has reached a certain depth, a steam pipe is turned on, and the water is raised to a boiling point in a very few minutes. The woman puts her clothes into the smaller trough with some required soap or soda or paraffin oil, and allows them to boil away merrily while she washes some others in the front trough. In one stall are the white shirts and dainty belongings of some well-to-do family. In the next are the striped shirts, the blankets and ragged stockings of some poor man's home."

"Many of these women do not only their own but their richer neighbor's washing, and it is a better place than in the crowded dwelling houses, where the washing would otherwise be done. The steady, industrious women come early in the week, and make a long stay, but when it gets to the end of the week the 'fliers' come, who only stay an hour and rush off again, well pleased with their own smartness. In such a place there may be three or four hundred women in a day, and one wonders what they would do if there was no such washhouse. Our corporation has four such places in the city. There are some deep questions of political economy involved in the construction of these places at the expense of the community; but if they are self-supporting, and do not burden the city, even the most rigid economist would admit the benefit of this building to the poor ones who would fain be clean."

Now these Liverpool "washhouses" are not what could be called co-operative affairs. They are, perhaps, more in the line of Edward Bellamy's socialistic dream, portrayed in "Looking Backward," but it strikes me as a possible example of what might be accomplished in some sort of co-operative housekeeping experiment in the future, through which the thousands of overburdened housekeepers of this and other lands, the struggling wives of struggling men in moderate or poverty-stricken circumstances may be helped to make life more desirable to themselves, and the humblest of homes sweeter and more charming than ever before.

Probably I shall not live to see it, but I confidently hope that the time is not far off when housekeepers, especially those who are wives of men in moderate circumstances, those who cannot afford to hire regular help in their households, will look back with surprise to these days of individual "Jack-of-all-trades" housekeeping, look back with feelings akin to those with which women of to-day read of the mothers of large families in the long ago doing house work which included, besides the rearing of their families and the cooking and caring for them, the spinning, weaving, cutting and making of all the garments worn by the household; and as the "man of the house" to-day looks back to the manifold labors of those early pioneers who, in addition to farming with rude, insufficient implements, and doing all their own "chores," were also their own and their families' shoemakers and carpenters.

As civilization advances and population everywhere increases, man's inventive faculty will correspondingly respond to the demands made upon it by humanity's needs, and the already strong tendency toward specialization in labor will at last reach and organize woman's work as it already in large measure has done that of man. If men had been heretofore the housekeepers of the world as well as the purse holders, that work would not now be the intricate, many-sided slavery which, in spite of improvements, it still is. Long before this they would, by co-operation or legislation, have organized special public departments to which should have been relegated the cooking, laundry, sewing, and general house cleaning work of many families, saving the homes from the discomfort incident to the odor of daily cooking, the steam, heat and uncertainty of home laundry work, the botching effect of unskilled mending and making, and the upsetting worry of annual or semi-annual house cleaning. One main reason why women have made so little effort in this direction, has been because of their accepted position of unpaid kitchen drudges. No progressive movement can be made without some capital to push it forward, and this women generally have not hitherto been able to become the possessors of. But to the wage-earning women in the various professions now open and opening to the sex, women who have the home instinct still strong within them and who are making homes for themselves, while not able to give those homes their full personal services, I look to inaugurate some system of co-operative house work that will render housekeeping comparatively easy, and make the pleasures of a home possible to all, besides helping to solve the tiresome problem of the "servant girl" question, since large public institutions where departments

of house work presided over by persons skilled in each specialty, could give regular employment during a certain number of hours per day to many of those now unsatisfactorily employed as house servants, their services pledged for every hour of the twenty-four.

Even in small village communities it will sometime dawn on the village housewife's mind, or perhaps in that of her spouse, that it is cheaper in the end, and far more comfortable to contribute so much per year for the support of a public laundry, and to have the steaming, worry, and hard work incident to the weekly washing and ironing of the family transferred to a distant building or at least to one entirely apart from the home from whence clothes could be brought in good condition every week, with no household trouble or turmoil; or on extra and even common occasions to enjoy a finely flavored soup, a nice roast with aromatic "stuffing," a "boiled dinner," of vegetables or any other odorous dish, prepared to order in public cook-houses by accomplished cooks, and thus keep the home free from the permeating smell which accompanies such dishes; or to dispatch torn garments to some place where skilled workmen whose sole business should be just that department of woman's labor, would promptly repair them, and where needed garments of any kind could be quickly furnished on sending material and measurement at little more expense than attends home manufacture, and with far less worry; and when in those days the "spring time comes," the "gentle Anies" of the household and their happy husbands need not fear possible marital disagreements in consequence of household upheaval during cleaning time, when experienced help may be hired to come at stated and prepared for times, to swiftly and deftly take up, renovate, and put down carpets, etc., and do other necessary work of that kind, from establishments devoted to furnishing such help for that work, as now plumbers, carpenters and stove dealers keep men ready to send out on job work in their special departments, and all this made possible of attainment for the poorest homes through some mode or system of equitable co-operation.

I have heard to-day of women reorganizing, inaugurating, and insisting upon some co-operative schemes in this direction, with the view of making homes more than ever places of sweet and sacred happiness, because they are already finding out the good possible to them to be won by organized labor in different directions through their club, society, and other combined public interest and work.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

PSYCHOLOGY AS A NATURAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO THE SOLUTION OF OCCULT PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By C. G. RAUE, M. D. Pp. 541. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1889.

Two notable works have been lately issued, both of which will be read with great interest; the first, "A Study of Man" by Dr. J. D. Buck, and the other by Dr. C. G. Raue. It is rarely that physicians treat profound subjects with such grace and consummate skill as distinguish the works of these authors. "Psychology as a Natural Science Applied to the Solution of Occult Psychic Phenomena," is a work that bears upon itself painstaking care, and which will deeply impress the reader, the author's candor and sincerity being a marked feature of the ideas presented, his soul seeming to penetrate every page and animate every idea. The author admits that "the one cherished conjecture that mental activity is based upon the consumption of phosphorus in the brain, because phosphates appear in the urine in consequence of a retrograde metamorphosis of nerve-substance," must also be assigned to the "dreams of science," as Virchow says. (*Celular Pathology*, 1871, p. 478.) The author recognizes the mind to be "not the material products of cerebral activity, but the marvelous energy which cannot be grasped or handled." A marvelous energy of what? Of the brain. As the working of a steam-engine represents its "manifested energy," so "thought represents the energy of nerve-cell." At first sight every idea that the author presents is so logical, so some minds even convincing. Its only fault is that it confounds condition with cause. The working, that is, functional manifestations, of an engine is not at all its manifest energy; it is the energy of a something altogether different from the engine, namely, the energy of steam, which, however, must and does produce mechanical movement, its own energy. The engine is, therefore, not the cause, but the condition of its so-called "manifested energy or function." The brain of the problematic virtue of the nerve-cells is the only condition of mental phenomena, or its marvelous energy, by and through which a something altogether different from the brain, namely the soul, manifests itself as the cause of all this marvelous energy.

The author treats of the "Intellectual Sphere of the Mind," "The Sphere of Conation," "The Emotional Sphere," "Psychological Psychology," "Occult Phenomena," etc., presenting under each head a large amount of highly interesting and valuable data. It is not a Spiritualist, all of his teachings bear in the direction of the great truths promulgated in the harmonious philosophy. He says: "We are forced to the conclusion that back of the protoplasmic exists a complete, organized system of immaterial forces, which is the exact prototype of the material human body. We may call it an immaterial body, if the expression is highly understood; or, according to Paul, a spiritual body. It is the human soul—that being of which most men have but a shadowy idea, because they have never been accustomed to self-observation. The soul consists, on the one hand, of that organized system of immaterial forces, by which it projects its influence into the material world. It is composed, therefore, of an immaterial nervous, respiratory, circulatory, generative, muscular, bony and cutaneous system; has eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and all the organs in every particular as expressed materially in the human body. On the other hand, by its higher immateriality, it is able to sense, to feel, to think, to will, those conscious modifications of which we have been treating in this work as cognitions, conations, and feelings and all their wonderful combinations."

"It is this nature of the human soul that unconsciously has given rise to the assumption of an astral body," "perispirit," or "meta-organism," of which the last undoubtedly the best designates our subject; for the soul is an organism of psychic forces, externalizing itself in the organism of material forces which constitute the body. They both stand in the same relation to each other as thought and the expression of thought. Now, if we apply this psychological view to our present subject, we may reason that the psychic forces are spaceless, and therefore entirely independent of external extension. They act where they are, and yet apparently on objects far away in space, because for them there exists no space. There is an immediate action upon forces, no matter where these forces are stationed in material space; for even material forces should be as free in the higher of psychic forces which underlie and regulate all forces of the universe, so that the entire visible universe is but the expression of a psychic universe; which may, therefore, be alike co-ordinated in its single parts as the several psychic forces and their modifications, as are related and connected among themselves. When, now, by strong desires and deep emotions the soul, *id est*, the entire psychic organism, becomes so intensely agitated, that the ordinary way of perceiving through the normal sense organs is for the time interrupted and an independent action of the psychic forces (clairvoyance or clairaudience) takes place instead, we can understand, on the one hand, why in the state (trance) the body appears almost lifeless, or as if in deep sleep; and on the other hand, why this psychic activity intensely concentrated upon its object should also be capable of effecting objective changes, there being an immediate action of forces upon forces, and not as the common view takes for granted, of mind upon matter."

Aspiring authors, and all who are interested in literary work, should make the acquaintance of the *Writer and the Author*, two bright Boston magazines designed to interest and help all literary workers. The *Writer* is now in its third year. It is the only magazine in the world devoted solely to explaining the practical details of literary work, and its success from the beginning has been phenomenal. Its companion, the *Author*, which only three numbers have been published, has met with similar success, and has already reached a circulation of 2,500 copies monthly. The *Writer* is published the first, and the *Author* the fifteenth day of each month. The scope of the *Writer* is illustrated by the contents of the April number, which includes articles entitled "Newspaper Attorneys," "Every Writer His Own Stationer," "Mysterious Disappearances Regarding MSS.," "A Night at the News Desk," "The Returned MS.," "Short-hand in Newspaper Work," and many others equally helpful, interesting, and instructive. Both the *Writer* and the *Author* are edited and published by William H. Hill, a Boston newspaper man of long and varied experience, and the price of either is ten cents a number, or one dollar a year. Address: The *Writer*, Box 1,905, Boston, Mass.

### May Magazines Received.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York city.) Dr. Andrew D. White writes upon Diabolism and Hysteria, and after giving accounts of European epidemics of St. Vitus's dance and other manias, which were attributed to the agency of witches, he tells how superstition ran riot during the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts. A very attractive article is The History of a Picture-Window: A reply to Professor Huxley's article in the last number, by Rev. Dr. Henry Wace and the Bishop of Peterborough, is published under the same title, Agnosticism; The Strange Markings on Mars are described; Beginnings in Science at Mugby School, shows how much there is to instruct in such a simple thing as fish scales; Interesting facts about Eggs in Chemistry and commerce is given.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) With the May number the Century begins a new volume. A most timely series of papers on Samoa, profusely illustrated, are given by Dr. H. W. Whitaker of the United States Navy, Mr. George H. Bates who was Commissioner of the United States in 1886, and Captain Erben of the United States Navy. The Lincoln History is especially interesting. The Monasteries of Ireland, and Jerusalem and its Environs are described. Mr. Kennan continues his thrilling Siberian Exile Series. A curiously illustrated article on Jean Francois, written by Wyatt Eaton, who gives his personal recollections of the famous artist, with some account of his drawings.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The Adventures of David Vane and David Crane come to a close this month, and Sybil Fair's Fairness is a new story by Chas. R. Talbot. Mrs. General Fremont has a long story in this number, entitled Belegged, a tale of the Wild Mining days of 1840 in California. Teddy is a story about two well known Boston dogs. The Character of the Children of the White House series is devoted to the Household of Andrew Jackson. Many other articles, stories and poems add in making this a most attractive number.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) Helen Thayer Hutchison contributes poems which appropriately open the number. Daddy Jake the Runaway, The Bells of St. Louis, and The Color of Color continue to attract all readers. A Lost Opportunity is well illustrated; a Daunting Lesson one hundred years ago is dainty and sweet. The Frightened Fisherman is one of J. G. Francis' most amusing verse illuminations; The Land of Nod on a Plantation is a story of Southern life; Dogs of noted Americans give the history of the history of the famous dog, Orpheus Jewett's Irish Setter, and the Brownies in their garden are as absurd and ludicrous as they have been in their various exploits.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) The Begun's Daughter is begun in this issue; Temperance Legislation: Uses and limits is timely and suggestive; Randywine, Germantown and Saratoga, by John Fiske is good read while celebrating the Centennial. The Atlantic Monthly shows the rift between the R-flections after a Wandering life in Australia; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps continues The Bells of Saint Basil's; The Tragic Muse, continues to interest the reader; A Paris exclamation in Disables gives an account of the exposition to be held this year.

The Forum. (New York.) The political articles in The Forum for May are The Republican Party and the Negro, by Mr. E. L. Godkin, who shows the impracticability of all plans to give special protection to the Negro vote in the South. The Saloon as a Political Power, by Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, and Professor Emile de Lavleye, of the University of Liege, written on the Perils of Democracy. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps shows the rift between conventional Christianity and the teachings of Christ. Another article having a religious and scientific bearing is Professor St. George Mivart's second essay on Where Darwinism Fails. Mrs. Oliphant analyzes the elements of success in novel-writing, and the Atlantic Monthly, of Yale, shows the value of art in popular education.

The Eclectic. (New York.) The May Eclectic presents many interesting features. Mr. Edward Wympar has an exposition of the Panama Canal; Mme. Blaye de Bury gives us a study of French literature; The Imperial Succession of Austria, is the subject of an able paper by J. D. Boucher, and Professor Goldwin Smith has a very interesting article on prohibiting a bribe by and securing paper is that by Robert Buchanan on The Modern Young Man as Critic, and Dr. Ware replies to Prof. Huxley in this number.

The Chatauquan. (Meadville, Penn.) In the May issue of this widely read Monthly, Professor J. A. Harrison, of Washington and Lee University, discusses Physical Culture in Ancient Greece. Demosthenes is the eighth in the series of Greek biographical sketches. Helen Campbell discusses The Child and the Community. There are many sketches, papers and notes which added to the above make up a most entertaining number.

The Statesman. (Chicago.) The Statesman begins its Fifth Volume with the April number. The topics of the leading articles are: Woman Suffrage; The Tyranny of Trades Unions; Relations of Public Schools to the State; Protection or Free Trade—Which? German in the Public Schools, etc.

Lucifer. (London, England.) Thoughts on Karma, and the Reincarnation, open the pages of Lucifer for April and is followed by Varieties of Magic; The Struggle for Existence; The Elixir of the Devil; The Ancient Empire of China, etc.

Also:  
Our Little Ones and the Nursery, Boston.  
Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Light, New York.

The Esoteric, Boston.  
The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H.  
St. Louis Magazine, St. Louis, Mo.  
Annali Dello Spirito, Torino, Italy.  
Le Lotus, Paris, France.  
Sphynx, Germany.  
La Revue Spirit, Paris.  
Psychische Studien, Leipzig.  
Phrenological Magazine, London.

### New Books Received.

Un Caractere. By Leon Henneque. Paris: Tresee & Stock.  
The Path of Fame. By Edward Ruben. New York: O. Lauckner. Price, 16c, cloth, \$1.00.  
Ethical Religion. By William M. Salter. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.  
The Law of Municipal Bonds, including a Digest of Statutory Laws Relating to their Issue. By J. A. Burbanks of the Chicago Bar. Chicago: S. A. Keen & Co.  
Stories of the Seen and the Unseen. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.  
The Little Pilgrim. Further Experiences. By Margaret O. W. Oliphant. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, 60 cents.  
Dr. George F. Foote On Mental Healing with a History of the Mode of Treatment. Chicago: Purdy Publication Co. Price, 25 cents.  
Evolution of Vegetal Life. By William Potts; Evolution of Animal Life. By Rosseter W. Raymond, Ph. D. Modern Science Essayist. Boston: New Ideal Publishing Co. Price, 10 cents each.



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 11, 1889.

## The Psychology of Spiritualism.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has been from the beginning consistent in its intense prejudice against Spiritualism. It is an advocate of the philosophy of muck, and has no good word nor a line of space for anything beyond the pale of physical science. Prof. Jastrow is welcomed to the April number of that magazine, for he comes with an article treating of Spiritualism in a manner congenial to the mind of the management. He is one of the governing council of the American Society for Psychical Research, and as such, it would be supposed his inclinations would be in the line of investigation of that society, and that he would manifest a fair and honest purpose. He vauntingly claims to be a scientist, yet he is a mere echo of the methods and conclusions of others, without even a pretense to original investigation. Quite unknown beyond the classes he instructs in college, he imagines he is a David able to go forth with a single pebble and slay the Goliath of Spiritualism which is invading the realm of materialism. It has been considered essential for a scientific man to know something about the subject of which he attempts to treat. Even writers of magazine articles are expected to inform themselves thoroughly before attempting to write for public instruction. Not so, Prof. Jastrow. Millions of people have investigated Spiritualism and been convinced of its truthfulness. Men of science having world-wide fame for original investigations, like Hare, Varley, Wallace, Butler, DeMorgan and Crookes, have given careful attention, patient research and honest consideration, and found that the more thorough they were, the more convincing the results. Prof. Jastrow has not given a moment's time to investigation, so far as can be learned from his paper. He has never held a séance with a medium, at least he does not mention the fact if he has done so. He knows nothing of psychic phenomena except what he has learned from the reports of the Seybert Commission and the published proceedings of the English Society; and yet he assails Spiritualism as a scientist! What would he say of the man who should attempt to write the natural history of a bird or beast he had never seen? The report of the Seybert Commission he receives as a finality; it is all the authority he asks for, and its conclusions are welcomed because like his own.

Henry Seybert, when he endowed a college professorship, that Spiritualism, in which he ardently believed, might be investigated, undoubtedly thought he was acting for the good of that cause, but as events have proved he could have done nothing more detrimental. As one of the members wisely inferred, it was a Gooseberry Fool committee, going through a farce of investigation. Prof. Jastrow quotes from that report the following remarkable sentence: "With every possible desire on the part of Spiritualists to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning marvelous phenomena, it is extremely difficult to do so." If the millions of Spiritualists are a race of liars and incompetents, Prof. Jastrow ought to be a shining example of truth and competency. Let us see. He says:

"Add to this the confession of the exposed medium, D. D. Home (as follows): 'The first séance I held after it became known to Rochester people that I was a medium, a gentleman from Chicago recognized his daughter Lizzie in me after I had covered my small mustache with a piece of flesh-colored cloth and reduced the size of my face with a shawl I had purposely hung up in the back of the cabinet.'"

There was never anything put in print more slanderously false than this statement. D. D. Home never was "exposed," and never "confessed." While he was the most wonderful of mediums, giving manifestations of spirit-power and presence in all forms, he never received a fee of any kind. His séances were held among the most noble of Europe. His warmest friends were nearest the thrones of France and Russia. Who has Prof. Jastrow in mind? He, too, appears to consider himself a "Gooseberry Fool"! He gives no authority, and hence is responsible for the wicked libel he so flippantly states. For once he departs from his rehearsal of the Seybert commission, and introduces Englington (as a specimen of his "scientific accuracy," he spells the name Englington), the English Society for Psychical Research and the conclusions of Mrs. Sedgwick. The honesty of the latter cannot be doubted. She is, however, so completely under the influence of materialism that she is not willing to investigate spiritual phenomena by spiritual conditions, and refuses to accept them unless under the physical tests she imposes.

As a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, Professor Jastrow says: "With a revival of interest fostered by that society, the investigation of spiritualistic manifestations has been undertaken with more of a scientific appreciation of the problems therein involved; and within the last few years have appeared the results of several inquiries that deserve to register a turning point in the career of this mischievous superstition, and to hasten its abandonment by all sensible men." But it is not anything the Psychic Society has done, or intends to do; it is the work of the Seybert commission that has given the quietus to this "mischievous superstition." It is a lucky event that Prof. Jastrow introduces himself as an example of a "scientific man," and his stale paper of hash as the ultimate of "scientific investigation." He further says that "there is a broad notion that anybody can go to a spiritual séance and give a reliable opinion as to whether what he or she has seen is conjuring or not.... The fact probably is, that most such claimants are about as competent to form a trustworthy opinion on such a subject as they are to pronounce upon the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript. The matter is as much a technical acquisition as is the diagnosing of a disease." Plainly, according to Joseph Jastrow, with the exception of a very few "trained scientists" nobody is able to observe accurately, or report honestly!

Hence the observations of the millions of common people who have been convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations, goes for nothing against the "trained powers of intellect" of one Jastrow! And yet, when we see the bigotry and unblushing ignorance this one "observer" manifests; the utter negation of original observation, and acceptance as authority of what in any other department of science would be received with at most a tolerant smile; the rehearsal and jumble of such questionable matter, with the assurance of its finality, we are prone to conclude that if this is the outcome of science, deliver us from it!

Ah, no! Science is knowledge, not blatant ignorance. Science is humble, painstaking, willing to be taught, free from prejudice. Prof. Jastrow knows little of the true scientific spirit, and is as unqualified to judge of psychic phenomena as are the common people to "pronounce on the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript."

He is, indeed, dimly conscious of his absurd position. After denouncing everything connected with mediumship as fraud and deception, he adds in a foot note: "It is often claimed that, while mercenary purposes can explain the existence of professional mediums, the manifestations of private mediums remain as the bulwark of faith. It is doubtless true that the method of investigating private manifestations must be a different one, and this yet remains to be done in a careful and scientific manner." If it is all fraud, what is the necessity of investigating the claims of private mediums? True, there are a hundred quietly doing their work for every one publicly known. There is a task for the Jastrows more severe than exposing a few tricksters already denounced by Spiritualists. Beyond these manifestations of physical character, are those of the mental phase, which are of vastly greater value, and have never been disposed of. All the spiritual phenomena within the lines of clairvoyance, or mental illumination, receive not one word from the Seybert Commission or from any would-be exposers; not even from Jastrow, who as completely ignores this most important side of the great subject as though it did not exist.

Finally, in concluding these comments, which are already longer than the subject warrants, the query arises: Why does Prof. Jastrow belong to the Psychical Society? Why do honest, fair-minded men like Secretary Hodgson, Prof. James and M. J. Savage tolerate one who so misrepresents the objects of that society, and, above all, why is such a bigot on the Board of Management? Perhaps the Society thinks that with the greater purposes of arriving at the truth, and correlating the facts in the mysterious domain outlying the borders of materiality, there is necessity for such as Jastrow. We venture to gently hint to the Psychic Society that it cannot preserve its dignity as a scientific body with such membership. Bigotry, prejudice, unfairness, downright dishonesty of statement and travesty of argument may be tolerated, but ignorance, arrogant, blatant ignorance, carries with it its own condemnation.

We would say to such magazines as the *Popular Science Monthly*, you may find an echoing constituency for such articles, and the constantly repeated sneer at psychic phenomena, but you mistake the set of the undercurrent, which before you are aware will prove that what you now ignore are the vital facts of science. Be advised by men like Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Sidney Dean and Prof. James and Dr. Cones.

## The Editor's Outing,

CONTINUED.

The Brooklyn home of Judge and Mrs. Dailey has been for years a sort of spiritualistic headquarters, a local bureau of information, a rallying center both for Spiritualists and those just beginning to be interested in Spiritualism; here ministers, lawyers and politicians, the rich and the poor, people from every station in life, have been attracted, either through personal acquaintance with the affable and active heads of the establishment, or by their wide-spread reputation for hospitality, philanthropy, and interest in the spiritualistic propaganda. As a matter of course, people with the reputation of the Daileys are shining marks for the lame and the lazy to lean upon; cranks, adventurers, promoters of wild-cat enterprises, solicitors for public and private charities, applicants for offices requiring either political, mercantile, social or professional influence, all these recognize in the Daileys their legitimate prey, and swoop down upon them singly, in couples, and in droves. Yet no one ever hears any complaint from either Mr. or Mrs. Dailey; the gross ingratitude of some does not make them cynical, neither does the greed and incompetency of others discourage them in their efforts to help. The history of their experiences for the past ten years would make a big volume, full of the pathos and humor that goes to make up this curious, struggling world. One with talent for novel writing could find rich material always within reach by securing permanent lodgment in the Dailey household, and listening to the tales of woe, of hope, and of varied experiences therein unfolded by those seeking sympathy, assistance, or appreciative listeners. How a lawyer with a large, exacting and rapidly increasing clientele can find so much time and energy to devote to gratuitous work is a mystery. But the task is telling upon him and if he don't restrict his efforts and conserve his vital forces he will some day find he has not only exhausted his reserves, but drawn so largely upon his capital of brawn and brain as to bring on a crisis, endangering his health and usefulness.

## MEMORY OF S. B. NICHOLS.

It is not always that a prophet is without honor in his own community, although it sometimes does not flower and he is not fully appreciated until after he has passed to spirit-life. A majority of the JOURNAL's readers will remember Mr. S. B. Nichols who closed his career on earth in the early fall of 1886. An indefatigable worker in Spiritualism, his zeal knowing no fluctuation nor discouragement, with abnormally keen perceptions, a highly nervous temperament, excellent executive ability, impulsive, generous to a fault, a ready talker and writer, his greatness was never fully appreciated until his personality became a memory, instead of a present, ever active stimulus to those within the radius of his labors. In visiting Brooklyn since his departure I have frequently been deeply touched by the glowing words of appreciation and tender expressions of regard for Mr. Nichols, not only from those who were closely united with him in public work, but from many who differed with him and freely criticized his methods when he was here. During this last stay I found the memory of the good man still green as ever, and even a more exalted position given him by old acquaintances than ever before. In the distance his brusqueness, impetuosity, and aggressiveness are softened in memory, and his noble traits and splendid work grow brighter. Other than wife and children, no one can miss this man more than I; he was a tower of strength to the JOURNAL; and I feel he is still its faithful friend, doing what he can for it and the cause of rational Spiritualism. The influence of such men never dies out of the world.

Long Island may claim to be the stamping ground of the Beecher family. At East Hampton, near the eastern extremity of the island, Lyman Beecher, the great orator, profound scholar, and decidedly original character, began his career as a preacher at the age of twenty-three, and on a salary of \$300 a year. He lived to be the father of thirteen children, and three times married, and closed his mortal eyes in Brooklyn in 1863. Of his son Henry Ward, and his daughter Harriet, it were superfluous to speak here, all the world knows their history. Of the other children, scarcely less able, it may be said to have been their misfortune that so much genius belonged to one family as to lessen the brilliancy of those who otherwise would have shone as stars of first magnitude.

## EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.,

nine years the senior of his brother Henry Ward, was born at East Hampton in 1804, and after an active life of more than four score years, some of them spent in Illinois, he is now living in Brooklyn with the wife of his youth whom he married sixty years ago next October. One evening during my visit, Mrs. Edward Beecher, her daughter and a friend, dined with me at Judge Dailey's and spent the evening. I was greatly interested in the sprightly and clear-headed little old lady. Dr. Beecher though 85 years old, is still active in the ministry, pastor of a congregation in a suburb of Brooklyn some seven miles out

of the city. Up to the very hour of my meeting the family at Judge Dailey's, Dr. Beecher had been a marvel of health and activity, frequently walking to and from his parish on the same day; his mental faculties acute and his interest in humanity and the work of the world unabated. The interest of the Beechers generally in Spiritualism is widely known, and on this evening Mrs. Edward Beecher conversed with me at length upon the subject. She is a thorough believer. During the evening she took on a somewhat saddened or anxious look; and speaking of herself and husband, said that if they lived until next October they should pass the thirtieth anniversary of their married life. After an interesting evening Mrs. Beecher took her leave, regretting that her husband had not been able to be present owing to his pastoral engagements, and expressing a great desire to have him meet me.

## DR. BEECHER UNDER THE WHEELS.

What was our sorrow and astonishment next morning to read in the city papers that the venerable Dr. Beecher, in getting off the car on his return home the evening before, had fallen under the wheels, had his leg crushed, been removed to the hospital and had an amputation performed. At the very time his wife was talking to me at Judge Dailey's and expressing her forebodings, her husband, not a mile distant, was passing through this shocking ordeal. But the old veteran was true grit; his wonderful vitality and splendid self-discipline were equal to the emergency. He did not become unconscious, told who he was; and was then taken to the hospital. Before his daughter could get to him, he had been put under the influence of an anesthetic and the crushed limb removed; but when she reached him he was himself again, declaring he felt very comfortable and would soon be ready to go home—he did not then know his limb had been amputated. Just before the dawn of day the daughter, weary and worn, reached home and mother again. The old lady had borne these hours of agonizing suspense with the fortitude characteristic of her strong nature. When she heard the report of her husband's condition, it seemed impossible to her that he could recover, and, forgetful of self, her first thought was of the suffering her dear companion might have to endure before the end should come; and turning to her daughter and a young friend, a member of the family, she exclaimed, "Girls let us kneel down and ask God to take father home!" and on their knees these young women listened to the venerable wife-mother as she poured out her supplications that her husband might be speedily taken to the Spirit-world without having to endure the suffering she felt might precede the near and unavoidable end. But Dr. Beecher's time hadn't come, and he knew it. Never did he lose heart or cheer; and the last news I have—though not late—he was getting on finely, and nature was dealing with him almost as kindly as if he were a boy in his teens, instead of a man who had seen generations come and go, empires rise and fall, the map of the world change, steam and electricity harnessed to the chariot of Progress, and still felt his mission on earth not quite complete.

I spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and daughter, through the courtesy of Mrs. Dailey who invited them to dine, and meet me. Mr. Morse had just closed his Cleveland engagement and felt in "fine feather" over his success there, and the beautiful silk flag which was presented to him. At the rate Mr. Morse is receiving keepsakes he will be able to set up quite a museum of American productions when he again settles down in England; and it would not be a bad idea for societies to be thus represented in a collection open to English Spiritualists.

Among the Chicago people I met in New York was Mrs. A. V. H. Wakeman, a brilliant and hardworking journalist, who though only a few months in Gotham has already made her den and established a footing. Walking down Sixth Avenue late one afternoon, thinking that I would greatly like to see my old friend M. L. Van Horn, and wondering if I would find this artist and original thinker in his den at so unreasonable an hour, I heard a familiar voice call my name; looking up I saw the very man I was thinking of. I told him so—and hope he believed I was telling the truth. He is looking well after his long European trip which seems to have been what he needed. Stopping for lunch one day at Nash's restaurant, on Park Place, I was astonished to be hailed before I got out of the room by more than a half dozen acquaintances; among others Geo. H. Jones, an original character, whose voice was for years a familiar sound in the old New York Conference which, under P. E. Farnsworth's fostering care, lived for a quarter of a century, and ended its existence soon after Bro. F. left this world. Jones's figure is also familiar to frequenters of Central Park drives, where he may be seen nearly every fine afternoon holding the ribbons over a team of "flyers." That is the way he keeps his head level and his health perfect.

There are others I would like to gossip about, and many, many more I wanted to call upon, but to one from Chicago's broad streets and lesser mental strain, New York is a fatiguing, bewildering place, with its "L" roads which one must climb from two to five stories to utilize, and with the energy of hundreds of thousands confined in limited space, all keyed up to the highest tension and bending to the work of money-getting and bread-winning as though desperation was the normal condition of its inhabitants, regardless of age, sex or condition. So I did not cover the ground I had hoped, nor quite

get the rest from the alternation which I needed. I am sure no friend will feel intentionally neglected him, or her, and that all will agree that an editor has his limitations, both physical and psychical. Indeed, I realize these limitations sharply this Saturday morning, the fourth of May, in producing this manuscript for the printer immediately after two nearly sleepless nights on the cars and a day of hard work between, some account of which will appear synchronously with these notes. Next week, if nothing interferes to prevent, I will tell something of my visit in Philadelphia and at other points.

## "OCCULT TELEGRAPHY."

Rowley's Claim Still Doubtful—The Editor of the Journal Obligated to Modify His Previously Expressed Opinion.

Such has been our caution, patience and diligence in investigating the claims of mediums and persons claiming mediumistic and psychic power, that up to this time we have never been obliged to modify an editorial statement regarding either. Now, we have a most painful and humiliating duty to perform in publicly stating that in one instance there is overwhelming evidence going to show that we were most egregiously mistaken, and while laboring under that mistake misled our readers and a large number outside of the Spiritualist movement who had come to place great reliance on our decisions. After more than twenty years spent in study of psychic phenomena and manifestations claiming to be of spirit origin we have at last, to use a homely expression, put our foot in it all over, both feet, for the matter of that. Leastwise that is the way it looks now.

Our readers will recall that in December, 1887, we published an account of a visit to W. S. Rowley, the medium for "occult telegraphy" in Cleveland. For several years we had been hearing of this man and his steadily increasing development. We did not relax our usual caution, and were slow to accept the claim made of independent telegraphy, in other words: the fact that a spirit could, independent of physical force or contact on the part of the medium, work a telegraphic instrument and send messages through it by the Morse alphabet or any other code of signals struck on the "sonder." We took pains to study the reputation of Mr. Rowley in his own community, for, while we hold, and always have, that the physical, objective phenomena of Spiritualism must verify themselves, yet the moral backing of a good character on the part of the medium has been considered as relieving the investor of superfluous caution. We found this man stood well; had been connected with an evangelical society; had none of the common vices, and was generally respected. We therefore began our personal investigations of his claims, thoroughly impressed in his favor and believing him an honest man. He possessed none of the usual earmarks of a trickster. We observed as closely as a novice in the mechanical application of electricity could reasonably be expected to observe. But not content with our own judgment, we asked the assistance and advice of those whom we supposed were competent as electricians and telegraphers, and whose experiments with Rowley had been far more extensive than it were possible for us to make our own. We are obliged to confess that in giving our endorsement to Rowley's claim of being a medium for independent telegraphy, we banked too much on his reputation and on the expertness of our advisers, as will be seen before the exposition of the matter is closed; at least, so we now fear.

Having for the time become fully satisfied with the validity of Mr. Rowley's claim, we suggested to him and his then newly acquired partner in business, Dr. Whitney, that Prof. H. D. G., prepare a series of articles giving a purely scientific exposition of the stupendous phenomenon, as studied by him in a long series of experiments. Accordingly this was done; and the half dozen articles of two or three columns each which were expected, strung out into a dozen, more or less, containing a dreary surplussage of inconsequential matter on metaphysics, theology and philosophy. Reading them from week to week, we began to feel disturbed. The answers of "Dr. Wells" were usually so puerile, so devoid of those evidences of intellectual strength and training which would naturally belong to one who had been a skillful physician on earth; the paucity of thought, the inability to grasp what Prof. G. was saying, all this was truly painful. We began to feel that in many instances the replies were characteristic of Rowley's mind and method of expression, as observed by us. Yet we found a plausible way to account for this—well known to psychical students—without impeaching the claim for independent telegraphy; and we still held to our expressed opinion. And from that time up to the thirteenth of last month we have adhered to our previously published convictions; and we have defended Mr. Rowley in various quarters and been ready to back up his honesty. Though we must admit that various circumstances, trifling when taken singly, had led us to fear there might be a sad mistake somewhere, yet we could not think him guilty of intentional fraud.

While Prof. H. D. G.'s "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph" serial was running in the JOURNAL we received a letter of caution from our old and tried friend Dr. Eugene Crowell of New York, in which he said in substance that his spirit friends declared to him through his medium, Dr. Kenney, that they had repeatedly visited Mr. Rowley's place and were of the opinion that the claim of independent



graphy was fraudulent. We replied by saying that unless Dr. C.'s spirit friends could point out the fraud or give some clear leading to its discovery we could not act on their assertion, nor even credit it. Some months ago Dr. Crowell again wrote us of the matter; and when in New York in March last we had a long talk with him on the subject, each adhering to his position. We said to Dr. Crowell that what both wanted was the cold facts in the case. He remarked during the conversation that his spirit friends believed there was a secret wire somewhere, and that owing to the imperfect vision of spirits when not in the presence of a medium adapted to their particular use they had to work at a disadvantage in this case; but that if Dr. Kenney were brought into Rowley's presence during an experiment they would be able to definitely and clearly decide. As will be seen in next week's JOURNAL, Dr. Crowell's spirit friends were practically correct as to one method of simulation that may be practiced with Rowley's machine. There is no secret wire, as we stoutly affirmed; but a secret manipulation of one of the legitimate, visible wires, is possible, and credible witnesses testify that they have seen Rowley thus work it.

In December, 1887, after our experiments with Rowley and Dr. Sapp—in which we easily detected the fraudulent practices of the latter, he being as yet a bungler—we stopped off on our way home to spend a day with Hudson Tuttle. To him we recounted our experiences with the two alleged mediums for spirit telegraphers. We told him of our experiments with the dial scale. Continuous readers may recall this account. With the instrument on the scale at Rowley's it weighed between one and two ounces less when a message was being ticked off than when silent, Rowley having his thumb and two fingers on a corner of the box. At Sapp's it weighed over two pounds more when operating than when the "sounder" was silent, and Sapp could only work it by pressing heavily upon the slate top. When Mr. Tuttle heard this he exclaimed: "That proves too much." From that day forward, Mr. Tuttle strove assiduously to fathom the occult problem; desirous, indeed, most anxious, that Rowley's claim might be verified, yet intuitively skeptical of its reality. We have said to him repeatedly that his intuition might answer as a working hypothesis, but did not amount to a demonstration, and that until it was clearly proven to us to be incorrect we must maintain the opinion that Rowley was a medium for independent telegraphy.

Putting Dr. Crowell's statements with Tuttle's intuitions, and adding some data which seemed to have significance, the product wrought an increasing doubt in our mind as to the claim of Rowley; and this, too, without harboring the thought that the man had intentionally and deliberately set about swindling the public. Therefore, after the last interview with Dr. Crowell, we determined to stop off at Cleveland on the way home and inaugurate an investigation more critical than any previous effort.

We knew Rowley's instrument could be used in an illegitimate way by pushing up a spring attached to the key until it would touch the top of the box. Rowley had explained this to us, when spoken to about it, saying that at first the "spirits" could not work unless it was there, but that as they acquired more power and dexterity he had been able to lower the spring something like half an inch, but that even now, Dec. 1887, he had to watch them, the "spirits," for sometimes when their "power" was weak they would push the spring up against the slate top without his knowing it. But we did not feel satisfied as to our proof that the aforesaid spring, which has no reason for existing and no use, so far as known to electrical science, could not be manipulated without attracting our attention; and furthermore that there might not also be other ways of working the machine. Arriving in Cleveland we sought out the manager of the W. U. Telegraph Company at that point and requested him to recommend a competent electrician and telegrapher who would make an investigation in a strictly scientific spirit, and give a truthful report of the results. The manager had as keen a personal interest in seeing the matter finally settled as we, and was actuated by as friendly motives to the medium, whom he has known for years. In response to our request he selected his chief operator, Mr. O. A. Gurley, as being in every way qualified to fill the requirements. After some conversation with Mr. Gurley, and finding him to be a "square" man and fully meeting our requisition we arranged to take him to see Rowley. We had previously had an interview with Rowley, early in the morning, and had told him frankly that in view of various statements coming to our notice we felt it necessary to again witness the phenomenon of independent telegraphy, for the purpose of fortifying if possible the opinion we had already expressed in the JOURNAL. With some little reluctance he consented to an appointment and was told we should bring some one with us. His appearance and demeanor struck us for the first time as not quite what it should be. He had a sort of hunted look, a wary air, a manner indicating dread of some expected or possible disaster. We could not help noticing this, but thought little of it at the time.

At the appointed hour on April 13th we repaired to Rowley's office accompanied by Mr. Gurley, whom we introduced as an acquaintance familiar with telegraphy. Rowley appeared greatly nettled and annoyed that further tests should be required; and it seemed to us as though he felt like peremptorily declining, and that he would have done so had there been the least ground for refusal. After a short session which he seemed anxious to abridge as sharply as could be done with decency, we left in company with Mr. Gurley. Dr. Whitney, Mr. Rowley's partner, had taken down the messages in writing as had been his custom before. We secured permission for Mr. Gurley to go again, before leaving. We left for Chicago that evening, stopping over a day at Hudson Tuttle's. After reaching home we received a letter from Mr. Gurley, saying he was making headway. Replying to him on April 16th, we closed with the following paragraph: "To settle the point at issue (as to independent telegraphy) will require the most delicate handling and discrimination, and needs to be followed by the investigator in a spirit of the utmost fairness, indeed in a truly scientific and judicial way. I hope you will follow the matter up as it is of great importance to the world." That Mr. Gurley acted strictly within the line of his instructions we fully believe. On Thursday afternoon of last week, after holding an extended conversation with Mr. Gurley over the wires, we promised to be in Cleveland the next morning. The result of that day's work was quite fully and very fairly and temperately reported in the Cleveland Leader, of Saturday last. The result with us has been to oblige us to recall our former endorsement of Mr. Rowley as a medium for independent spirit telegraphy. And we do this without denying that he is a medium. The Leader's reports will be published in next week's JOURNAL, and we think a careful perusal of them will satisfy our readers that Mr. Rowley must verify his claim by new and rigid tests in the presence of experts, or stand convicted of all that is charged by those who pronounce his claim of independent telegraphy unfounded.

We close with the following significant testimony. Dr. G. F. Whitney, Rowley's late partner, who was with him about a year and a half, knew nothing of what was on foot until after the fact. When seen by a Leader reporter on Saturday last he said: "Rowley is a medium, but the application of his power to that instrument is a deception. There is no such thing as independent telegraphy. I wish to say that I went into this thing honestly, but recently my suspicions were aroused, and then I discovered Rowley's secret."

Mr. Rowley has been fairly and kindly treated, and if as honest as he says he is, and as wise as he should be, he will refrain from any manifestations of vindictiveness, and meet the issue in a frank and manly way. Extraordinary claims like his must be substantiated by repeated and extraordinary proofs. The only question at issue is: Can a spirit, or some force directed by intelligence, operate a telegraphic instrument independent of physical contact and muscular action on the part of Mr. Rowley?

#### "Conspiracy"

We regret exceedingly to see by the Cleveland Leader of Sunday last that Mr. Rowley resorts to that stale old cry, mouthed by every spiritualistic fraud, "conspiracy." In an interview with a representative of the Leader Mr. Rowley is reported as positively declaring that, "this whole thing is a conspiracy," and that his late partner, Dr. Whitney, "put Col. Bundy and Hudson Tuttle up to the idea of instituting an investigation." And furthermore "The whole scheme is prompted by spite and petty jealousy."

We can forgive Mr. Rowley for uttering these wild and utterly foundationless assertions; but we fear it will be a long time before he can forgive himself, and that he is only deepening the darkness and tightening the chains that make his life burdensome. As a matter of fact, up to last week, Friday, we had no knowledge of the dissolution of partnership between Dr. Whitney and Mr. Rowley; and the first intimation of it came from Mr. and Mrs. Rowley. We have never had one word, either oral or written, from Dr. Whitney in any way reflecting on Mr. Rowley. With the exception of the few minutes, on April 13th when Dr. Whitney was taking down Rowley's "spirit" message, we have not seen or heard from him in a year. Mr. Tuttle had no previous intimation that we were conducting an investigation; and he did not even know what we wanted of him last week until, in response to a telegram, he met us on May 3rd in Cleveland, when he was informed of what we were doing, and invited to lend us his assistance, in the interests of Spiritualism and of the public.

#### General Items.

Under the auspices of the Progressive Circle, Lyman C. Howe will lecture next Sunday evening at the Y. P. A. Hall, 104 22nd Street. Subject: "Practical Christianity."

The notorious rascal James A. Bliss, is now operating in Detroit. People who have any regard for their reputations and the sanctity of their homes will avoid him as they would the most loathsome disease.

Warren Hutchins writes as follows from Detroit, Mich.: "Mr. G. B. Stebbins gave us a beautiful discourse in the Unitarian church on Easter Sunday. The pulpit was beautifully decorated with flowers. He referred to Christ's appearance after death, and near the close of his discourse, he said these things happened more frequently since 1849; that he had seen his departed friends, and that strangers to him saw and described them also."

It is said that George Francis Train fasted for seventeen days.

On May first, Lyman C. Howe officiated at the funeral of Henry Brown, 156 Fremont st., this city. The remains were taken to Boston for interment.

We have received from Collins & Powell, real estate brokers, a pretty lithograph of the town of Whatcom, Washington Ter., a flourishing town on Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound. This country is attracting a great deal of attention at present, and now that Washington is a State, the interest will be greatly enhanced.

Mrs. Zerelda McCoy, the vice-president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, has engaged the Opera House in Tacoma, Wash. T., for ten successive Sunday afternoon meetings in the interest of enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Clara B. Colby and Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, have gone on to aid the cause by voice and pen.

The annual picnic and Sunday assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, will be held at Cassadaga camp grounds, Chautauqua county, N. Y., June 8th and 9th. Speakers: Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Boston, and Dr. F. L. H. Willis of Rochester, N. Y. The Northwestern Band of Meadville, Penn., will furnish music.

The Religio-Philosophical Society of Grand Rapids, Mich., which has been organized for a year, held its first meeting in a public way last month, and was addressed by L. V. Moulton and Mary C. Lawson. The society has printed its constitution and by-laws, and the prospects for its future prosperity seem fair. Its place of meeting is at No. 44 Canal st.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has returned to Ravenna O., after passing a pleasant winter in different points in Michigan. She will make engagements for the coming year, east and west. Mrs. Hyzer's frail health will not permit continuous speaking through the year but she should be kept employed all that her strength will permit.

The Equal Suffrage Association of Englewood, Ill., will hold a convention at that place May, 28th. This is to be an anniversary meeting of this society, which has done effective work in the cause of Woman Suffrage. Rev. Anna Shaw, Rev. H. S. Taylor, C. S. Darrow and other able speakers are engaged.

Mr. Silas Bigelow writes from Florida commending Mr. Tuttle's new book in high terms. As Mr. B. is an old schoolmaster, and well up in the spiritual philosophy his endorsement has value. His views are refreshing after reading the opinion of the ignorant but apparently honest book reviewer of the Boston Herald.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. announce the following appointments, taking effect Wednesday, May 1st: Geo. H. Smith, Assistant General Ticket Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Geo. L. Rhodes, Assistant General Passenger Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Sam. F. Boyd, Assistant General Ticket and Passenger Agent, headquarters, Topeka, Kansas.

The Woman's Tribune, published at Beatrice, Neb., by Clara B. Colby, is a bright, new paper, and is well worthy of a generous support. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the able and venerable woman suffragist, is writing a series of reminiscences; the one in the present number is entitled "Church and Parsonage." Mrs. Colby herself is writing some interesting letters from Washington Territory, whither she has gone to lecture on woman suffrage. Other contributors are well known, among whom we find Laura DeForce Gordon, who will be remembered as a spiritual lecturer, now practicing law and working for woman suffrage. Mrs. Colby is sending the paper five weeks for ten cents, in order to get it before the people.

#### ATTENTION, THEOSOPHISTS!

A Little More "Light on the Path" for Your Benefit.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: SIR:—In 1885 appeared a strange little book entitled: "Light on the Path: A treatise written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence. Written down by M. C. Fellow of the Theosophical Society." The author is Mabel Collins, until lately one of the editors of Lucifer. The book is a gem of pure spiritualism, and appears to me, as to many others, to symbolize much mystic truth. It has gone through numerous editions, and is used by faithful Theosophists much as orthodox sinners use their prayer-book. This happened mainly because "Light on the Path" was supposed to have been dictated to Mrs. Collins by "Koot Hoomi," or some other Hindu adept who held the Theosophical Society in the hollow of his masterly hand.

I liked the little book so much that I wrote Mrs. Collins a letter, praising it and asking her about its real source. She promptly replied, in her own handwriting, to the effect that "Light on the Path" was inspired or dictated from the source above indicated. This was about four years ago; since which time nothing passed between Mrs. Collins and myself until yesterday, when I unexpectedly received the following letter. I was not surprised at the new light it threw on the pathway of the Theosophical Society, for late developments respecting that singular result of Madame Blavatsky's now famous hoax left me nothing to wonder at. I cabled Mrs. Collins yesterday for permission to use her letter at my discretion. Her cablegram from London reached me this morning, saying, "Use my letter as you please. Mabel Collins." So here is the letter.

34 CLARENDON ROAD, HOLLAND PARK [LONDON] W., April 13, 1889. "DEAR SIR:—I feel I have a duty to write to you on a difficult and (to me) painful subject, and that I must not delay it any longer. You will remember writing to me to ask me who was the inspirer of 'Light on the Path.' If you had not yourself been acquainted with Madame Blavatsky I should despair of making you often understand my

conduct. Of course I ought to have answered the letter without showing it to any one else; but at that time I was both studying Madame Blavatsky and studying under her. I knew nothing then of the mysteries of the Theosophical Society, and I was puzzled why you should write to me in such a way. I took the letter to her; the result was that I wrote the answer at her dictation. I did not do this by her orders; I have never been under her orders. But I have done one or two things because she begged and implored me to; and this I did for that reason. So far as I can remember I wrote you that I had received 'Light on the Path' from one of the Masters who guide Madame Blavatsky. I wish to ease my conscience now by saying that I wrote this from no knowledge of my own, and merely to please her; and that I now see I was very wrong in doing so. I ought further to state that 'Light on the Path' was not to my knowledge inspired by any one; but that I saw it written on the walls of a place I visit spiritually, (which is described in the 'Blossom and the Fruit')—there I read it and I wrote it down. I have myself never received proof of the existence of any Master; though I believe (as always) that the mahatmic force must exist.

"Yours faithfully," MABEL COLLINS. Yes, Mabel, the "mahatmic force" does exist. It exists in every great soul like yours! There is no need of a word of mine further. It is Helen P. Blavatsky's turn to speak next. ELLIOTT COURTES.

1726 N. St., Washington, D. C., May 3, 1889.

#### Passed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life, from Birmingham, Ohio, April 18th, 1889, Mrs. Florence Heald. She was born in Napone, N. Y., and nine years ago married Charles Heald and came to Birmingham where she has since resided, making friends of all with whom she became acquainted. She was of the delicate organization, and by nature a Spiritualist. By her request the funeral services were held at the home of the deceased, and the Rev. J. H. Hudson, pastor of the Baptist Church, officiated. She was a devoted friend of the poor and the afflicted, and she also selected the songs which Mrs. Emma Tuttle sang. Her family has lost a tender mother, true wife, and loving friend; and angels have gained one who is fully prepared to enter into the joys of their life.

Passed to higher life from Westford, Mass., April 30th, Mrs. Helen Tower Fletcher, wife of Frank L. Fletcher, Esq., aged 44 years. "Not dead, but gone before." Many Lake Pleasant people will bear Mrs. F. in kind remembrance.

#### THE HUMAN BREATH.

Professor Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air, he obtained a poisonous liquid, which when ejected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this poison was an alkaloid, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both in man and animals, contained a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid. One of the marked characteristics of this age is the concentration of humanity in large towns and larger cities, where they cluster in small rooms, and poorly constructed flats—developing unsanitary conditions, which insure a death rate far in excess of that experienced where people breathe fresh air. Pure air cannot be obtained in city dwellings, but the air can be purified and rendered wholesome. The most effective device that has thus far been perfected for disinfecting and purifying the air of city homes is "The Sherman Vaporizer." This persistent little wonder is charged with a "carbolic cresol" acid, the most wholesome, effective and pleasant germicide that has been discovered, which soon changes the poison infected air of room or dwelling, and renders it wholesome and invigorating. The vaporizer has been thoroughly tested for over two years in the East, and is now being introduced into western homes, lodge-rooms, factories, and school-rooms, by J. E. Woodhead, well known to the readers of the JOURNAL. We have tried it in the JOURNAL office and believe it to be all that is claimed for it. It is inexpensive, cannot get out of order, and cannot but benefit every home into which it is introduced. Mr. Woodhead wishes to engage agents for the cities and towns of the West. Any of our readers desiring a profitable and philanthropic occupation can address Mr. Woodhead at 468 West Randolph St., Chicago.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.

It is un-American in the highest sense for our people to prate about Europe so glibly when so many of them are profoundly ignorant of the wondrous beauties of their native land. As a matter of fact there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are thoroughly familiar with Switzerland; who have idled away weeks at Lucerne, done Chamouni, and attempted the Matterhorn, and yet have never feasted on the lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. There is no scenery like it in the new world.

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Dr. D. P. Kayser can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

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#### Rowley's Occult Telegraph.

DR. WELLS So well known to the readers of the JOURNAL through a series of papers entitled FROM HERE TO HEAVEN BY TELEGRAPH By Prof. H. D. G.

and other articles appearing in its columns, is diagnosing and prescribing for diseases with marvellous skill and accuracy. The most difficult cases have been easily cured and it is so very reliable that many leading physicians appeal to it in their obscure and difficult cases. Send for circular giving full instructions, etc. Terms: \$5.00 and 4c postage for first complete diagnosis with medicines; \$2.00 after first time. Address: W. S. ROWLEY, 89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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takes but two meals during the secular days, and from Saturday night until the following Monday he entirely abstains from food.







A Visit to the Summer Land.

(Continued from First Page.)

most wonderful of all the structures I had yet seen: a vast floor for dancing, hundreds of paces in length and of proportionate width, and the whole surmounted by a lofty, dome-like roof, supported by four great columns, one at each corner.

I know nothing of architecture, so I can not tell you how this tremendous dome was made to rest so securely upon those four Corinthian pillars; but there it was, seemingly almost ready to float away, yet firm as the everlasting hills; built, apparently, of iron, with statues of surpassing beauty at the corners, and on the center of the dome, a grand figure of Terpsichore, heroic in size.

A raised platform, one step high, extended, with short intervals, around the entire floor, furnished with the usual complement of invitingly easy seats, and at the upper end of the floor, a grand stand for the musicians. Two hundred sets could find ample room at once on this celestial floor.

What glory it would be, I thought, to take my place on that heavenly floor, with my own true love by my side, and waltz away to such divine strains of music as would thrill the life out of a mortal frame with the very rapture of it.

Again divining my thoughts, my guide smiled and said:

"My little one, the happiness you wish for will most certainly be yours in the fullness of time. You have only to do your duty to the best of your ability. Live up to your very highest standard of purity and nobility. Let nothing come between you and the fulfillment of your sacred obligations. The end of your earthly activity will come soon enough, and your higher work and enjoyment will begin. You are now at the termination of your visit. I trust that my efforts to entertain and instruct you have been successful, and I hope that in the coming future, I, with my beloved mate, shall have the honor to entertain you and yours, in somewhat better style. Allow me to conduct you to the boundaries of my estate, where your homeward journey will begin."

Again the feeling of sadness came over me, and I gazed for a moment longingly upon the glorious scene, that marvelous creation, a heavenly floor for dancing; the encircling glory of trees, flowers, fountains, arbors, and the purling musical streamlet; and the great mansion itself towering up against the eastern horizon, like a mountain of architecture, its multitudinous towers and statues standing out in bold relief against the blue sky beyond.

I now followed my guide, and after a short walk through new scenes of absorbing beauty and interest, I found myself before a lofty, massive gateway constructed of the purest white marble, and of such beauty and grandeur of design and execution as defies description. Here my guide halted, and said, "God be with you, little one." Even as he spoke, the scene grew indistinct. His handsome form was lost, while yet he smiled upon me. The deep gloom swallowed me up, and I awoke in the blackness of night upon my own couch.

COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes data of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

Nos. 78, 79 and 80 following were reported in the Portland, Me., Transcript of April 3rd, 1889.

—78—

The last lecture in the Mechanics' Course, was delivered last Thursday evening by Mr. S. T. Pickard, his subject being "Dreams and Phantasies." It was a review of the volumes entitled "Phantasies of the Living," published by the English Society for Psychical Research, and it set forth the claims of the new science of Telepathy, which was defined as the ability of one mind to impress or be impressed by another mind, otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. Several thoroughly authenticated instances were given in which the deaths of friends, and intelligence of other events, were conveyed across seas and wide continents without the help of any ordinary means of communication. Usually, but not in all cases, the recipient of the intelligence is asleep, and the news comes to him in a dream. Occasionally, to waking eyes a vision comes, bringing intelligence or warning that is sent from distant friends in some crisis of their lives. A sixth sense was suggested,—a sense that may belong to all humanity, but is in most persons latent, or called into exercise very rarely. Two anecdotes, contributed by Caroline Dana Howe, of this city, were read. The first one bears directly upon the argument for the sixth sense. The other has no such bearing, and was cited only as a strange coincidence. Mrs. Howe writes:

"When I was but a child, a very singular thing occurred in our family, which in recalling, seems as vivid to me as if it happened but yesterday. One-half of the house in which we lived, not far from the Boston and Maine depot, being left vacant, was immediately engaged by a man named Horace Skillings, one of the employees of the road, who was to move in the next day. Before daylight, on the morning he was to move in, my mother was awakened by my father's rising from bed. He seemed unwilling to say much when asked if he was sick, but my mother insisted upon knowing why he rose at that unusual hour. 'I have had a fearful dream,' he said, 'and can not shake off the impression it has made. I dreamt that I went down to the depot, and saw Horace Skillings literally crushed to pieces. I never had so terrible a dream in all my life, and I wish I could drive away the vision of that mangled, bleeding body. It is as real as if I saw him there with my waking senses.' So he went to his store on York St., near State, and opposite the hill looking down to the depot named. As he was unlocking the store door he involuntarily turned and looked down the hill.

A train had just come in. He saw an un-

usual crowd gathered there. He went down trembling, and there lay Mr. Skillings exactly as he had seen him in his dream, mangled, bleeding, dead. Child as I was, this impressed me fearfully from the first, and in later years scarcely less, as I heard it repeated by them often. I never ceased, or can cease, to wonder over the fulfillment of that morning's fearful dream. By what sense did that awful calamity reach him, my father, in his sleep? But there are those still living who can bear testimony to its occurrence.

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I am glad I can supplement this with another record, mysterious and sweet, of a dream I heard twice over from the lips of a saintly lady whom many would remember among us, and whose son is being honored by us in our city. The lady, Mrs. W. lived near the upper portion of Congress Street at the time I, a small girl, first heard the story. She dreamed that she was walking along somewhere on an unfamiliar road, with many people around her. They turned into a field on which was a path leading down to a river. On one side she saw a huge rock with isinglass flashing out in the sun—on the other a fine grove of trees. In front of her the river, and across the river a high hill crowned with verdure. A man came out of the grove singing, and with him a flock of snow-white lambs. He went down the bank—they followed, went into the river, and he washed them. The loveliness of the scenery, the freshness of the morning, and the exquisite whiteness of the lambs while being washed in the river, impressed her vividly for many days. But by and by this passed away mostly from memory, as dreams ever do.

Some three years after Mr. W. and she were driving toward home from a visit to friends in the country, and concluded to take a new route, and call on friends in a certain village they had never seen. They were persuaded to stay over night there—the next day being Sunday, and attend church and afterward a baptism. Proceeding with the people for this purpose, Mrs. W.—became suddenly impressed with the familiarity of the scenes, knowing all the time that she had never been in that village before.

When they shortly turned into the field her surprise deepened. Where had she seen that path before? The lovely grove? The rock with the mica flashing out upon its surface? That hill covered with verdure across the river? She could only puzzle her brain without answer.

Then from the grove came forward a man, with several young people in their white robes following. They were singing. He led them down the bank to the river, and that moment it all came back to her—the remembrance of her dream. Here was the path, the grove, the rock, the hill, the river and here the white lambs being washed.

And this was what the saintly lady told us on the summer morning in that little garden on Walker Street, when I, a child, stood beside her among her beds of sweet pinks and "lady's delights."

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Another anecdote, having a local flavor, was quoted as having been told the lecturer by the late Judge Goddard, of this city. The Judge had an older brother, the late Col. John Goddard, whose active life was full of adventure, and who occasionally found himself in perilous situations. Mrs. Goddard, his mother, in each crisis of his life, had a dream in which his danger was revealed to her, though she was not in the habit of dreaming about any other member of the family. On eight occasions she had such dreams in regard to her older son, said the Judge, and in each case, the event verified the vision. One morning, at the breakfast table, she told of a singular dream, in which she saw John struggling in the water, while horses, also in the water, were striking at him with their fore feet, and preventing him from getting out. As John was in northern New Brunswick, and it was in midwinter, the family thought that for once Mrs. Goddard's dreaming was at fault. But, after many days waiting a letter came from him, which told of a remarkable escape from imminent death. He was driving a pair of spirited horses across a frozen lake or river, as it proved, on the very night of the dream. The horses broke through the ice, and Mr. Goddard left the sleigh and went to their heads to assist them in recovering their footing upon the ice that remained solid. In their struggle they enlarged the hole in which they floundered, and finally he was precipitated into the water in front of them. For some time his efforts to get out of the water were frustrated by the strokes of the frantic fore feet of the frightened horses. Here was the very scene of the dream, as related, hundreds of miles away, at a Portland breakfast table, on the morning of the occurrence. Judge Goddard was then a young man, and he was personally cognizant of the fact that the dream was told days before the news of the event arrived.

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A Chicago broker tells the following: "I am a business man and have no time for anything outside of dollars, and cents, figures and real estate. I don't know what I believe outside of these things, but I will tell you what I know, and you may draw your own conclusions. Fifteen years ago I was living in Philadelphia. Among my friends was a young man of thirty-two years of age, who conducted a successful mercantile business. I knew him at his home, and of all my acquaintances he was most to be envied. He had a lovely wife and three interesting children. There was a home of continuous, unalloyed happiness. He came of a healthy, vigorous, long-lived stock, his paternal grand-parents, nearly ninety, being then alive, while his maternal grandfather had died but a year or two before at the age of ninety-six, leaving a wife who at this time was ninety-four years of age.

"He himself was the picture of perfect health, and he was one of the most sunny natures I ever saw. One day he called at my office and told me he wished to speak to me in private. I was thunderstruck at the change which had come over him. Three days before I had seen him as I have described him. Now his face was haggard and he appeared to be absorbed by an overpowering care. When we had entered my inner office and the door was closed, he regarded me earnestly a moment or two and then said, abruptly:

"I shall die next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock."

"Had a bullet struck me I could not have been more shocked. He then proceeded to tell me that the night before, Thursday, he had retired in usual health and spirits. He fell asleep and in a dream there came to him an indistinct form which in solemn words bade him prepare for death because at the time designated he should surely die. Thoroughly alarmed I interested his physician and other friends in his case. We exhausted every effort to distract his mind from the presentiment that overhung him as the very pall of literal death.

"Day by day passed, and each twenty-four hours found him worse instead of better. He was not ill, but attended, or seemed to do so, to his usual business. Thursday evening he went home earlier than usual, and kissed his wife and children tenderly, passed up to his room, where he laid down, telling his wife he was tired.

"I should have said that he had been at his piteous entreaty kept in ignorance of the dream and its serious effect upon him. Hence, when a little later she bade him come to dinner he declined, alleging lack of appetite, she did not think strangely of it." When the meal was over and the wife had given her personal attention to the putting to bed of the children, she returned to her husband's bedroom, where she found him dead. It was ten minutes after 8, and the body was still warm."

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"I am not a pious man, indeed I rather incline to agnosticism," said a well known La Salle Street business man. I say this by way of preface to the following: One day, when I was young, and short of funds, a friend of mine in the same condition of body and finances came to me in great distress, saying he had been in decidedly hard luck of late, and that if he did not get hold of \$300 that very day a mortgage upon his household effects would be foreclosed, and he and his family thrown out upon the street. He was well-nigh distracted.

"He was honest as the day is long, and my heart was touched at his affliction. He was a praying man and deeply spiritual. Upon my telling him regretfully that I had not the money, and did not know where to get it, he bade me be seated. He remained quiet for a few moments, whether praying or communing with himself I know not, when all of a sudden his face became radiant.

"It's all right," he declared. The money will be forthcoming."

He spoke with absolute confidence. An hour later a man owning an express wagon, who, as I thought, had all he could do to make a living, approached me on Clark Street over there, saying:

"A man in the suburbs owes me \$300. The money is not due for several months, but he has the money and wishes to stop interest. It struck me you might know some one who wishes to borrow the amount. If you do, I will take the money and accommodate him."

"Just think of it! the precise amount, and from a man who was the last of all my acquaintances whom I should have approached expecting to find the sum. Indeed, I did feel I knew one from whom I could borrow to save my friend from ruin. I named my friend, saying he wished precisely the amount named. The expressman started quickly, as soon as the name was called, as though he expected it, and said quickly:

"Why, he's the very man of all men, I'd like to have it. Thus was my friend helped out of the slough of despond. What was it whispered absolute confidence to my friend in my office? What led the borrower to wish to pay on that day, months ahead of time? And what induced the expressman to seek me out of all others when I was not a borrower of money? And what, finally, led him so readily to accommodate my friend, who was not possessor of adequate security for the loan?"

Forgive the Religio Philosophical Journal, A Fugacious Philosopher.

He defines Miracles, and Discusses Ghosts, Hints at Mysteries, and discourses upon Psychic Science.—A Picturesque Philosopher, who Amiaably Analyzes Current Wonders, and Talks Spiritualism, but Calls it Theosophy, and Interests some Three Hundred New Yorkers.

J. J. MORSE.

Dr. Elliot Cones is the personification of amiability. The humorist and the cynic blend in the well-trained man of the world, and the result is a species of philosophic Figure, who, one feels, makes haste to smile, lest he be compelled to weep. In full evening dress he looks as if he properly belonged to an English drawing-room; his manner of speech is much like that of a cultured English gentleman; the construction of what he says is the most American about him. As a talker he is quizzical without impertinence; satirical without being ungenerous; assertive without being dogmatic; an unpragmatic pragmatist. Such at least are the impressions left upon the writer after hearing the great apostle of Theosophy for the first time at Cartier's Hall, New York City, on the 24th day of April, in this year of Republican simplicity, and Harrisonian Chief Magistracy.

The occasion was the delivery by the Doctor of an address upon "Modern Miracles," at the above named place, on the evening of the date stated. Cartier's Hall is an L shaped room, reached by a miraculously steep flight of stairs, which would be splendid death trap in case of fire or panic. The hall is poorly adapted for public meetings, its low ceiling and cramped facilities making it almost a penance chamber. It should comfortably seat three hundred, and it was choked full. Ladies fans supplied the air that was denied the perspiring throng by the construction of the place. The fair sex made about seventy per cent. of the auditory. The listeners were evidently interested, quite sympathetic, but at no time enthusiastic. The Doctor has a charming delivery, reads with the ease and skill of a well-trained elocutionist, makes his points like a master, and evokes a smile as much by the manner of telling his *jeu d'esprit*, as by the wit of the jest itself.

Our mentor assured us that the miraculous and the supernatural were unintelligible terms to him, meaning nothing. Nature was the greatest, and perpetual, miracle of all. Things were only miraculous to those upon the plane of activity beneath. Natural law in the Spirit-world was an axiom. Law ruled everywhere; our ignorance of its methods was no evidence it did not. "I do not believe in miracles but I do believe in ghosts," said the doctor, and, added he, "many here this evening do also," at which a responsive shudder rippled over his listeners. Ghosts were projections of the astral bodies of the living, or the appearance of the astral shell after death. The astral bodies of living people were the more frequent appearances. The astral forms were perceived by our astral senses. Sometimes, when these astral forms flashed upon the astral eye, our astral bodies were startled into action; our hair stood erect; we profusely perspired, fainting, and at times died, all because our astral elements had been, so to speak, jerked out of us. It was a natural possibility, though, this seeing of ghosts. It could be cultivated in all. It was beset with danger, though, and should only be prosecuted under adept care. The "commercial materializations" of Spiritual-

ism were a fraud. The "astral forms of the astral world" never were the tawdry tinsel of the "medium's cabinet," a statement that fell in a vacuum of undiluted silence.

Psychic science was that branch of knowledge that Theosophy was glad to welcome. Its students and professors needed, however, to be awakened to a knowledge of their own astral nature and its power, otherwise their attempts would be but incomplete in results. Theosophical "initiates and adepts who were present could appreciate the tremendous dangers, difficulties and secrets surrounding the matter. But the fullness of all these things could only be found in the true Wisdom-Religion." Clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, astral projections, and prophecy, were among the facts of our genial mentor's psychic science. His explanations were, however, in each case, but a recapitulation of what the thinking Spiritualist has been aware of for many years. Clairaudience, termed the use of "the psychophone"—was the projection of a "magnetic line" from the "astral brain," which, "ever found its destined terminus, and impinging upon the astral brain of the percipient produced its result, in imparting the thought with which it was charged;" clairvoyance was images imprinted upon the astral brain of the percipient, by spirits, who in the cases of prophetic vision could thus antedate occurrences because they, standing upon a higher plane of view, could see approaching events before us. Instead of the astral state being either unnatural or supernatural—so very different to this—it was we that were different then. "Everything depends upon the point of view." Therefore the psychic scientist must come into a knowledge of the astral man if he desire to understand the facts of that man's nature. Theosophy had no quarrel with other religions, while it carefully guarded itself. No religion had a monopoly of truth, each had a monopoly of errors—its own. In the inner ranks of Theosophy these secrets could best be studied; and in a pretty peroration Theosophy was made the center piece of some graceful periods of poetical pyrotechnics.

Had we listened to a disciple of Theosophy, and an honored one? Was all this in accord with Theosophy and working occultism, as has been insisted? Or was the amiable Doctor slyly dosing his Theosophic admirers with Spiritualism a la homeopathy, quietly smiling to himself the while? Blavatsky, Olcott, Sinnett, Mabel Collins (Mrs. Cooke), Cones, why needest to spell SPIRITUALISM—Theosophy, and steep us all in a fugacious philosophy, that will emulate the gourd grown in a night, dying in the noon heat that followed? As you say, Doctor, "all depends upon the point of view," but a little, too, depends upon what determines the point of view. This constant iteration of mysticism, secrecy and danger, is unworthy of the times. God and nature have no secrets that honest, open effort cannot, or may not, bring to light. The valuable part of spiritual literature contains all our amiable progress exhibited to his hearers. Spiritualism has now ceased to be attractive to the fugacious philosophers of society, and the theosophic pun is above the sky line. The moderns and the ancients are at least in touch on one point—they are ever seeking the new. Do they always find the new is true? Spiritualists, however, set an example to the Theosophists, for they were the first, making the road over which these Hindoo American parlor ascetics now take their satin slippers, evening dress-coated way. Honor to whom honor is due. On one point the writer is a Psychic-Science-Theosophist, and that is in regard to the absolute necessity of differentiating the ante mortem phenomena of the embodied spirit from the post mortem phenomena of the disembodied spirit.

If the disciples of Theosophy would be content to let their expositions take on the amiable, frankness, intelligence and practicality of their distinguished mentor, Elliott Cones, it would be well. It is an open question though, whether or not, despite his genial earnestness, the Doctor will, twenty years hence, find a place in Philosophy's Pantheon, or be "quietly inurned" in the sepulchre of oblivion, where rest the remains of the fugacious philosophers of the past.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Need of a Spring Medicine.

With a large majority of people some kind of a spring medicine is absolutely necessary, because when the season begins to change and the warmer days come on, the body feels the effect of the relaxation and cannot keep up even the appearance of health which the bracing air of the winter aided it to maintain. The impurities in the blood are so powerful that almost any disease is awakened to action, and suddenly appears in some part of the body. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, or some other blood disease manifests itself, or the blood becoming thin and impoverished, fails to supply the organs with needed strength, and a dangerous state of debility comes on; that tired feeling is experienced, its invigorating power.

In this condition thousands of people naturally turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its use the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized; all impurities are expelled, and the vital fluid carries life and health to every organ. By the peculiar restoring and toning qualities of the medicine the tired feeling is overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

In this age of the world, there is hardly any one that does not appreciate the advantages offered by the Metropolitan Markets, that is, the larger assortment, the better quality, and the lower prices offered by the dealers in the great centers of trade.

The changed condition in the tastes of mankind on this subject has been brought about by various causes. Probably the chief being the Government, through the post-office, offering advantages for sending merchandise by mail. The second, the Express Companies offering advantages of low rates, and quick transit to any outlying district for packages of all kinds.

There is probably not a family among our many country readers who at one time or another have not felt the great need of taking advantage of the Metropolitan Markets; but with this desire immediately follows the knowledge of their inability to do so, because of their not having anyone to whom they can send to perform the commission for them, or, if they have such friends, they dislike to trouble them with the mission.

Again, how often has arisen the desire to have something different than the home market offers; something every one in town has not looked over and priced and become familiar with? How comfortable the feeling to know that in buying something new, each of your friends, and acquaintances do not know the cost of it, and just where it was purchased.

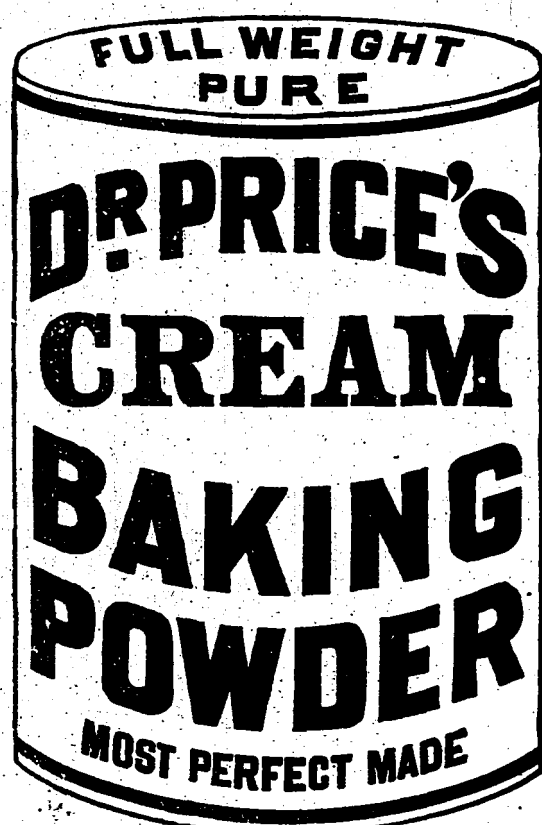
How many to accomplish the above results would be glad to take advantage of the Chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It so happens, that it came to our knowledge the other day that such an institution has been established in Chicago who are now ready and willing to make purchases of anything, and everything no matter how small or large, and this without any cost of commission to the purchaser.

It is our good fortune to be able to say that it possesses the three important requisites for the successful conduct of a business: First, a large and exclusive territory given; Second, a large and exclusive territory given; Second, a large and exclusive territory given.

It is our good fortune to be able to say that it possesses the three important requisites for the successful conduct of a business: First, a large and exclusive territory given; Second, a large and exclusive territory given; Second, a large and exclusive territory given.

made will be satisfactory, and that good will be used in making them, and last, but not least, in fulfilling the commissions.

The Favorite Co-operative Association, local, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, possess all these qualifications, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we recommend them to our readers. Their standing, as to reliability and responsibility is attested by a remarkable line of references which they offer and we honestly believe that any commission entrusted to them will be transacted to the entire satisfaction of all.



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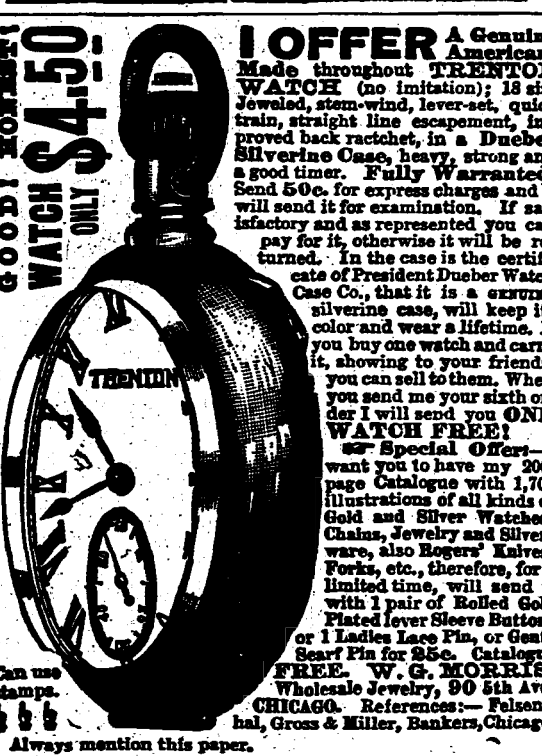


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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## Are Sensuous Evidences of Immortality A Necessity of the Present Age?

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered through J. J. Morse, of London, England, on Sunday evening, May 5th, 1889, in Grand Army Hall, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C.

[Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

A satisfactory answer to this question can only be obtained from a careful analysis of the habits of thought prevailing to-day. Due regard must also be paid to those forms of belief whose purpose it is to reply to man's questionings concerning the things that are spiritual, while, also, the general characteristics of the present age, are, by no means, unimportant factors in the problem to be solved.

Admitting all that the most extreme admirer of the glory of by-gone times may urge in favor thereof, it, nevertheless, remains that human society never attained, as a whole, a higher level than its present one; never were arts, science, and inventions more generally diffused, and applied to the common good, than is the case to-day. It is emphatically the age of the masses, and not of the classes. Never was the collective intelligence of civilized humanity greater or more acute than it is to-day; and consequently, never was the spirit of inquiry and criticism more widespread and exacting than to-day. These premises being admitted, what follows? This: that a wave of almost destructive criticism has risen from the hitherto stagnant seas of thought, the volume and force of which has carried many a careless swimmer beyond his depth, where sinking at last he has gone down in the waters of materialism, knowing of no resurrection on this side of the grave. The result, as expressed among that portion of intelligent men and women, who are neither members of the orthodox communities nor believers in the facts of Spiritualism, is that such become either out and out materialists, or questioning agnostics; in either case being bereft of hope in a future, or consolation for bereavements in the present.

Educated opinion, outside of orthodoxy, turns to nature only, and, in the main, is, or tries to be, contented therewith. To such immortality is a question only, but one that it is hopeless to seek for an answer to. If the ranks of such as these were diminishing the matter might be left to time for its determining, but such a settlement is less and less likely, for the tides of doubt and denial are rising apace day by day.

The two great orthodox communions—Catholic and Protestant—insist that faith must supply evidence. In this, maintaining the same position always occupied; satisfying all those who are amenable to such argument, but failing utterly in all cases where such amenability is absent. For those who desire knowledge, but can not accept faith, what can be done? Has God made no provision for them? If not, then is he a respecter of persons, the record notwithstanding. Faith falls to-day, churches are largely social clubs, and the vital life that they should impart to man's spiritual nature is dying, dying, until it seems in danger of final extinction.

Another element in the religious life of to-day demands a passing word. Liberal Christianity is largely extolled; its purity, freedom from old dogmas, its culture, are all counted greatly to its credit. Are its claims just? or has it become so lucid that it is colorless, and means little or nothing con-

cerning the great problem of immortality. Has the liberal Unitarian, for instance, who may be accepted as in the van of religious progress, has he anything clear and definite to say upon the life beyond the grave, that is either illustrative or evidential? Rather, is it not, that this advanced wing of the religious thought of to-day has developed a school of intellectual and moral criticism that is absolutely destitute of any positive teaching concerning man's immortality? True it had better be this silence, than the old time hideous teachings, but how the new school is to help the honest inquirer, is not made plain in its own methods.

The facts, then, that now remain are that neither from the old or new theologies, can there be obtained evidence of man's future life; that is, evidential present-day facts. That agnosticism and materialism are rapidly gaining ground; and that as the old time subjective evidence, i. e., metaphorical arguments and faith, do not find acceptance to-day, it is needful that some objective tangible evidence of man's immortality be presented to this age, if the fact is to be proven to the doubters and questioners of the times.

There are two ways by which the fact in question can be demonstrated:

1. By ante mortem evidence.
  2. By post mortem evidence.
- The skeptic argues: how can I believe in the return of a soul when I do not believe that soul exists at all? Prove to me the existence of the soul here and now. First, then, to me, the questions of its continuous life after death, and its return, will be in order. Psychological science meets the skeptic here. Hypnotism, *alias* mesmerism, *alias* electro biology, *alias* animal magnetism, comes to our aid. By it the existence of super and hyper-sensuous faculties in man's make-up are proven. Transcendental consciousness, sensation and cognition are demonstrated, and every fact becomes a link in the rapidly lengthening chain of scientific evidence going to show the existence of a transcendental man behind the physical one. It is in this department—in spite of the quarrels of the schools of Paris and Nancy—that the first steps must be taken to meet the skeptic with sensuous evidences of the existence of that thing he is inclined to deny.

The second of these two methods is the spiritualistic. Modern Spiritualism is the only present-day demonstration of a rational human immortality. Spiritualists are the custodians and experimentalists of, and in, the most wonderful regions of research that man has ever ventured into. The sensuous evidences they possess, and which continuously occur, cap the dome, and bring the proofs that demonstrate the continuity of that entity after death, that it is the province of psychicscience to prove exists before death. In these two directions, then, can be found to-day an abundance of sensuous evidences, proving the immortality of man.

Accepting the premises of this discourse, there is a need, a great need, for such evidences in this age; a need that the very basis—man's immortality—of all religious teaching should be proven, that doubt and denial may be silenced and met; that human hopes may be answered, and human griefs assuaged; that out of this age there may come, as the crowning glory of its high development, an affirmation based on fact, and unassailable for all time to come: that man is an immortal soul, and that death does not end all.

## MODERN SPIRITISM.

Brief Digest of a Lecture on "Mediums and Mediumship."

Delivered by L. V. Moulton Before the Religio-Philosophical Society at Grand Rapids, Mich.

[Reported for the Journal by F. D. Y.]

In all ages, all countries and all nations, we find some traces of phenomenal facts—various manifestations attributed to the unseen world. These have created different opinions, been called different names according to the mental condition and education of the observers of these phenomena, in different parts of the world according to the nomenclature of the age, as prophets, witchcraft, soothsayers, etc.

The manifestations observed in Christ's time were understood for a time, and these crushed out by ignorance and superstition giving rise to widely differing creeds, dogmas, opinions, doctrines and beliefs, according to the different conceptions and interpretations of those phenomenal facts; and as there has never been a systematized investigation; no methodical effort to get at the truth of the matter, we still have all sorts of opinions, doctrines and beliefs, oscillating from one extreme to the other.

Modern Spiritualism is but another form of opinion or belief, as a result of more careful investigation of these facts. New developments have given rise to new ideas, another belief differing in most respects from its predecessors. The movement is still in its infancy; has not come into public favor but is rather regarded by the majority as a freak; something to laugh at and call a fraud, just as all new progressive movements have been in all ages, until they were understood. Now discoveries in astronomy, chemistry, etc., as every one knows, have been looked upon by ignorance as frauds and freaks at first, and later, as they were more understood, people were amused by them

simply, and it was only when examined by the critical eyes of honest investigation that their practical utilities became known and the world has thus profited by them.

So it is with modern Spiritualism. It is called fraud and freak by the ignorant, many are simply amused by it, but it is not until a person sets out to honestly investigate its phenomena for himself that the practical utility becomes known to him.

There are frauds in all professions. There are doctors that are quacks; there are lawyers that disgrace the profession. The coins of the realm are counterfeited and it is any wonder, where everything of value is counterfeited, that there are frauds skulking in the garb of mediumship?

These frauds—unwilling to earn a living honestly—assume the role of mediumship and obtain money from earnest, honest, credulous people by fraudulent practices. This naturally casts a shadow of suspicion upon the genuine article. This behooves us to do something to protect ourselves from being swindled and our honest medium from being slandered. The coin of the realm is not only protected by laws against counterfeiting, but it is carefully scrutinized and examined until it becomes so familiar to us that we can distinguish the counterfeit at sight.

Now the question arises: How shall our people become enabled to detect these fraudulent impostors from the genuine article of mediumship? There is but one sure way, that is to become so thoroughly familiar with the genuine article by earnest investigation, that you can detect the counterfeit at sight and then the frauds will disappear. The best way to do this is to organize home circles and there study the spiritual phenomena with only chosen friends and honest investigators and in due time you will not only be surprised and pleased but profited and benefited by the knowledge of spiritual truths obtained.

There are those who cry fraud and tell us that we can't substantiate our claims. We simply say to such people: "Investigate fairly if you dare." It is open to the investigation of all. We doubt the truthfulness of spiritual phenomena once ourself; we tried it and got bitten.

Many people scoff at the idea that to obtain good results in spirit manifestation it is necessary that certain requirements and conditions be observed. Nevertheless such is the case. Let us turn to other scientific matters and see whether mediumship is an exception. We can remember when photography was in its infancy, that those ignorant of the requirements of the art regarded the dark closet with suspicion, claiming that photographs could be produced just as well without, and that its only use was to mystify. But now it is generally known that its use is absolutely necessary, since certain conditions are necessary, owing to the delicacy and susceptibility to chemical action of a ray of light coming in contact with the sensitive materials used, and no one cares to expose his ignorance by asking what the dark closet is for.

The steam engine requires that certain principles and conditions be observed: The perfect adjustment of its relative parts, in order that the best results can be obtained. And so it is throughout the vast fields of scientific research; certain conditions must be adjusted to certain requirements to obtain the best results. Mediumship is no exception. The organization of a medium is of a delicate nature. Magnetism, that most essential element for spirit manifestation, is also of a most delicate nature; it being a natural secretion of the spiritual man flowing through the nervous system, performing its functions and then is emitted into the atmosphere in minute globular form, so delicate that a heavy sound wave even from the vocal organs can scatter thousands of them instantly. They burst like bubbles in a short time naturally, and unless the conditions are such that they can be preserved as long as possible, with an even flow, in a harmonious atmosphere, the spirits cannot use them to establish the lines of communication between themselves and us, nor collect a sufficient amount of them to make themselves visible to us even in a darkened room.

Spirit manifestation requires the most delicate adjustment of conditions of any known branch of science, and is the most astonishing in its phenomenal results. A set of brutal, prejudiced, antagonistic people can no more obtain the best results from a delicately organized spiritual medium than a savage can make or repair a watch with a sledge-hammer. He can crush the watch; you can crush the medium, but no good results in either case.

Our mediums should all clearly understand their mission. As a mouth piece of the unseen world they have a grand but delicate mission to perform. To command respect from the public they must be respectable and respect themselves. It is the person that elevates the profession, not the profession that elevates the individual. All other professions demand respect and only treat with those who use them respectfully. Mediums have the same right and should exercise it, and they will be thought more of for it.

If a client goes to a lawyer with a case, or a patient calls in a doctor, the lawyer and the doctor demand that certain conditions be complied with, other wise they won't take their cases knowing that no good results can possibly follow. Mediums should exercise the same right. If people come to you with a determination to crush

you with their prejudice and exact their own conditions, and at the same time demand that you produce a communication for them from a departed friend or a materialized form of a relative, calmly show them the door. The doctor would say: "Go take your own medicine." The lawyer would say: "Go try your own case." You should say: "Go try your own spirits until you are willing to help me to the proper and necessary conditions, and then I will do the best I can for you."

Mediumship unfortunately is not a ship that always sails on smooth waters. On the contrary, it is rocked and tossed and buffeted by the mighty waves of ignorance and prejudice on one hand and dashed against by priestcrafts and riffs of superstition on the other; but it is buoyed up by a freight of truths which defy all attempts to crush or sink it, from any source, and it will outlive triumphantly the mightiest storms. It can be disabled for a time but crushed—never!

## SECRET DOCTRINE.

Some of your correspondents have been rather hard on Madame Blavatsky. Whilst she, I doubt not, has advanced far enough to be above the criticism of those who might annoy less positive natures, still some of her admirers would like for your readers to share with them her teaching. I enclose the following "summing up" of her "Secret Doctrine," taken from her recent work bearing this title, which I hope you will insert in the JOURNAL.

## SECRET DOCTRINE.

1. The Secret Doctrine is the accumulated wisdom of the ages and its cosmogony alone is the most stupendous and elaborate system, even in the exotericism of the Puranas. But such is the mysterious power of occult symbolism, that the facts which have actually occupied countless generations of initiated seers and prophets to marshal, to set down and explain, in the bewildering series of evolutionary progress, are all recorded in a few pages of geometrical signs and glyphs. The flashing gaze of those seers has penetrated into the very kernel of matter, and recorded the soul of things there, where an ordinary profane, however learned, would have perceived but the external work of form. But modern science believes not in the "Soul of things," and hence will reject the whole system of ancient cosmogony. It is useless to say that the system in question is no fancy of one or several isolated individuals. That it is the uninterrupted record covering thousands of generations of seers whose respective experiences were made to test and to verify the traditions passed orally by one early race to another, of the teachings of higher and exalted beings who watched over the childhood of humanity. That for long ages the "wise men" of the Fifth Race of the stock, saved and rescued from the last cataclysm and shifting of continents, had passed their lives in learning, not teaching. How did they do so? It is answered: by checking, testing and verifying in every department of nature, the traditions of old by the independent visions of great adepts; i. e., men have developed and perfected their physical, mental, psychic, and spiritual organizations to the utmost possible degree. No vision of one adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions—so obtained as to stand as independent evidence—of other adepts, and by centuries of experiences.

2. The fundamental law in that system, the central point from which all emerged, around and toward which all gravitates, and upon which is hung the philosophy of the rest, is the one homogeneous divine Substance-principle, the one radical cause. "Some few, whose lamps shone brighter have been led From cause to cause to nature's secret head, And found that one first principle must be...." It is called "Substance Principle" for it becomes substance on the plane of the manifested universe an illusion, while it remains a "principle" in the beginningless and endless abstract, visible and invisible space. It is the omnipresent Reality; the impersonal, because it contains all and everything. Its impersonality is the fundamental conception of the system. It is latent in every atom of the universe, and is the universe itself. (See Chapters on Symbolism, "Primordial Substance and Divine Thought.")

3. The universe is the periodical manifestation of this unknown Absolute Essence. To call it "essence," however, is to sin against the very spirit of the philosophy. For though the name may be derived in this case from the verb *esse*, "to be," yet it cannot be identified with a being of any kind that can be conceived by human intellect. It is best described as neither spirit nor matter but both. "Parabrahman and Mulaprakriti" are one in reality, yet two in the universal conception of the manifested, even in the conception of the One Logos, its first manifestation, to which, as the able lecturer in the "Notes on the Bhagavad-Gita" shows, it appears from the objective standpoint of the One Logos as Mulaprakriti, and not as Parabrahman; as its veil and not the one reality hidden behind, which is unconditional and absolute.

4. The universe is called, with everything in it, Maya, because all is temporary therein, from the ephemeral life of a fire fly to that of the sun. Compared to the eternal immuta-

bility of the One and the changelessness of that principle, the Universe with its evanescent ever changing forms, must be necessarily in the mind of a philosopher no better than a will o' the wisp, yet the universe is real enough to the conscious beings in it, which are as unreal as it is itself.

5. Everything in the universe throughout all its kingdom, is conscious; i. e., endowed with a consciousness of its own kind, and on its own plane of perception. We men must remember that because we do not perceive any signs which we can recognize, of consciousness, say in stones, we have no right to say that no consciousness exists there. There is no such thing as either "dead" or "blind" matter, as there is no "blind" or "unconscious" law. These find no place among the conceptions of occult philosophy. The latter never stops at surface appearances, and for it the noumenal essences have more reality than their objective counterparts; it resembles therein the medieval Nominalists, for whom it was the Universals that were the realities and the particulars which existed only in name and human fancy.

6. The universe is worked and guided from within outwards. As above, so it is below; as in heaven, so on earth; and man the microcosm and miniature copy of the macrocosm is the living witness to this universal law and to the mode of its action. We see that every external motion, act, gesture, whether voluntary or mechanical, organic or mental, is produced and preceded by internal feeling or emotion, will or volition, and thought or mind. As no outward motion or change, when normal, in man's external body can take place unless provoked by an inward impulse given through one of the three functions named, so with the external or manifested universe. The whole Kosmos is guided, controlled and animated by an almost endless series of hierarchies of sentient beings, each having a mission to perform, and who, whether we give to them one name or another, and call them: Dhyana Chohans or angels, are "messengers" in the sense only that they are the agents of Karma and cosmic laws. They are infinite in pective degrees of consciousness: i. e., intelligence; and to call them all pure spirits without any of the earthly alloy, "which time is wont to prey upon," is only to indulge in poetical fancy. For each of these beings either was, or prepares to become, a man; if not in the present, then in a past or coming cycle (Manvantara). They are perfected, when not incipient, men; and differ morally from the terrestrial human beings on their higher (less material) spheres, only in that they are devoid of the feeling of personality and of the human emotional nature—two purely earthly characteristics. The former, or the "perfected," have become free from those feelings, because (a) they have no longer fleshly bodies—an ever-numbing weight on the soul; and (b) the pure spiritual element being left untrammelled and more free, they are less influenced by Maya than man can ever be, unless he is an adept who keeps his two personalities—the spiritual and the physical—entirely separated. The incipient monads, having never had terrestrial bodies yet, can have no sense of personality or egoism. That which is meant by "personality," being a limitation and a relation, or, as defined by Coleridge, "individuality existing within itself, but with a nature as a ground, the term cannot, of course be applied to non-human entities; but as a fact insisted upon by generations of seers, none of these beings, high or low, have either individuality or personality as separate entities; i. e., they have no individuality in the sense in which a man says, "I am myself and no one else;" in other words, they are conscious of no such distinct separateness as men and things have on earth. Individuality is the characteristic of their respective hierarchies, not of their units; and these characteristics vary only with the degree of the plane to which those hierarchies belong; the nearer to the region of homogeneity and the One Divine, the purer and less accentuated that individuality in the hierarchy. They are finite in all respects, with the exception of their higher principles—the immortal sparks reflecting the universal divine flame—individualized and separated only on the spheres of illusion by a differentiation as illusory as the rest. They are "Living Ones" because they are the streams projected on the cosmic screen of illusion from the absolute life; beings in whom life cannot become extinct, before the fire of ignorance is extinct in those who sense these "lives." Having sprung into being under the quickening influence of the uncreated beam, the reflective of the great Central Sun that radiates on the shores of the River of Life, it is the inner principle in them which belongs to the waters of immortality, while its differentiated clothing is as perishable as man's body. Therefore Young was right in saying that: "Angels are men of a superior kind," and no more. They are neither "ministering" nor "protecting" angels; nor are they "Harbingers of the Most High," still less the "messengers of the wrath" of any God such as man's fancy has created. To appeal to their protection is as foolish as to believe that their sympathy may be secured by any kind of propitiation; for they are as much as man himself, the slaves and the creatures of immutable Karma and Cosmic law. The reason for it is evident. Having no elements of personality in their essence they can have no personal qualities, such as attributed by men, in their exoteric religions to their anthropomorphic God—a jealous and exclusive God who rejoices and feels wrathful, is

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the family, to society and to government?

## RESPONSE BY HIRAM RIX, JR.

1. My parents never belonged to any church. They doubted the truth of the common doctrine; but in the absence of any other religious teaching in our vicinity, and not having any established belief of their own, they made the mistake of placing their children under the influence of orthodox sermons, Sabbath-schools, tracts and Sunday-school books, until I and my two older sisters were as thoroughly grounded in the faith as could have been desired by the most rigid Puritan. Just here I wish to enter my protest to parents of liberal opinions, who carelessly shirk the duty of home instruction and guidance of the easily influenced minds of their children, by turning them over to the tender mercies of orthodox Sunday school teachers and preachers, under the mistaken idea that the influence of their false doctrines will tend to keep them from going astray, and that the fear of hell and the devil will benefit their moral natures.

I know by experience that a sensitive and sympathetic child endures much mental suffering in the contemplation of the everlasting burnings of the hosts of the damned, and the stream of sinners constantly pouring into hell, including many relatives, neighbors and acquaintances who die unconverted. Thank God, the old doctrines are modified now in the high places, but in the great multitude of our village and country pulpits the old monstrosities are still spread abroad with unsparring zeal. Some children are too dull to notice such things much. Others, selfish and cruel by inheritance, find something congenial to their natures in the idea of shirking the burden of their sins upon another's shoulders, and entering into the joys of heaven through the vicarious sufferings of the innocent Christ. They rather enjoy the thought of others suffering, while they are safe in the fold. That class, and it is a large one, never swerve from their allegiance to a "plan of salvation" so satisfactory to their selfish natures.

Others in the simplicity of their childhood, confiding with perfect trust in their teachers and preachers, believe with fear and trembling, suffer untold agonies as their minds dwell on the sufferings of those for whom there is no hope, thinking, mayhap, of the pleasant neighbor, whom every man, woman and child was glad to meet because of his kind and pleasant nature, who was suddenly called from earth unconverted. Such children endure the faith for a while, but as their reasoning powers develop they read and think, and finally reject it in disgust, losing both their faith in orthodoxy, and their hope of future life, launching out on the dark and troubled sea of materialism. At such has been my experience.

Under the influence of my early religious training I was anxious to make my own salvation sure, so when I was about fourteen, I and my two sisters applied for admission to the Baptist church. I remember that, among other questions, the good minister asked me if I felt that I deserved to be damned eternally as a just punishment for my sins; and although I could recollect no very heinous crimes, certainly none greater than that of feeling great sympathy for all suffering, including even that of the devil and his angels, and the Jews that crucified Christ, because I knew they must burn forever, I answered in the affirmative, and was duly baptized and enrolled as a member of the church.

Oh! the hateful, miserable experience of those days! I feared that I was not truly converted, because I did not experience that peace and joy which I had been told was the sure heritage of the saved; but peace and joy were impossible conditions for me, for the great multitude of the damned were always with me; my parents were outside the fold, and nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the earth were without hope.

But why dwell on this? Suffice it to say that at the age of sixteen I had an opportunity to learn of the Universalist doctrine, and to hear the arguments and scripture interpretations in its favor, and with a thankful sense of relief, I accepted the hope of the final restoration of all mankind to purity and peace. Still I found it hard work to rid myself entirely of the effects of my youthful training.

At eighteen I enlisted in the union army and within a year found myself in a rebel prison—sick night unto death, with no hope of living but a few days at most. Then the old teachings bore down on me again, and I dreaded death, in fear that they might be true. But release from prison restored me to health after some months, and I returned to active service never to be troubled again by the fear of eternal punishment. However, I soon found myself in trouble from another source. Familiarity with death and the scenes of the battlefield, tended to weaken my faith in a future life. I began to wonder if a dead man was not as dead as the dead horse beside him; and after returning home and taking up the battle of life in a business way, I found myself constantly losing faith and hope. I compared the natural instincts, the intelligence and apparent reasoning powers of the higher grades of domestic animals with that of the lower grades of humanity. I read of the natives of Africa and Australia who were said to be but little more intelligent than monkeys. I accepted the teachings of Darwin and Tyndall, and found myself wishing I could believe in eternal life, but totally unable to do so.

The teachings of Universalists and Unitarians were beautiful and satisfactory, if only could realize that they knew anything about the matter anyway; a very uncomfortable position for me, at least, but if error was not uncomfortable we would never search out the truth, perhaps. Little did I think that despised Spiritualism, against which I was most thoroughly prejudiced, a doctrine synonymous in my mind with fools, fraud and free love, would be the means of leading me out of the darkness into a light more bright, beautiful and far-reaching than I had ever dreamed of.

2. About seven years.

3. As my conviction and conversion were not accomplished in any sudden manner, but were the result of a thorough and thoughtful

investigation, I cannot attribute it to any one proof or test, but to a general summing up of evidence obtained through clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, trances and inspirational lectures, and physical manifestations.

My interest in Spiritualism was first awakened in some degree by reading two discourses or lectures delivered in Chicago by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of them purporting to be inspired by the spirit of William Ellery Channing; the other by Whitefield. I was much impressed by the words of Channing. The ideas advanced seemed so reasonable, the sentiments expressed were so pure and evidently inspired by a great love for humanity and a desire to do good, that it seemed to me almost impossible that they could emanate from any source capable of fraud and deception. But this would have availed little of itself to overcome the prejudice I entertained against Spiritualism, and I should have probably dropped the matter there but for the death of my two youngest sisters, to whom I was much attached. Even then I did not think of going to a medium, and was only induced to do so, through the influence of my parents and another sister who had commenced to attend Spiritualist meetings. Word came to me from one of these meetings, that one of my sisters had, through the mediumship of Mrs. Julia M. Walton, expressed an earnest desire to communicate with me. This I heeded, and then commenced the investigation mainly through Mrs. Walton's mediumship, which convinced me of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the intercommunion of the two worlds. I shall not attempt to go into details as to the proofs that convinced me beyond the possibility of doubt. Suffice it to say that the gloomy prospect of a few years of care and sorrow, struggle and disappointment, to be ended by annihilation, was changed to a knowledge of the truth that I shall always live, to work for myself and others, to progress in spirituality, in knowledge, in power to do good, and in happiness through all eternity. Let no one think that death opens the door to perfect peace and happiness unalloyed. No indeed! For have we not our own salvation to work out, either in this world or the next? Certainly. All bad habits must be overcome and eradicated. Wherever one has erred and made mistakes, his work must be done over again; his sins must be atoned for, and he will grow up out of the misty darkness into the light, through patient effort and unselfish endeavor to benefit others and guide them away from the mistakes into which he had fallen.

4. Sometime after I began to investigate Spiritualism I was intending to attend a lecture to be given by Mrs. Walton on a certain Sunday, but had taken cold and felt unable to ride the three miles on a winter day, and so told my parents, and they went without me. They thought nothing of my cold; neither did I anticipate anything serious resulting from it. I was not in the habit of doctoring a cold or paying much attention to it in any way, so I kept around and took care of the stock on my farm, but was conscious of a constantly increasing inflammation of the throat, a pain in my right lung and slight feverish symptoms; in fact, about three o'clock in the afternoon I said to my wife, "I wonder how sick a fellow ought to be to give up and go to bed." Soon after that my parents returned from the meeting, and my sister came immediately to our house (from us) lived about one-fourth of a mile from us). She seemed quite alarmed, and immediately inquired as to my condition (I will say here that Mrs. Walton is a clairvoyant physician, with an extensive practice at home and abroad). I was then suffering acutely. She said that after the lecture Mrs. Walton was controlled by the spirit of a French doctor, who addressed my parents and made them understand in broken English that I was in danger of inflammation of the lungs, and that something must be done without delay, and immediately prescribed remedies, with minute directions for my care during the night. They procured the medicine and brought it home with them. I was cared for as directed; the disease was soon under control, and in a week I was able to commence work again. The remarkable thing about this was, that it was impossible for the medium to have known of my condition, or to have read it from the minds of my parents, for they were as ignorant of it as she, and they told me that her control, gave every symptom, and the location and nature of every pain exactly as I did, after their return. I was as ignorant of the danger and nature of the attack as they, and probably but for the timely warning, would have neglected to do anything until it might have been too late.

Another, and, perhaps, more remarkable test occurred in August, 1884. Mrs. Walton was away from home, attending the Spiritualist camp meeting at Nemoka, now known as Haslett Park, distant fourteen miles. Our little boy, Carl, aged seven years, was taken violently ill one afternoon with fever and headache, with delirious spells during the night. We were greatly alarmed, and the next day I took a lock of his hair and drove to the camp ground, handed it to Mrs. Walton and asked for a medical examination. In a few minutes I was informed that the patient had scarlet fever. Being very positive that there had been no scarlet fever in the neighborhood, nor within many miles of us, and that the boy could not have been exposed, as he had not been away from home only to attend school a half mile away, crossing the railroad to reach the school house, I was naturally somewhat incredulous, and asked if she could tell me how he contracted the disease. The reply was that some day before while crossing the railroad track, he had picked up a piece of paper which had been thrown from a passing car, and contained some of the germs of the disease, which he had inhaled; and his system being in such a state that he would contract disease very easily, he had taken it in that way. An accurate description was given of the paper, it being of an attractive blue color, with some printing on it in large letters. After getting medicine and directions I returned home, and when he began to feel better I asked him if he remembered picking up anything anywhere on the wagon road or railroad within the last two or three weeks. He said, "Yes, I picked up a piece of pretty, blue paper, by the side of the railroad track," designating the time as being the day that my brothers were threshing their wheat.

Of course we knew when that was, and the time was just right for the disease to show itself when it did, if contracted that day. The disease subsequently attacked our other children, but under the care of Mrs. Walton they were all restored to health, with none of the deafness or other affections of the head and throat, so common under the ordinary treatment of this dreaded disease. I think it but just to say that of the many cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria that have been treated through her mediumship during her many years of clairvoyant practice, not one has died or been seriously injured by the disease.

5. I do. Religion in my opinion consists

in doing those things which, in accordance with the judgment, lie in the line of duty, and conserve to the best interests of the spiritual welfare. None of us are justly entitled to be called Spiritualists until the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism and the teachings of the purified spirits, who are willing to help us, become, in a measure at least, the guiding star of our lives.

6. From my own observation, and what I have been able to learn from other sources, I have come to the conclusion that a great many, probably a majority of those claiming to be Spiritualists, are anything but what the name denotes. Spiritualists, in the true sense, are those who are conscious of the existence of their own spirits, and are anxious to attain spiritual knowledge; that is, to be instructed in all those things which will tend to advance their spiritual growth. Do we find them in this mood? Not always. Too often the séances are characterized by levity, and the consequences are that undeveloped and mischievous spirits are attracted to the exclusion of those higher intelligences who are able and are willing to work for the elevation of the human race; and the hour is worse than wasted in nonsensical or demoralizing communications and outlandish performances.

Can the mediums be blamed for these things? Not altogether certainly. Those who are naturally sensitive to the control and influence of disembodied spirits are also sensitive to the influence of spirits in the body, and many good mediums not strong in mind or principle by nature, but who might have been elevated and enabled to do a great work for humanity through the aid of friends, good and true, and their corresponding spiritual influences, have been so dragged down that they are a disgrace to humanity and the cause they claim to represent, through the influence of thoughtless and unprincipled people calling themselves Spiritualists, but for whom devils would be a more appropriate name.

Just so long as the main body of Spiritualists are careless in regard to the most important matters of life, with no desire to become benefactors of mankind, or to improve themselves spiritually, but only absorbed in their own selfish interests and desires, anxious for help to gain money, not for the good they can do with it, but to gratify their own selfishness, just so long will our ranks be disgraced by a corresponding class of mediums.

Now, the greatest need of the Spiritualist movement to-day is, that the hearts of all who believe in the continuity of life beyond the grave and the intercommunion of the two worlds, should be awakened to a realizing sense of their own duty to themselves and the cause of truth, and create in them a willingness to do what they can to help move the wheels of the car of progress. If this could be done, what an opening of the purges of rich Spiritualists there would be to spread the truth before the world! What an army would come marching forth of those who believe, but keep their faith hidden! What grand workers would get from the ranks of the refined and intelligent who possess mediumistic gifts, but refuse to allow themselves to become the instruments of the Spirit-world. How can this awakening be accomplished? Not all at once certainly; it is a matter of education. Let every one who realizes the necessity for a higher standard of action among Spiritualists do their best to spread their views and convictions among others. Let us be thankful that we have many that try to do their duty and that their numbers are constantly increasing.

The establishment of a Spiritualist publishing house on a solid financial basis, would, with wise and conscientious management, be a great power in the cause. Can we have it?

7. A knowledge of psychic laws would, it seems to me, invariably tend to lead us to do what is right in all things, consequently we would be better able to resist temptation, would live lives of social purity, and try to rear our children in the knowledge of eternal life, with all its possibilities for happiness in well doing, or misery in wrong doing.

In our relations with society, this knowledge would tend to give us broad and liberal views, and an active interest in whatever concerns the welfare of humanity in general and the community in which we live particularly, enabling us to look with charity on those who allow envy and malice to govern their actions (for much of this is due to natural inheritance) and fill us with sympathy for the unfortunate and a desire to help them in every possible way.

Our relations to the government, this desire to do right and work for the best interests of humanity would tend to govern our political actions, and enable us to put aside all selfish interests, and work for the good of the nation at large, as our judgment dictated.

In the rearing of a large family, we have found our spirit friends able and willing to help us, warning us of danger to the children, both morally and physically; watching over us and strengthening us with their counsel; curing our physical ailments, if we heeded their directions; relieving us of some of our financial burden by giving us the benefit of their clearer vision, and guiding our feet over the rough places in various ways.

Of course all are not so favorably situated as I am to receive spiritual help, and I wish to express my gratitude, not only to my spirit friends, but to our medium, Mrs. Julia M. Walton, of Williamston, Mich., a lady of culture and refinement, and perfect reliability, with very remarkable mediumistic gifts, and destined to become more widely known as an inspirational speaker.

Williamston, Mich.

## Stebbins on "The Light of Egypt."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The prospectus of "Light of Egypt" has been received. It promises well. If it can help break up the absurd notion that old Hindoo light and wisdom was greater than ours to-day, it will be of signal service. Not wishing to detract from the real merits and spiritual attainments of Orientals, ancient or modern, to have Mahatmas and Khot Homis, and elementals and astral shells smelling of grave yard mould put above the beauty and inspiring consistency and harmony of modern Spiritualism, is simple nonsense to me, and to many others I think.

The height of absurdity is reached when wonderful spiritual powers are asserted as developed by these sages while in their mortal bodies, but such powers denied to all who have gone to the higher life and wear celestial bodies. The Mahatma can send a letter a thousand miles through the air to Blavatsky, but no spirit from the life beyond can reach us in any way. This is about the extreme of the absurd and credulous side of a phase of Theosophy. I hope this new book will bring common sense and spiritual progress to the front.

GILES B. STEBBINS.  
Elmira, N. Y., May 9th.

## "Occult" Telegraphy.

## W. S. Rowley's Claim as a Medium for Independent Spirit Telegraphy Re-Opened.

## Testimony Against Him.

## His Denials and Affirmations.

## Full Text of the Cleveland Leader's Exposition of the Matter.

[Cleveland Leader and Herald, May 4th.]

W. S. Rowley, the "occult telegrapher," entertained two distinguished visitors yesterday afternoon in his new rooms at the Nottingham block, on Euclid avenue. They were Colonel John C. Bundy, editor and proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, and Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, O., the well-known writer upon Spiritualism and psychic science. These two gentlemen are born investigators. They accept Cartesian doubt as the thread best calculated to lead the inquirer out of the labyrinth of conventional prejudice into the open air of perfect intellectual liberty. They punctuate every remarkable sentence with an interrogation point, and spare no effort to bring what seems mysterious and occult into the realm of the exact sciences. A man who advertises to be an "occult telegrapher" must be obscure indeed if he escapes the notice of Colonel Bundy. Mr. Rowley has been flattered by editorial scrutiny to a much larger degree than he is aware, and his friend, Mr. Tuttle, has never been able to explain to his own satisfaction why so material a thing as a cell battery was necessary to spiritualistic communications, unless, indeed, the cell were spelled with a different initial. The full

## SIGNIFICANCE OF THEIR CALL

upon Mr. Rowley yesterday will be best appreciated after a review of the somewhat remarkable chain of circumstances that led up to the visit.

Now fame is such an uncertain quantity in this land of iconoclasts and democracy that there are doubtless thousands outside the charmed circle of Spiritualists who never heard of W. S. Rowley, or at least "can't locate him," as the saying goes. It is but fair, therefore, to state at the outset that Mr. Rowley is a native of Fredericktown, Knox county, O., where he made his appearance about thirty-five years ago. His first studies in psychic manifestations were taken as teacher of a district school in Forrest township. The quickness of eye and the firmness of touch developed in imparting an education, which consisted of arithmetic at one end and birch at the other, have been of great assistance in his subsequent manipulations of men and things. It was in Forrest, too, that he first met John Rife, then a railroad telegraph operator, and now chief of the bureau of celestial telegraphy that furnishes all the business for Mr. Rowley's "occult" instrument. Mr. Rife in the flesh, as well as in the spirit, found Mr. Rowley an apt pupil. In a short time Rowley had mastered the Morse alphabet, but he did not at once become an operator, occult or otherwise. In 1832 or 1833 Mr. Rowley came to Cleveland, bringing a letter which showed him to be a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in good standing. He worked for various firms, the last being Ingham & Clark, book dealers. In the spring of 1834, while sitting at home with his wife and a friend, he heard, as he alleges, peculiar rattlings on his cuffs and collar, which he analyzed as the Morse alphabet. He immediately opened up communications with the other world, and learned that the unseen operator was none other than his old friend, John Rife. The result of the conference was that several noted Spiritualists became interested in the young man, among them Mr. J. H. Wade, who was once a telegraph operator himself. He had an instrument made under what purported to be the direction of the spirit of his son, Randall Wade, and presented the mysterious little box to Mr. Rowley. The spirits found this to be just the kind of a machine they had been looking for.

## AND SOON MESSAGES WERE COMING

from within the veil in the orthodox language of the Morse alphabet. To the end that suffering humanity might be benefited and the coffers of the material side of the compact be filled, a grand medical syndicate was formed with Rowley as the terrestrial telegrapher. The celestial side of the syndicate numbered the scriptural figure seven, with Dr. P. P. Wells as the spokesman, and John Rife as the telegraph operator. The advisory and visiting board in the spirit land included Drs. Kolliker, Culver, Charles D. Williams, formerly of Cleveland, Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy, and others. It is a remarkable fact that Rowley and his unseen advisers of diverse schools have always been able to agree. Dr. Hahnemann, with the broad latitude of taste, always accorded a character in the other world, can prescribe the old school remedies, quite ignoring his own aphorism—"similia similibus curantur."

Mr. Rowley's telegraph instrument has proved a good business investment. At first he used to give business advice and among other things located the famous gas well in Newburg into which some good money has gone without surprising results. Later, however, he has confined his operations to the ill the flesh is heir to, and advertised to give a prescription endorsed by the medical learning of both spheres for the modest sum of \$5. But his field of practice has been a large one. He has prescribed by letter to people in Europe and all parts of the United States. "Dr. Wells" is now kept at the speaking tube all the time, and six other doctors are traveling night and day by the instantaneous process from Russia to Berea, and from heaven to Chicago. John Rife keeps the wire hot between the seen and unseen, and Rowley has had to have instruments constructed on the celestial plan several times renewed. They have, however, always been precisely the same in all particulars.

Not many weeks ago Colonel Bundy paid Rowley a visit and examined the machine closely. Mr. Tuttle also investigated the matter and finally obtained a promise from Dr. Wells that if he would make a machine like Rowley's he, the spiritual spokesman, would send a message to him. Colonel Bundy and Mr. Tuttle resolved if possible to supply all the physical conditions of Mr. Rowley's manifestations and see if they too could not get the messages or at least if a good telegraph operator could not duplicate the "oc-

cult telegrapher's" work. Accordingly, on April 13, Mr. O. A. Gurley, chief operator of the Western Union Telegraph Company's office in this city, and who is also a prominent electrician, received an invitation from Colonel Bundy to visit Mr. Rowley with him. Colonel Bundy being neither an electrician nor a telegraph operator, and feeling incumbent upon himself to settle the question by scientific examination as to

## THE VALIDITY OF ROWLEY'S CLAIM

that the telegraphing was occult and independent, selected Mr. Gurley as being one of the most competent men in the country for the seemingly difficult task. Colonel Bundy felt the more solicitous about the matter from the fact that in December, 1887, he had investigated Mr. Rowley's claims and been led to declare in his paper that the manifestations were genuine so far as he could have an opinion; but upon further study and observation had come to have an uncomfortable doubt in his mind. Having such a doubt he felt that his duty to the public compelled him to probe the matter still further.

Although Mr. Gurley had heretofore steadfastly refused to investigate, he finally consented, and together they repaired to Mr. Rowley's apartments. As is usual, Mr. Gurley was invited to "take a seat," while "the professor," as Mr. Rowley is sometimes known, retired into his private office. After an absence of ten seconds Mr. Gurley and Colonel Bundy were invited to enter. The professor then proceeded to communicate by telegraph with the unknown. "The first thing I observed," said Mr. Gurley to a *Leader* reporter, "was that the transmitting was done wholly by Mr. Rowley, the characters being readable from the movements of his index finger. I next made the very startling discovery that the box and all the apparatus it contained, had nothing to do directly with the communication, it being simply a superfluous arrangement to divert attention from the actual trick. I immediately had constructed a set of apparatus the same as that used by Rowley, with which I gave exhibitions to a large number of interested gentlemen, afterwards exposing the trick. These gentlemen, after being thoroughly posted by me, visited Rowley's office, and there saw the trick performed precisely as explained. Among these gentlemen were W. M. Woodruff, agent of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company; O. M. Sayre, electrician of the Western Union; E. C. Stockwell, traffic chief; Isaac Morris, assistant night chief, and Superintendent F. E. Now, of the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railway telegraph. "The arrangement is an ingenious, and yet, a simple one," continued Mr. Gurley, "and is calculated to deceive the great Edison as quickly as it would a person who ever heard of a telegraph. It consists of a box about ten inches long, five inches wide, and two inches deep; within the box is an ordinary telegraph key, two small wires run from the key through small holes in the end of the box, to the sounder and battery, thus completing the circuit. The key is fastened in the box by means of bolts, the nuts being on the outside and beneath the box. As the key is always open, the circuit, in order to write, must be closed at some other point of contact, and here is developed the very clever, but simple trick, so simple indeed that I was enabled to deceive every one, even my best electricians. One of the wires leading from the key is naked, or, in other words, is devoid of cotton insulation, from the key to a point about eight inches from the box. This wire is small and pliable. When it is desired to have a communication this naked wire is

## BENT INTO A SMALL LOOP

and allowed to slip under the end of the box to a point directly beneath the nuts on the key, so that the slightest pressure upon the box makes a contact between the wire and nut, thus completing the circuit from battery to nut, through the bolt to the key, through the base of the key to the other wire, thence to the battery. When through working, a slight movement restores the wire to their normal condition without the least appearance of having been tampered with. It is sometimes difficult to get the desired contact within a moment or so, and in mentioning this, it is probable a great many will recall the fact that Professor Rowley often shifted the box back and forth, hither and thither, which was for the purpose of bringing the nut and wire together as previously stated. This is only one of several "w. sin" which the professor causes the sounder to tick out alleged messages from alleged spirits."

Continuing his story Mr. Gurley said: "Some time in March, Mr. F. E. Now, superintendent of telegraph for the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railway, in company with two or three well-known and highly respected citizens of this city, visited Mr. Rowley's apartments on Euclid Avenue for the purpose of investigating the alleged telegraphic communication with the spirit land. Mr. Rowley received them with the customary 'be seated,' while he retired into his private office, where a moment later they were invited to enter. Mr. Rowley then proceeded to interpret a spiritual communication which was rendered in very poor Morse characters, at the close of which Mr. Rowley picked up and displayed in full view the entire apparatus, with a view, as he stated, of furnishing convincing proof of its genuineness, but which was really intended to deceive his callers. This act, however, did not have the desired effect upon Mr. Now. On the contrary he detected a sleight of hand movement which appeared to be the key to the mystery. A few moments later Mr. Now was invited to try his skill, which he did, and with success, as the instrument began to click. Professor Rowley, who evidently realized that he was about to be cornered, jumped up and snatched the box from Mr. Now's hands, at the same time exclaiming: 'I thought I was dealing with gentlemen.' The party then left the apartments completely disgusted."

A *Leader* reporter was among the favored few who were conducted into the rear room on the operating floor of the Western Union building several mornings since, and shown the little box Mr. Gurley had constructed with such wonderful skill. It was

## AN INNOCENT LOOKING AFFAIR,

being made of wood with slate for the top and bottom. Mr. Gurley seated himself at the table and placed his hands upon the slate top, as Mr. Rowley in every particular. A half dozen wise conjectures were ventured as to the way he worked the machine, described above, but none came within several blocks of the truth. He then enlightened the investigator in the same way as he had the other gentlemen admitted to the secret. Armed with this pointer, the reporter, accompanied by Mr. Isaac Morris, night chief of the Western Union Telegraph Company, visited Mr. Rowley's office, No. 89 Euclid Avenue. He had but a few minutes to give to his visitors, but showed the instrument without hesitation. It was a small box with slate bottom and top, deep enough to contain an ordinary telegraphic key. The wires that fed the circuit were supported by two post



that were fastened to the bottom of the box by small bolts with nuts on the outside.

"Was this instrument the result of a discovery or a revelation?" asked the reporter.

"The principle of its construction was revealed by the spirits," was the answer.

"Could any one make the instrument unless he got the secret from the Spirit-world?"

"Not so it would work. I will give \$1,000 to any man who can sit down here and operate the instrument as I do."

"Can you receive messages in the continental alphabet?" asked Mr. Morris, who used to be an operator for the British Government across the pond.

"I can not, because I do not know how to read by that method," replied Mr. Rowley. He did not explain why it was necessary for him to understand it. Spirit operators are supposed to have quite as many accomplishments as men, and if the spirit could read in continental and Mr. Morris could read it, why need Mr. Rowley's ignorance be a bar to the communications, if the message originated outside of himself? Mr. Morris observed that the wire was under the box far enough to come in contact with the nut fastening the post, and the reporter saw it was under the box, but could not measure the distance.

The date of this interview was on Wednesday. On Thursday, Mr. Gurley sent a message to Colonel Bundy telling him of his measure of success as an "occult telegrapher" and asking him to come down and have a gratuitous sitting. He replied that he would materialize in Cleveland the next morning; he also

TELEGRAPHED TO MR. TUTTLE and told him what there was in Cleveland for him to investigate. Promptly at 10 o'clock yesterday morning Colonel Bundy appeared. He was conducted to the séance room back of Mr. Gurley's office. "Professor" Gurley, occult telegrapher, sat at his desk with the box before him. Colonel Bundy asked the operator to work the instrument in all the ways he had seen Mr. Rowley do it, and Mr. Gurley was equal to every test. The Colonel finally gave it up, and was let into the secret of being an occult operator.

The greatest admiration for Mr. Gurley's skill was expressed by the scientific editor, and he was advised to hang out his shingle as a healer of all diseases. In a short time Mr. Tuttle arrived and was gracefully introduced by Colonel Bundy in the following language: "Of all men who have espoused Spiritualism, none have stood, or now stand higher than Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights. While yet hardly more than a boy he wrote books which have been considered standard authority for twenty-five years among Spiritualists and psychic students and been translated in French, German, and Russian, with large circulation throughout the world. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Tuttle is a 'sensitive' and a 'medium,' he has what may be termed a scientific mind, and has always warmly assisted and endorsed me in my long time efforts to place Spiritualism on a strictly scientific basis. No better evidence of his learning and patient research in the psychical field need be mentioned than his admirable book just from the press, 'Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science.' Mr. Tuttle not only has a world-wide reputation for ability and integrity, but is well known and respected by all who know him. Hence, as a Spiritualist his verdict in this matter will carry great weight, not only with 'outsiders,' but with Spiritualists themselves."

Then turning to Mr. Gurley, the Colonel continued: "We have a great occult telegrapher here. It has taken sometime to 'develop' him, but he is a good one. If you would like to communicate with your grandmother he can accommodate you."

Mr. Gurley made a few regulation passes over his instrument, waited a proper time for the "control" to get a good grip on him, and then conveyed to Mr. Tuttle the great pleasure his age relative felt at seeing him in such good company. The hand of his marks at the end betrayed more convivial tastes than are usually credited to the Puritan grandmothers of the last century. Mr. Gurley worked the machine with both hands on top of the box, and with one hand, the wires being under the box and outside of the box as well. He then explained to the mystified scientific writer how the instrument could be manipulated with the wire beneath the box, and how by an imperceptible movement of the lid it could be operated with the wires outside the box. In the last instance the extra key, long and flexible, that rises above the regular key and upon which the spirits in the case of Rowley's instrument are said to act, was moved by the delicate pressure on the box lid. Mr. Tuttle said that he had long had misgivings as to Rowley's instrument, and that Dr. Eugene Crowell, a noted Spiritualist and president of an electric light company of New York City, had received a message from the Spirit-world in which the whole thing was pronounced a fraud, and that the secret of its operation

LAY IN A CONCEALED WIRE. Dr. Crowell wrote the same message in a letter to Colonel Bundy. The editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL went on to tell how Mr. Rowley had come to him at Mount Pleasant, Mass., at the Spiritualist camp meeting and congratulated him upon the aggressive attitude he took against all false mediums. It was in his opinion the only way to sift the wheat from the chaff, and get at the kernel of truth that existed in Spiritualism.

The narrative now returns to the point of introduction—the visit of Editor Bundy and Mr. Tuttle, the psychic philosopher, to W. S. Rowley, the occult philosopher—at 3 P. M. yesterday. Very soon after the gentlemen entered room No. 23 of the Nottingham block a Leader reporter knocked at the door and was admitted. Mr. Rowley was busy settling himself in his new quarters, but kindly consented to hear the errand of his visitors. Colonel Bundy took a position directly opposite the operator, and Mr. Tuttle a seat at his right a little in the rear. The reporter sat at the end of the table.

"I came in to see you," said Mr. Tuttle, "about my machine. It won't work. I have constructed it just like yours, and have had several sittings with it, but got no communications. You know Dr. Wells promised me a message if the box was built right."

"The trouble is not in the instrument," ticked the sounder in response to the touch of occult hands, "but in the man. No, not in the man, either, exactly, but in the kind of temperament you possess. Some kinds of magnetism get better results in one kind of spiritualistic phenomena and some in another. I should have to use a different kind of current with you, if, indeed, I could work at all."

During this operation the wires were outside the box, but the long, sensitive upper key was manipulated several times before the message came. Rowley's hands were on

either side of the box, with a thumb and index finger clasping each upper front corner. The box was then turned over to the visitors for examination. It appeared that a thicker wire had been substituted for the one in use on Wednesday, and the bare, or uninsulated portion of the wire next to the box was not so long as before. It was just long enough to reach the bolt underneath, and complete the circuit there if it had been required. But evidently there was another alternative. When Mr. Tuttle asked Rowley to call up Dr. Wells again, as he wanted to make an appointment with him, the operator placed his hands upon the instrument just where it rested, with the wires out straight. After keeping his hands spread out flat on the lid awhile, he opened the box, manipulated the extra key a little, then closed the lid and placed his hands in the same position as before, with thumbs and fingers at the top corners.

THE MACHINE THEN SAID, "I will meet you next Sunday night at 7 o'clock at Berlin Heights, and will give you a message by your instrument if possible."

"I would like to try your instrument," said Mr. Tuttle.

"Certainly you may do so," said Mr. Rowley rising, and at the same time opening the box.

"Isn't that long extra key stiffer in his hand than in yours, Tuttle?" said Colonel Bundy. At this Mr. Rowley took hold of it and gave it a shake or two. Mr. Tuttle sat down to the table but could get no answer, although he has a good deal of mediumistic power, and the occult forces usually regard him kindly, and lend their presence when asked. Mr. Tuttle was of the opinion that the manipulation of the key by Mr. Rowley did not help him any in his experiment. Mr. Rowley dismissed his visitors with an invitation to call again.

The Leader reporter said to Mr. Tuttle as he left the room: "I believe you have had other interviews with Mr. Rowley; what was the result of them?"

"I called on Mr. Rowley some time early in 1888," said he, "and was shown every attention he could give me during a séance of two hours, interrupted two or three times by the entrance of patients. He gave me a lengthy communication from 'Dr. Wells,' who said if I would employ an instrument like that of Rowley's, he would endeavor to give me a communication. I said to Mr. Rowley that if the séance was satisfactory I should be glad to endorse him in the public press, for above anything I hoped the method of communication he claimed to have discovered was true. I remarked on leaving that I would await the result of my own experiment, and Dr. Wells fixed the date on which I should make the test. Briefly, I had an instrument made exactly like Mr. Rowley's, and at the appointed time held the séance. The sounder was silent. After an hour's patient waiting I began to investigate the possibilities of the instrument. I asked myself what the spring was for and the uninsulated length of connecting wire. As a result of my investigations in an hour's time I did not require the aid of 'Dr. Wells' or any other invisible being to produce the sounds. There were two or three ways of accomplishing this feat, and the simplicity of the doing was astonishing. There was but one requisite for my setting up a first class celestial telegraph office—to dispose of any conscientious scruples I might have in trifling with the holiest feelings of the human heart; the sacred memory and love for the departed. Yet I had seen so little of Rowley, I could not consistently declare that he was a fraud because his manifestations could be simulated. I hoped it might be otherwise, for it was difficult for me to believe that any human being could be so lost to all sense of honor and truth as to engage in fraud and deception and make bawdy of the holiest loves and affections of relatives and friends, the mention of whose names in such connection seems a desecration. Hence I did not write an endorsement, but waited patiently for more light."

OF THE SAME OPINION STILL. "What is your opinion with the light secured to-day?"

"After visiting Mr. Rowley to-day I still hold this matter in abeyance as my experiments have not been conclusive, and those made with a similar instrument by me, have shown that the opportunity for deception is so broad that detection is difficult, if not impossible. I hold that the demonstration of 'occult telegraphy' has not been made, and although, with all those who desire a demonstration of future life, I above all things wish it were true, I greatly fear that it has no reality."

Turning to Colonel Bundy, who had heard the opinion of his companion, the reporter asked: "Well, Colonel, what do you think of occult telegraphy?"

"With the light I now have," said he, "I am in serious doubt as to the genuineness of Mr. Rowley's claim of 'independent telegraphy,' and this because I am unable to distinguish between results of experiments made by Mr. Gurley and Mr. Tuttle, known not to be independent telegraphy, and those of Mr. Rowley."

After the interview with Mr. Rowley the reporter visited Mr. Gurley, whom he found in the busiest corner of the Western Union operating room. When told of the result of the test of his rival occult telegrapher he said:

"Then he has two ways of working it. I supposed likely he might have. You will remember that I operated the instrument in several ways this morning, and one was with the wires outside. I got satisfactory results. I can testify, and so can all these responsible and experienced electricians who have been up there at my suggestion that he has operated it right along with the wire underneath the box. He has cultivated some expertness doubtless, and can fall back on different ways of working it, and they can all be done without going higher than the top floor of the Western Union office for assistance."

Mr. Gurley certainly deserves great credit for his construction and skillful use of the instrument. If he had revealed nothing he would to-day be as good an "occult telegrapher" as was ever heard of in the world. He mystified his own best operators for days before he told them how it was all done. Editor John C. Bundy, who has exposed more cheats and frauds in the line of spiritualistic manifestations than any other man in the country, and who has a quick eye sharpened by practice, and the mind of a scientific investigator, was compelled after an hour's trial to admit that Mr. Gurley was too occult for him. The difference between Mr. Gurley and Mr. Rowley would seem to be simply this: Mr. Gurley is an "occult" telegrapher and is willing to tell just how he does every trick; Mr. Rowley is an "occult" telegrapher and isn't quite so communicative.

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

### THE DISCUSSION OF THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

There has been within the past year a tidal wave of literature sweeping through the leading newspapers and magazines of two continents, which I have watched with considerable amusement as well as some trepidation, but with the intention to keep my own skirts afar and clean from its wide-spreading flood. But the fascination which waves, tidal or other, have ever exerted on me since as a child I wandered on "Newport's sounding shore," delighting to be overtaken in my race with the incoming waves, has in this case proved too strong to be resisted and I feel impelled to add my bit of foam to this wave of discussion on the question of marriage.

Had I been compelled to form my conclusions on the question from the majority of the literary dissertations on the subject which have found favor in the eyes of the editors of the newspapers and magazines that have given the subject most prominence, and which have brought it before the public for consideration and adjudication, I should say that marriage was a most decided failure. But common sense at once suggested to my mind a prompt antidote for the peace-poisoning insinuations contained in these dissertations (the most of them, I grieve to note, coming from the pens of women penny-a-liners). Instead of hunting about to array in line the occasional cases of marital discord of which I have been an observer, or have read about, I found it wiser to recall to my remembrance the far more numerous marriages which, instead of being failures, have brought added happiness to the twain made one by mutual love and compact, and as well to the circle of sympathetic friends to whom both were dear.

How can marriage be voted a failure because of the mistakes, malfeasance, or undisciplined natures of a minority of those who enter upon this most natural relationship? If discord, ingratitude, and wrongdoing were grounds of divorce in other relations or partnerships in life, the divorce courts of the country would be the busiest places in the land and would have to be in constant session. Wayward children would be divorced from long suffering parents, tyrannical papas and mammas would be forever got rid of by due process of law—disagreeable or disreputable brothers and sisters could be given their legal quietus; fathers-in-law, and especially the much abused mother-in-law, could be got rid of in quick time by that which now makes them possible—law. Here is an anecdote in point: "A lawyer sitting at his desk, was so absorbed in work that he did not hear his door opened, or observe a little curly-headed girl enter. But a sob from the child aroused his attention, and turning he saw a face that was streaked with recent tears, and told plainly that the little one's feelings had been hurt. 'Well, my little one, did you want to see me?' 'Are you a lawyer?' 'Yes. What is it you want?' 'I want,' and there was a resolute ring in her voice, 'I want a divorce from my papa and mamma.'"

The imperfections of human nature make some marriages and many other things failures, but the fault does not lie in the institution itself, as some of the writers on the subject would have us believe, but in the warped natures of the men or women making the contract. This ought to be patent to every thoughtful observer or thinker. There is no one who does not know many married couples, both young and old, whose interchanged glances of sweet content, of deep love, and serene confidence and understanding faith in each other, have sent sympathetic and admiring, if not envious, thrills through his being, and how often is it remarked when one of the aged partners of a long married life dies, that the survivor will not be long in following because of their love for and dependence each upon the other?

Though we all agree with the poet Moore, that

"There's nothing half so sweet in life,  
As Love's young dream,"

yet in deepness of satisfied content and confidence it holds no comparison to old love's reality—when the trustful faith of two souls pledged to stand by each other whatever befalls, has been tried by long years of life's storms, trials, temptations, and mayhap otherwise total wreck, and has been found true and steadfast through all.

The man or woman who proves spiteful, treacherous, mean, or tyrannical in the married relation, would be found the same in any other relation or partnership in life, in exact ratio to the opportunities given to be so, *sicily*. The want of a just and uneducated public sentiment is still largely on the side of the husband in marital disagreements, and this is the predisposing cause of the male tyranny which makes so many wives seek divorce. Once let public sentiment become educated to the point of granting mutual liberty to married partners, so that the partnership will be as just to one as to the other, and fewer marriages will be failures, and the divorce courts will be less busy. It is not so much freer divorce laws that are needed, as the strengthening and growth of true ideas of justice in the public mind.

Woman's enlarged opportunity for entering new fields of labor, and her consequent improvement in business ability, must henceforth be large factors in improving marriage relations. When she is no longer impelled by the mere needs of subsistence to accept undesired offers, and when her business capacity is so well trained that her husband can no longer trust to his power to befool and cozen her into blind acceptance of his mystifying business methods and misuse of the common funds, by bewildering her mathematics, then straightforwardness and not duplicity will be found the "better way," and therefore be more frequently adopted by husbands as well as wives, and marriage will not be a failure to even weak natures, but a help to success in all the other relations of life.

### AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

Since writing the article on "House-keeping for the Future," printed in last week's JOURNAL, I have learned that a large apartment house, designed for first class occupancy, is being erected in Montreal, for the purpose of carrying out the co-operative house-keeping idea in cooking and supplying the tables from a common kitchen. This experiment is due to the enterprise of Mr. Roswell Fisher, a gentleman of education, a Cambridge (Eng.) University graduate, and the possessor of some wealth. He has for years been interested in economic and social subjects, and has been a contributor to the leading English reviews. Mr. G. J. Holyoake devotes two or three pages to him in his "History of Co-operation."

Mr. Fisher's plan is to start the experiment

among well-to-do people. Each family will be given a bill of fare every morning and such dishes can be ordered as are desired. The food will be conveyed to the dining rooms by dumb waiters. The families may, so far as the table fare is concerned, live economically or expensively. Prices will be fixed upon sufficient to cover expenses. At the end of every month, or quarter, whatever has been received in excess of the actual expenditures, will be returned to the parties. The families after a while may select their own manager of the culinary department. Mr. Fisher says that the saving by this plan, in fuel, in the cost of food purchased in large quantities, in service, etc., will be so great that even those who are obliged to consider carefully the expense of the table, may nevertheless live well. It will save women the trouble of superintending the kitchen and the care and perplexity of providing meals, and thus add to their leisure, or their time for other duties. Certainly this is a reform in the right direction, for which Mr. Fisher deserves the thanks of women especially. Success to the experiment.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

AN ESSAY ON THE AUTOGRAPHIC COLLECTIONS of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. From Vol. X, Wisconsin Historical Society Collections. By Lyman C. Draper, LL.D. New York: Burns & Son, publishers, 744 Broadway, 1889.

It appears from the preface that many years' experience in gathering, in behalf of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, a set each of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, led Mr. Draper to realize the patience and perseverance necessary in making such collections, and strongly impress him with their value in illustrating our Revolutionary and Constitutional history. In making a report of these collections of the Wisconsin Historical Society, it seemed most appropriate to introduce the subject with some account of the slow but steady growth of this country, of its beautiful and inspiring employment; and to note, moreover, other collections extant, complete and incomplete, exhibiting the great labor of bringing them together, and instituting, to some extent, a just comparison of their relative strength, historic importance, and intrinsic value.

The gathering of matter for this monograph was commenced in 1883, the author not then realizing the difficulties attendant upon the undertaking; but time, perseverance, and patience have resulted in this noble contribution to the autographic literature of the country. For whatever of value or interest it may contain, the credit is largely due to the several persons mentioned in the work, whose suggestions and information have been freely and generously contributed in furtherance of a fair and just attempt to portray the growth and extent of this interesting branch of American literature. In examining any array of autographs of the Fathers of the Republic, the reader will feel in his heart a kindling of patriotism, and cherish a sense of sympathy, as though he lived and shared with those noble patriots in their trials and sufferings, hopes and fears, and in the ultimate triumph that joyfully crowned their long and weary labors in the forum and on the field.

Mr. Draper is worthy of great praise for presenting to the public this Essay, and it will remain as one of many monuments to perpetuate his memory, when he shall have passed to the higher life.

### Magazines for May not Before Mentioned.

The North American Review. (New York.) M. Romero contributes to the May number an article entitled The Annexation of Mexico. The first part of an English view of the Civil War by Viscount Wolsey is given. The Free of Political Knowledge by E. E. Hale will be read with interest. Capt. G. W. Kennedy's article, Peril on the Atlantic, is pleasant reading and may be of profit to many contemplating the trip. Dion Boucicault's Early Days of a Dramatist is characteristic of the writer. In Josephine's House, by Gail Hamilton, is a delightful sketch of the celebrated Malmesbury, and a delusion to blame is a symposium by representative women.

The Theosophist. (Madras, India.) The usual amount of good reading is found in this monthly for April.

L'Aurore. (Paris.) This Monthly is printed in French and has a varied table of contents. The Home-Maker. (New York.) The editorials comprise Parasites of Speech, and The Right Woman in the Right Place. The several departments are up to the usual standard.

Golden Days. (Philadelphia.) This most popular weekly for boys and girls has a variety of reading each week.

The Unitarian Review. (Boston.) J. R. Frothingham opens the May number of this excellent monthly with an article on The Free Religious Association. A Hindoo Theosophist, tells the reader of Govinda Ban Sattay, whom many Americans met during his short stay here. There are many more articles of worth which add to the above in making a readable number.

Buchanan's Journal of Man. (Boston.) A strong table of contents is presented this month.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) With the May number begins the second volume of this Magazine and a series of articles by Emily Lof, of England is begun.

The Sideral Messenger. (Northfield, Minn.) The articles are devoted to Astronomy and kindred subjects.

The Unitarian. (Ann Arbor, Mich.) A variety of reading consisting of papers, essays, sermons and notes fills this month's issue.

### New Books Received.

Second Sight. By "M. A. (Oxon)." London. Price, 15 cents.

On the Evolution of Life, and its Possession by Man. By Alvin Eyer, M. D.

What I saw at Casadaga Lake in 1888: Addendum to a review in 1887, of the Seybert Commission Report. By A. B. Richmond. Boston: Colby & Rich. Cloth 75 cents.

Ethical Religion. By William M. Salter. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Planetary Evolution or a New Cosmogony, being an explanation of Planetary Growth and Life Energy, upon the basis of Chemical and Electrical relations of the elements of nature. There is a great demand to illustrate the process of Evolution and this work may assist the reader to a better knowledge of Natural Laws. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper 50 cents. For sale here.

Illustrated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Sidera Sidera Muni. The original doctrine of "The Light of Asia" and the explanation of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious ideal of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 18, 1889.

## "Occult" Telegraphy.

As promised, the Cleveland *Leader's* account of the investigation of W. S. Rowley's claim of being a medium for independent spirit telegraphy is reproduced in this issue of the JOURNAL. Necessarily it takes considerable space, but as the facts are so thoroughly interwoven through the accounts as to render condensation nearly impossible and the attempt likely to obscure a correct understanding of a matter, difficult at the best to fully grasp, except by practical demonstration with a duplicate of Rowley's machine in view of the observer, it seems essential not to abridge the report. In its statements the *Leader* is loyal to truth while not always microscopically accurate in dealings with historical facts preceding the events connected with the investigation inaugurated by us on April 13th. Though it indulges in some badinage and humorous railery, the *Leader* is, on the whole, kindly and very moderate. The evidence would have justified a severe arraignment and castigation instead of the good natured style adopted; and adopted more out of consideration for the medium's relatives and patrons than on his own account; the desire being not to unnecessarily shock and wound those to whom the unvarnished facts would carry chagrin and sorrow. Very naturally the *Leader's* representative inferred previous knowledge of the investigation on the part of Mr. Tuttle, from the fact that we delayed proceedings on May 3rd until the latter's arrival. But, as stated in last week's JOURNAL, neither Mr. Tuttle, nor Dr. Whitney, and, for the matter of that, no person in this world other than Mr. Gurley and the manager of the W. U. Tel. Co. at Cleveland knew of our purpose to renew and push investigation farther, with one exception.

Of all people in the world, Spiritualists should be best able to stand the naked truth. As a matter of fact, to most people there is nothing so brutal as an unpleasant truth; it is always inhospitably received, if entertained at all; and upon the head of him who brings it, descends too frequently the severest maledictions. He cannot expect to be welcomed even by the few who strive to discipline themselves into a condition strong enough to stand the truth whatever it may be, or however great wreck it makes of preconceived opinions and fond hopes. For twenty-one years we have been a student of psychics and an investigator of spirit phenomena. For the past twelve years our attention has been, in the line of our profession, unremittingly given to this work; and with but a single aim, that of elucidating the exact truth, so far as this is possible to mortals. Relentlessly pursuing this aim, our heart has been wrung many a time by the stern necessity devolving upon us to tell the truth, which we knew would be unwelcome, and the telling of which would bring disaster to deceivers and shame and sorrow to the deceived, as well as increase our own burdens in a thousand ways. Three times within the past twelve years have we been completely prostrated by the nervous and mental strain; obliged to suspend all work and seek restoration. Repeatedly have we been told by skillful physicians when thus prostrated that our life depended upon complete divorce from our profession, and absolute rest for a long period. But a power higher and wiser than man, seemingly, has held us to the task and brought us through every travail of soul and prostration of body; and then pushed us forward, against our worldly interests, apparently, to still more severe and distasteful tasks. Readers will

we hope pardon these allusions to ourself; they are not made willingly; nor for the purpose of exciting sympathy, we do not expect much of that; we claim no special need of praise, for we have simply followed "our line of least resistance" in sternly holding ourself strictly to the line of what we conceive to be our duty. We only make these personal references in the hope that in the painful matter under consideration, our readers and the public may in some degree be helped to better comprehend and appreciate the difficulties of our position and the attitude of mind we bring to disagreeable tasks like the one now in hand. However unwelcome to us, we do not consider it in any way humiliating to confess our mistake in endorsing Mr. Rowley; and according to our ethics the only consistent and manly thing to do is to own it up frankly and help the public to profit thereby.

We ask our readers to study, analyze, coordinate and weigh the evidence of false pretenses set up by Mr. Rowley as spread out in the *Leader's* accounts; and to remember that even if the medium's claim were genuine, and made in good faith, the phenomenon claimed by him is of no value as a proof of spirit manifestation so long as it can be exactly simulated under precisely the conditions which he employs by any one with a knowledge of telegraphy and sufficient practice. It should also be constantly borne in mind that the question at issue is, not whether Mr. Rowley is a medium and as such has been the instrument used by spirits for messages, not whether in his medical practice spirits have diagnosed disease accurately and prescribed successfully; the only question at bar is his claim that spirits independently work the telegraph instrument!

As Mr. Gurley truly says: "The arrangement is an ingenious one, and well calculated to deceive the great Edison as quickly as a person who never heard of a telegraph." That Rowley has practiced deception is clearly established by the testimony of credible witnesses fully competent as expert telegraphers, and by others. Let us briefly summarize:

1. Rowley has always had a portion of the long wire leading to his battery uninsulated, (why?) at least this has always been the case when we have seen it as well as when seen by the witnesses named in the *Leader's* account. Furthermore, that wire has always had slack enough to allow the uninsulated portion to be extended under the box to the metal bolts and thus complete the circuit. Such was the case when Mr. Gurley first visited Rowley with us, at which time the wire was under the box; and Mr. Rowley then operated the sounder and ticked off a message by simply holding a penholder in his right hand and pressing firmly against the right end of the box, his left hand holding the left end of the box. This experiment always astonished and convinces the uninitiated, but is so simple a trick that no one can fail to understand it when demonstrated by an object lesson. Mr. Gurley can do it quite easily and perfectly.

2. Mr. F. E. Now, and the Messrs. Townsend testify that Rowley surreptitiously made the connections under the box at their visit in March; and that Mr. Now when invited by Rowley to try the instrument succeeded, to the discomfiture of the medium, who at once angrily snatched away the box.

3. On May 4th the *Leader's* representative, in the presence of Mr. Tuttle and the editor of the JOURNAL, turned Rowley's box over and enquired: "If the uninsulated wire was brought around or touched one of these metal bolt-nuts on the bottom of the box, the thing would work, wouldn't it?" To which Rowley instantly and unhesitatingly replied: "Why, of course, everybody knows that." Yet in his interview of the next day with the telegraphers he said, on this point: "I never knew the circuit could be closed that way until I was shown it yesterday." He reiterates his assertion of ignorance again in his statement published synchronously with the account of the reporter's interview, and in these words: "As to the curled wire under the box, will say it is a revelation to me, if such a thing can be done." It is plain from the evidence that he did know this as long ago as last March, and acknowledged he knew it before three witnesses on May 3d, yet on May 4th he denies such knowledge twice; first orally to a reporter, and second, in writing and deliberately.

4. Dr. G. F. Whitney, a credible witness whose reputation for truth and veracity has never been impeached, and who was Rowley's business partner for about eighteen months, declares and is ready to testify in court that Rowley uses deception. He discovered that Rowley commonly deceived by pushing the spring up against the slate top. He believes Rowley to be an automatic writing medium, and is of the opinion that "there is no such thing as independent telegraphy."

In his statement published in the *Leader* of May 5th Rowley declares he is a Christian and full of charity. We commend the spirit of that contribution to those who desire to know his idea of Christianity and Christian charity. He also seeks to beg the question and belittle the claim of independent telegraphy as one of trifling importance in these words: "The phenomenon itself, which seems to be so very important and essential to the two worthy investigators (Hudson Tuttle and the editor of the JOURNAL), is a very small part when the many sufferers who have been relieved by it rise up and call it blessed and God-given." The world has a large supply of excellent clairvoyant physicians, psychometric diagnosticians of disease, and mediums through whom spirits minister to the ills of the flesh. The sole and only subject of inquiry in Rowley's case was that of his claim for independent spirit tele-

graphy, and no one knew this better than he when he penned the above bit of what some might be uncharitable enough to call methodistic cant. His contemptuous flings at Mr. Tuttle and ourself we pass by without comment; as also his "Christian" declaration of "malice intent," and "a hidden plot to tear down and destroy an honorable, upright man for a purpose and a price" on the part of two men who have given the best years of their lives to unremunerative labor in the cause of truth and to the upbuilding of a pure and rational Spiritualism. The mouthings of this Methodist-Spiritualistic telegraphist, smarting under the sting of exposure and consequent loss of caste and business may well be charitably considered by those against whom they are hurled, leaving their motives and acts for the world to judge.

Having barred ourself and Mr. Gurley out of any future personal observation of his mediumship, Rowley, after having had time to study up an offer for a test séance formulated in language, the significance and disingenuousness of which would not be noticed on a cursory reading, incorporates it in another letter to the *Leader*. "I have concluded," writes Rowley, "to allow Mr. Gurley to be present, and hereby make this challenge to the *Leader*, Gurley, et al. I will, as soon as convenient to all parties concerned, meet Mr. Gurley and two other parties selected by the *Leader* or himself, at my office. I also to select three men, one or more of whom will be expert electricians. If he can simulate all I can have done through me, well and good; if not, I shall expect him to make a statement for publication to that effect. And I not only challenge him but the *Leader* to a full investigation, and if this is not carried out, will expect it to give me the benefit of the doubt."

It will be noticed in the above challenge that Rowley stipulates that Gurley must either simulate all that is performed or own up beaten; furthermore, Rowley couples with a conjunction the two sentences of his challenge, making them interdependent. Rowley apparently trusts to his long practice to erable him to manipulate the instrument in some way which Gurley can not instantly, on sight, imitate. This challenge is an evasion of the whole issue, and of course Mr. Gurley would not thus tie his hands in advance. Neither we, nor the *Leader*, nor Mr. Gurley desire to enter the lists as contestants with Rowley at a trial of skill in manipulations which have taken him years of thought and practice to perfect. The issue is simple in its statement; it is this:

Rowley claims to be a medium for independent spirit telegraphy. The task we imposed upon Mr. Gurley was to decide whether Rowley's system was dependent upon him and ordinary or secret contacts. Had Mr. Gurley failed to discover any secret contact and no other intimation of it had come to us through our investigations we should have considered the matter of Rowley's claim fully and finally settled in his favor and should most joyfully have proclaimed the fact to the world with headlines of the biggest type in the JOURNAL office. Mr. Gurley discovered secret contact; his discovery was corroborated by others both before and after; Dr. Whitney declares Rowley's claim fraudulent. Now, all Mr. Rowley has any right to demand is that a committee properly selected and having public confidence shall witness his efforts to sustain his claim under such conditions as shall satisfy the aforesaid committee that there is no secret contact nor automatic action. If he does not demand and insist upon this forthwith, then his friends should; and if he declines, or evades the issue, let the consequences follow.

## The Devil Theory.

Dr. Abbott, who has taken the pulpit of Henry Ward Beecher, has offended the "scientific" magnates by his theory of evil entities. The editor of *The Popular Science Monthly* is lugubrious over the matter and says: "While the ex-president of Cornell is laboring to banish from men's minds the last vestiges of belief in diabolic agency, the successor of Beecher is handling the devils of ancient narrative with all the tenderness and respect due to the most venerable possessions of the human race."

On examination Dr. Abbott's theory is very far removed from the doctrine of devils; it is briefly that "evil spirits exercise an influence over mankind." And he explains that by "evil spirits" he means "disembodied spirits," and that they exercise the same kind of control that the stronger will exercises over the weaker in this life.

"What we call the impulses of our lower nature," says Dr. Abbott, "are often the whispered suggestions of fiend-like natures, watching for our fall and exultant if they accomplish it." The evilly inclined are thus placed in a terrible position, and may realize that they must "resist the first yielding to one who never becomes the possessor of a human soul except by its own gradual and voluntary subjection to his hateful despotism." To combat this theory of Dr. Abbott, Editor Youmans introduces the Bible, and shows how it conflicts. Think of it, the use of the Bible as evidence by the editor of *The Popular Science Monthly*! He thus fulminates:

"If Dr. Abbott will, therefore, consider the matter candidly, he will see that his theory has the double fault of scandalizing reason and opposing Scripture. Surely it is time that for men as intelligent and with as liberal instincts as Dr. Abbott the bands of authority were broken in matters of this kind. What do we want with devils in the nineteenth century thought?" The last straw which breaks the back of the popular science camel is that Dr. Abbott instances Guiteau

as one "possessed," and yet says the scientific editor, the church members did not pray the devil out of him as they should, but "Devil or no devil, they held Guiteau responsible for his crime and hanged him accordingly."

Let us go back of Dr. Abbott, of Guiteau and the *Popular Science Monthly* and what do we find? What care we that Prof. White has been laboring to blow the theory of devils to limbo and thinks he has done so? What care we if Youmans thinks this nineteenth century ought to repudiate such doctrine? We can learn little of those who see nothing beyond the horizon of physical matter.

What we desire to know is the reality of the future life, and finding it a continuance of this, we cannot avoid accepting as fact that the evilly disposed will not quickly change after death, and will seek to impress themselves on those who are sensitive. The most sensitive to such evil control will necessarily be those with similar organizations. The result will be just what Dr. Abbott declares: Yielding in an unguarded moment, to impulses abnormal, because their own inclinations which they are able to control are intensified by an exterior power, and the united influence they cannot control. So far from going back to the dark ages, Dr. Abbott has advanced to the full light of the spiritual philosophy. He grasps the situation and gives the only remedy: constant effort to do right. To give his idea the title of "devil-theory," or lead readers to suppose he advocates the old theory of a devil is a willful libel. Dr. Abbott's ideas are grafted on the Christian stock and stated in phrases of older forms of thought, yet are they drawn directly from the philosophy of life as advocated by Spiritualism.

## Reducing Crime.

"In the greatest possible equalization of the means by which the struggle for existence is fought out by each individual," says an able writer, "lies the problem of the whole future of the human race."

Equality of ability, education or happiness among men, is not to be expected; but every civilization, in proportion as it becomes dominated by the moral spirit, must strive to equalize as far as possible the conditions under which each may achieve the full possibilities of his being. Efforts in this direction are more in harmony with our highest nature and more likely to be fruitful of good results than leaving the less fortunate of our fellow beings to be crushed and extinguished in the struggle.

The conditions of life go far to determine its success or failure. "Had Caesar come of a proletarian family," says Henry George; "had Napoleon entered the world a few years earlier; had Columbus gone into the chureh instead of going to sea; had Shakespeare been apprenticed to a cobbler or chimney-sweep; had Sir Isaac Newton been assigned by fate to the education and toil of an agricultural laborer; had Dr. Adam Smith been born in the coal heaves, or Herbert Spencer forced to get his living as a factory operative, what could their talents have availed?" As the common worker is, on need, transformed into a queen bee, so, when circumstances favor his development, what might otherwise pass for a common man rises into a hero or leader, discoverer or teacher, sage or saint. So widely has the sower scattered the seed, so strong is the germinative force that bids it bud and blossom. But, alas! for the stony ground and the birds and the tares! For one who attains his full stature how many are stunted and deformed.

The approximate equalization of the conditions under which men may pursue happiness will be more effective in preventing crime than what some advocate—greater severity in dealing with criminals. However many criminals are annually executed, the number will not be reduced by severer measures against offenders, as was sufficiently attested, for instance, in the reign of Henry VIII. A large proportion of those who commit crimes, are no more badly organized than multitudes who in more fortunate circumstances live and die respected by their fellow men. Measures directed against the increase of a certain class of criminals by propagation would serve somewhat as a preventive of crime, but a more general preventive must be sought in such social reforms as will diminish the causes of criminal acts.

The repeal of all class legislation, the suppression of all conspiracies to rob the public under the name of trusts, the actual prevention of the importation of contract labor as well as pauperism and crime and the taxation of great cathedrals and churches as well as the poor man's house and lot, are among the reforms with which the work of equalizing the conditions in this country might be commenced. A disciple asked the Chinese sage, Confucius, "Since the people are so numerous, what more is needed?" Confucius answered, "Make them well off." "After that, what else?" "Instruct them." The questions, more intimately than any others connected with the problem of reducing crime, are the questions of capital and labor, and their consideration demands the largest intelligence and the true moral spirit.

On Thursday evening, May 2nd, J. J. Morse gave a "special chamber lecture," at the residence of Mrs. F. Mullhauser, in Cleveland, for the benefit of the hospital fund for women and children. The tickets were sold at one dollar, and nearly one hundred dollars was cleared, it is reported. Mr. Morse has the thanks of the citizens of Cleveland for his generosity in taking the long trip for the express purpose, and without compensation.

## The Editor's Outing,

CONCLUDED.

I reached Philadelphia on a Saturday afternoon; and a hearty welcome to their comfortably appointed home from Dr. and Mrs. Westbrook made me realize that I was once more in the "City of Brotherly Love." By the way, the Westbrooks are both doctors, one of divinity and the other of medicine. Mrs. Westbrook having graduated some years ago with high honors from the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She undertook this severe course of training after reaching forty years of age in order to be the better qualified to do charitable work, and of more practical benefit to the world about her, and not for the purposes of a livelihood, that being already amply provided for. The Westbrooks have been rational Spiritualists for many years, but not devoted to the cause in a sectarian way; feeling that the world is large and that their work should not be hampered by any narrow lines of thought or action. With ample means, and leisure for study as well as for philanthropic activities, their opportunities for doing good are very great, and have been well improved.

Dr. Westbrook is a fine, dignified looking man; in appearance reminding one strongly of Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Collyer; indeed, he used to be taken for Beecher quite frequently, though a man of somewhat less stalwart physique than was the great pulpiteer. His mind is analytical and critical, ever on the alert to get at the root of things; and his nature is naturally religious, which gives the trend to his scientific studies. Like many another who has made his mark in the world, Dr. Westbrook began life on a farm; and he has cause to thank fortune that a rural life gave him a physical training which now in his seventieth year stays by him with such kindly persistency as to make his step as elastic, his form as erect and all the bodily functions as perfect in their working as when in the flower of youth he mastered the obstacles which beset farm life. Licensed as a Methodist preacher at nineteen, he withdrew from that church in 1852, after a successful ministry, taking with him the respect and good will of that sect and joining the Presbyterian ranks. In 1854 he was made Secretary of the American Sunday School Union and removed to Philadelphia, remaining there until 1861. He received the honorary degree of D. D. from Washington College. He retired from the secretaryship because he felt he could not be a successful investigator and advocate of truth, while dependent upon those to whom he might minister for daily bread. He removed to New York, entered the law department of the N. Y. University, received the degree of LL. B., and before graduation was, in 1863, admitted to the bar of that state. Gradually but very naturally Dr. Westbrook came into Spiritualism. He has always been broad, liberal and tolerant; recognizing that no one sect or party has a monopoly of truth and that different mental temperaments require different ailments. He is the author of several books having a popular sale and is now engaged upon a work of profound research relating to the origin of Christianity and Comparative Religions.

DR. WESTBROOK AND THE SECULAR UNION.

Some two or three years ago Dr. Westbrook established in Philadelphia a Free Religious Lectureship, receiving no compensation and paying all the bills himself, a course which seems to especially please Spiritualists and Liberalists generally, by the way. Through this and his writings for the press on liberal religious topics he attracted the attention of the promoters of the American Secular Union—formerly known as the National Liberal League. This movement, started by such able men as Francis E. Abbott, B. F. Underwood and others for the distinctive purpose of promoting Secularization, and posited on "The Nine Demands of Liberalism" as formulated by its founders, was, as the JOURNAL's older readers will recall, wrecked by D. M. Bennett and others who had no conception of the high aims and broad, unsectarian purposes of its originators. After vainly endeavoring to make a success out of it by prostituting the concern to mere sectarian warfare against Christianity, and by trying to sail their ship with wind stolen and coaxed from Col. Ingersoll, the managers were, at their last annual convention, attacked by a spasm of common sense and decency. While under the influence of this abnormal state they elected Dr. Westbrook President of their "Secular Union" without consulting him. Upon notification he declined to accept unless upon terms which, apparently at least, make him the supreme dictator of the policy and methods of the body.

Believing that Dr. Westbrook had allied himself with this "Union" without adequate acquaintance with its history, I so expressed myself. In reply he said, in substance, that he knew little of its personnel, but felt there was imminent need of a strong and aggressive movement for State secularization, and in this belief he had consented to act. He had no sympathy with materialism, which under guise of secularism was exploiting its doctrines and fighting religion, but thoroughly endorsed the original "Nine Demands of Liberalism," and should bend his energies to bring the "Union" strictly within the field originally intended by Abbott and Underwood, and to discourage all sectarian spirit, and all warfare upon religion. Should Dr. Westbrook succeed in galvanizing the moribund "Union" into a healthy life, and in restoring it to its original and legitimate work, he will command the admiration and hearty co-operation of thousands who now will have nothing to do with it.

Well, here I have wandered off again; but



maybe it is as well to have had my word on this matter.

On a raw, gray Sunday morning Dr. Westbrook piloted me to the hall of the 1st Spiritualist Society, where I saw many familiar faces and was greeted by many old friends. It transpired that Mrs. Twing was the Society's lecturer for April, and I was glad to meet her once more. Mr. Benner who presides at these meetings courteously took me in charge and insisted that I should address the audience at the conclusion of Mrs. Twing's lecture. Mrs. Twing is a test medium and relies upon this feature in her meetings largely for creating an interest. Her speech on this morning was a plain, unpretentious effort, replete with homely sense and good advice, though it could hardly be dignified with the name of lecture or address. The pleasant feature of it was that she did not labor under the mistaken notion that she was qualified to deliver a set discourse. Her frankness and simplicity disarmed all criticism. The burden of her thought was that Spiritualists ought to lead better lives than people less well informed; and that they should always have their eyes open when investigating phenomena. At the conclusion of her remarks and after Mr. Benner's introduction, in which he emphatically stated that the platform was a free one, one on which a speaker was expected to frankly expose his views with the assurance of respectful hearing, I followed briefly, drawing my theme from the remarks of the regular speaker. Among other things, I said: "While I know that all the various phenomena claimed for Spiritualism are realities; that they have occurred time and again, and are now being witnessed at times, yet I also feel sure that a vast proportion of what passes current as spirit manifestation is not what it is alleged to be. There is not in this country to-day a single cabinet show, or materialization exhibition, that is entitled to the confidence of the public." It seems that this portion of my remarks stirred up considerable discussion. It is apparently impossible for one to state his position, however painstaking he may be in clearly formulating exactly what he means, without being misrepresented by some and misunderstood by others, and this instance seems to have been no exception. An old-time contributor to the Spiritualist press who writes under the pen name of Norman Leander, and who does not credit materialization, drew an argument from my language to support his views, and then expressed himself in *Alegone*. Whereupon Mr. Badington, the sapient editor of that ten-times-a-year sheet, assumes to know my mind and to pre-empt opinions upon that assumption; as usual his assumption is that of ignorance. But he is such a mild-mannered and smooth-tongued meddler that I never can find it in my heart to deal with him as vigorously as with some others.

"Jupiter Ammon! but she sits her saddle like a queen. You just ought to see her on that magnificent Kentucky horse. He is a mettlesome beast, too, but thoroughly trained. And isn't she an expert horsewoman though?" This was the first outbreak of enthusiasm I had heard from Curtis in several days. He broke in upon me with the robustness of a Dakota blizzard, and threw the above sentences at me in jerks, just as I was trying to compose my mind to rest with a psychological sedative after listening to the sad, sad tale of a chronic wonder monger who had loaned money to a vendor of commercial Spiritualism, and wanted I should force the scamp to pay. Curtis's interruption proved more effective than my own remedy and I exclaimed: "What are you talking about? Where've you been wandering?"

"Why, I've been watching Mrs. Westbrook put her thousand-dollar horse through his gaits. She is the finest woman rider I ever saw outside of the annex to Barnum's 'Great Moral Show.'"

This was the first intimation I had received that my tall, graceful, quiet hostess was an expert horsewoman. I had credited her with intellectual ability, fine culture, moral courage, tenacity of purpose, and qualities which shine so beautifully both in the home and in philanthropic work; I knew, too, that she must under that quiet demeanor conceal a reserve of "nerve," else she never had stood the ordeal of the dissecting room; but to find as I soon did that she was a dashing and fearless horsewoman was a pleasant surprise. Discovering my fondness for fine horses Dr. Westbrook invited me for a drive through Fairmount Park behind his span of thoroughbreds. Suffice it to say, we took nobody's dust in the twenty miles' drive; and if the Doctor proves as great a success in guiding the "Secular Union" free of mudholes and away from the dust of materialism I shall be ready to join forces with him; and if he don't I shall always have the memory of that ride to refresh me. Curtis felt rather chagrined to think the trotting wagon had only room for two, but he consoled himself like a philosopher.

"Now do be consistent and sensible; either call a carriage, or doff that evening suit! You've got a severe cold now, and if you go in a horse car with that rig on you will run the risk of pneumonia before morning. We can't afford a carriage; we are reformers. Reformers should walk, or at most, be content with a democratic street car. A gentleman will always consider the circumstances, and will not think it in bad form if we appear at his table respectably clad."

This was Curtis's next onslaught, which he poured down upon me on a Monday evening just as we were preparing to dine and spend the evening with Horace Howard

Furness. With that meekness and humility of which we read but seldom witness, I silently recognized the wisdom of my companion's brusque words and quietly made the exchange, while mentally disclaiming all desire to pose as a reformer or missionist of any sort.

#### AN EVENING WITH DR. FURNESS.

I had never before met Dr. Furness, though familiar with his name in connection with his great Shakespearean work, and, too, feeling well acquainted through years of correspondence. I found him the polished, well-bred gentleman I had expected, with vastly more downright goodness of heart and tender sympathy with struggling humanity than is usually witnessed in such men. Indeed, I've rarely met a man so keenly alive to human needs and sorrows, and so anxious to forward every effort to carry the world to higher ground and nobler endeavor. He lives in a large, old-fashioned house filled with that home like hospitable air so pleasant to feel, so difficult to analyze and put in words. At dinner I was seated on his left, the better to accommodate his hearing which is quite impaired, the remainder of the company consisted of two sons just out of college, a young daughter of fourteen, Miss Logan, a member of the household—and Curtis, of course. Miss Logan with true courtesy and woman's adroitness soon began to draw Curtis out with inquiries about the West. She evidently inspired him with more loquacity than is his wont, for to my astonishment he was soon telling stories of his experiences and of life in Dakota, Colorado and elsewhere. Some of his statements were so astounding—though I knew them to be true—that Miss Logan requested me to repeat them to Mr. Furness, who has never been farther west than Pittsburgh. One in particular, struck them all as quite novel. It was that Curtis had seen several years ago, at Worthington, Minnesota, a steam flouring mill, with an hundred barrel per day capacity, which was run with hay for fuel; and that cook stoves were frequently heated with hay in the same region. I gently trod on Curtis's foot as a hint that he had better refrain from further experiences, fearing lest he might be thought one of those story-telling westerners whose yarns are to be taken *cum grano salis*.

Seated after dinner in the Doctor's fine library, surrounded by numerous mementoes of Shakespeare, the shelves loaded with the great poet's works in every modern language, we discussed somewhat the subject of psychic research and the phenomena of Spiritualism. Dr. Furness is very hearty in sympathy, I think, with the claims of modern Spiritualists as to the continuity of life and the ability of spirits to manifest. I believe that could he witness what he felt to be genuine spirit manifestations he would be glad to proclaim the fact up and down the streets of his own city. I regret that the style adopted by him in preparing the report of the Seybert Commission has led Spiritualists generally to think him flippant and not in real earnest. I still more regret that Henry Seybert did not have more sense than to leave a bequest to a university whose managers were totally ignorant of the first step necessary to insure success in an investigation of psychic phenomena. In my opinion, Henry Seybert is primarily responsible for the miscarriage of his intention, and that when he has been long enough in the Spirit-world to outgrow some of his self-love and rid himself of certain idiosyncrasies he will awaken to a realization of how he shirked his plain duty and how much he retarded the very cause he should have helped in his life-time here, rather than to have delegated the task to others after his departure. SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE AND GLOVES.

Among other objects of interest shown me by Dr. Furness was a section of the mulberry tree that once stood in front of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, and a pair of stage gloves once owned and worn by the bard of Avon; both relics are fully authenticated and carefully preserved in glass cases. A cane once the property of Garrick hangs upon the wall, and all about are souvenirs of great actors and actresses. Curtis declares that he actually felt the presence of Shakespeare as he wandered about the room inspecting these links which connect the past with the present. And what Spiritualist will deny that he might not?

On Tuesday we pulled out for Washington, where after a couple of pleasant but very quiet days, our faces were turned homeward. There were many items personal and impersonal that came under notice which I would like to mention in connection with Washington and intervening points between there and Chicago, but these rambling notes have already reached unexpected length, and the pressing imperative duties of the office oblige me to bring them to an abrupt ending.

J. C. B.

#### "Secret Doctrine."

A correspondent in this issue of the JOURNAL calls attention to the fact that some of our correspondents "have been hard on Mme. Blavatsky," and for this reason asks that we publish the "Summing up" of her book bearing the above title. The position assumed by Mme. Blavatsky in theosophical circles and the claims she puts forward as the leader of this form of thought entitles her to attention; but she, like all other representative characters, must pass the crucial test for uprightness of life and for her bearing towards the world she is commissioned to serve. Like nature, human nature is critical; it hates sham and will not tolerate hypocrisy. It will forgive weakness and mistake if it sees a sincere desire to repent and to reform. The laws of justice

and right are eternal and are in the very constitution of things. They are not conventional, as many in these days suppose. Theosophists know, or should know, what Karma means. It is not to be whipped out of existence by some spasmodic exercise of mercy. To be "forgiven" we must not only "repent," but we must quit sinning and learn to do well. This is the basis of American ethics at any rate.

#### A Lamb's Last Gambol.

Washington Irving Bishop is dead. Wine, women, cocaine, preachers and actors prove at last too much for this man of strange celebration and phenomenal career. Stricken with hysterical catalepsy at 4 o'clock in the morning, he ceases to breathe eight hours later. On Sunday night last he attended the monthly "Gambol" of the Lambs' Club in New York, and was one of the fun promoters who helped "make a night of it." While performing a feat in mind reading in the gray dawn of Monday morning he was taken ill, and carried to an upper room. He recovered shortly and persisted in completing the feat and while in the act was seized with spasms and soon began sinking. Thus ends in a sensational way a sensational career. Probably no man in America was ever so petted by the clergy as Bishop. In years past he never failed to secure their attendance in large numbers at his show, where he always gave them seats on the stage and "worked" them for all the game was worth in filling his till. He always counted these pious deadheads his most profitable advertising, and they were always willing to pose for him. Anything to beat Spiritualism! He possessed remarkable psychical powers, unlimited audacity and considerable talent as a sleight-of-hand performer. In the language of his clerical friends, "He has gone to his reward."

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

J. J. Morse's address until the 27th of May, is 103 F street N. E., Washington, D. C.

*Lucifer* for April has a good table of contents. Price, forty cents a number.

Lyman C. Howe will lecture at 104 22nd St. next Sunday evening at 7:45. Subject: "Theosophy."

The *Theosophist* for April is ready for its numerous readers. It has a variety of excellent reading matter. Price, fifty cents a number.

Mrs. T. L. Hansen, the medium, has removed to 24 Bishop Court, between Madison street and Washington boulevard, where, in pleasant quarters, she will be pleased to see her patrons.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing closed a satisfactory April engagement in Philadelphia, and is now filling another for May in Albany, N. Y., where she may be addressed at 57 Washington avenue.

Mrs. Buchanan, the well known psychometrist and wife of Prof. Jos. Rodas Buchanan, 6 James street, Boston, has been suffering from nervous prostration, but we are glad to hear is now greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is writing for the *Woman's Tribune*, "Reminiscences," which, at the end of the year, will be published in a volume. At seventy-three, her pen has lost none of its force. She writes as vigorously and charmingly as ever, and with as much interest in the questions of the day. She writes that she recently took "A leap of 1,500 miles from Omaha to Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y., where she will enjoy the sea breezes during the summer. Her correspondents will please take notice of her present address.

A number of clergymen who gave addresses on the occasion of the centennial of the inauguration of Washington, were unable to resist the temptation, while praising the other Revolutionary heroes, to slur Paine and try to increase the unreasoning prejudice against him. How much better it would have been if these clergymen had risen to a position high enough to speak in terms of commendation even of the "infidel's" patriotic devotion and faithful service to America. Why could they not have said a word of Paine's writings in favor of independence?

A testimonial concert has been tendered Mary Shelton Woodhead by a goodly number of well-known citizens who are lovers of ballad music, to take place on the evening of May 28th at Kimball Hall, 245 State St. Most of our city readers have heard Miss Woodhead's rendering of Scotch ballads, either at our residence or in the public, and will, no doubt, be glad of a chance to show their appreciation and desire to encourage this rising young singer. Tickets 50 cents, and they may be had of A. C. McClurg & Co., S. A. Maxwell & Co., Dale & Sempills' Drug Store, or from the secretaries of the various Scottish societies.

We are glad to note in Judge Dailey's letter about Lake Pleasant that Madame La Plongeon has been engaged to lecture. She is a cultivated woman, of rare gifts, and thoroughly familiar with a field of research which should attract the earnest attention of Spiritualists and all who seek to learn of the early history of the world and its religions. She should be secured by every Spiritualist camp in the country for a series of lectures. Such an engagement would add greatly to the interest and profit of these summer gatherings. Madame La Plongeon may be addressed in care of Hon. A. H. Dailey, 16 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioner's Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report and the Review of the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents, for sale here.

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Dentists to clean false teeth. Engineers to clean parts of machines. Housemaids to scrub the marble floors. Painters to clean off surfaces. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Ministers to renovate old chapels. Chemists to remove some stains. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Confectioners to scour their pans. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Artists to clean their palettes. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Hostlers on brasses and white horses. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.

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#### WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE:

1888.

#### ADDENDUM

To a Review in 1887 of the

**Seybert Commissioner's Report.**

—BY—

A. B. RICHMOND.

The object of this Addendum, the author states, is to add cumulative evidence to the facts and conclusions narrated in the first Review of the Seybert Commissioner's Report.

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## THE LIGHT OF EGYPT OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

### IN TWO PARTS

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#### PREFACE.

The reasons which have induced the writer to undertake the responsibility of presenting a purely occult treatise to the world, are briefly as follows:

For nearly twenty years the writer has been deeply engaged in investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and, as the results of these mystical labors were considered to be of great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to condense, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a series of lessons for private occult study. This has now been ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realized in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient Egypt and Chaldea, and thus giving a brief epitome of Hermetic philosophy. (The term Hermetic is here used in its true sense of sealed or secret.)

Having served their original purpose, external circumstances have compelled their preparation for a much wider circle of minds. The chief reason urging to this step was the strenuous efforts now being systematically put forth to poison the budding spirituality of the western mind, and to fasten upon it, as a mediumistic mentality, the subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Re-incarnation, as taught by the sacerdotalisms of the decaying Orient.

From the foregoing statement it will be seen that this work is issued with a definite purpose, namely, to explain the true spiritual connection between God and man, the soul and the stars, and to reveal the real truths of both Karma and Re-incarnation as they actually exist in nature, stripped of all priestly interpretation. The definite statements made in regard to these subjects are absolute facts, in so far as embodied man can understand them through the symbolism of human language, and the writer defies contradiction by any living authority who possesses the spiritual right to say, "I know."

During these twenty years of personal intercourse with the exalted minds of those who constitute the brethren of light, the fact was revealed that long ages ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul as well as the real secrets of its own theosophy. As a race, they have been, and still are, travelling the descending arc of their racial cycle, whereas the western race have been slowly working their way upward through matter upon the ascending arc. Already it has reached the equator of its mental and spiritual development. Therefore the writer does not fear the ultimate results of the occult knowledge put forth in the present work, during this, the great mental crisis of the race.

Having explained the actual causes which impelled the writer to undertake this responsibility, it is also necessary to state most emphatically that does not wish to convey the impression to the reader's mind that the Orient is destitute of spiritual truth. On the contrary, every genuine student of occult lore is justly proud of the snow-white locks of old Hindustan, and thoroughly appreciates the wondrous stores of mystical knowledge concealed within the astral vortexes of the Hindu branch of the Aryan race. In India, probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study. But alas! it is not a progressive study.

The descending arc of their spiritual force keeps them bound to the dogmas, traditions and externalisms of the decaying past, whose real secrets they can not now penetrate. The ever living truths concealed beneath the symbols in the astral light are hidden from their view by the setting sun of their spiritual cycle. Therefore, the writer only desires to impress upon the reader's candid mind, the fact that his earnest effort is to expose that particular section of Buddhist Theosophy (esoteric so called), that would fasten the cramping shackles of theological dogma upon the rising genius of the western race. It is the *Celestial Oriental* as some against which his efforts are directed, and not the race nor the mediumistic individuals who uphold and support them; for "omnia vincit veritas" is the life motto of

THE AUTHOR.

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of the well on top of the tusk, but, fancying afterward that the water had a queer taste, filled the hole up. Recently some people of a scientific bent unearthed the farmer's find. It proved to be seven feet long. It is very brittle, but pieces broken from it are susceptible of a very high polish and resonance.



On the evening of May 20, 1866, the citizens of Boston celebrated the repeal of the stamp act by hanging 108 lanterns on the old Liberty tree on Essex street. One of the lanterns, which, according to the inscription, was hung on the west bough, opposite Frog in the Hat, has been in the hands of the ever since, and has just been presented to the Bostonian Society by the widow and children of the late Joseph H. Munemann, of Roxbury.

A large cover of partridge flew into Cuthbert, Ga., and became terribly demoralized. They got scattered and completely bewildered. Two of them flew into the residence of the editor of the *Liberal* and one was captured. The other escaped through a window. They seemed to be crazed by the surroundings and would fly against houses, fences or anything that stood before them.

A Japanese tattooer who has lately set up in business at Hong Kong is so artistic in his work that he is said to have an income of about six thousand dollars a year. An English prince and an English peer have been among his patrons. He tattooed the arm of the former, and on the body of the latter reproduced scenes from Japanese history. English ladies have also sought his artistic services.

A few days ago Isaac Newman and wife, two Indiana pioneers, died at Peru, Ind., within twenty-four hours. In searching the house afterward for valuables, a son of the couple found beneath a false bottom in an old bureau \$7,000 in money, jewels and clothing. Newman told his son that he had a small sum in the bureau for expense, and it was not suspected that the couple had so much money in their possession.

There is a young married lady in Elberton, Ga., who is a snake charmer. She has no fear of these reptiles, and will capture with her hands any snake that she finds in the woods, and has tamed several of them for petting. She captured a large one that seized her hand. This lady did not experience any trouble from its fangs and continued her sport of capturing them. She seems to have a strange power over reptiles, and it is seldom that they offer any resistance.

Aphasia in a most extraordinary form is at present under treatment by Dr. Charles A. French, aged sixty, learned English through being seven years in America, and then Spanish after his marriage with a Spanish woman. He lost the command of these languages in the inverse order. First he was unable to speak Spanish, then English went from him, and lastly his native tongue, French. The affliction was described by the hearing of the third left lobe of the brain, and by methodical practice in conversation he regained his normal ability, recovering the languages in the order of French, English and Spanish.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Captain Ingram, who was recently killed by an elephant in South Africa, some time before his death unwound the cere cloth of an Egyptian mummy. Inside he discovered a tablet which, when translated, was found to prophesy that the person who profaned the clothes would die a violent death within three months of his sacrilegious act and his bones be scattered to the winds. Within the prescribed time the threat or prophecy came true. Captain Ingram was killed in South Africa, and only his thigh bone remained to attest his fate.

#### AN OPEN QUESTION.

#### Is Harrison a Descendant of Pocahontas?

It is popularly believed that President Harrison is descended from Pocahontas and from the Parliamentary soldier and regicide General Thomas Harrison, who was executed in 1660.

Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan, manifested a friendship for the early white settlers of Virginia when she was but a girl. The story of how she saved the life of Captain John Smith, who had been captured and was about to be killed, is well known. On several occasions, made known to the settlers their danger when about to be attacked—is well known to all acquainted with the early history of America. Her subsequent marriage with John Rolfe, an Englishman—her removal to England where a son, Walter, was born from whom numerous wealthy families of Virginia claim descent—is the basis of the opinion that President Harrison is one of her descendants.

Whether this be true or not it is, however, well known that President Harrison is a descendant of a noted family distinguished alike in peace and war. The name of Harrison is already indelibly written upon the pages of American history, for General Wm. Henry Harrison—the ninth President of the United States—was the grandfather of Gen. Ben. Harrison.

The election of another member of the Harrison family is but another proof of the prevailing disposition of the public to return to the old and tried tradition of public affairs so characteristic of the earlier years of government. A similar desire has been manifested for a revival of early manners and customs in many various ways, of which mention in particular can be made of the prevailing demand for those old time preparations which were so successfully employed in the prevention and cure of the cold and ailments which frequented the early log-cabin homes.

After much inquiry and research a noted manufacturer has procured the original methods used in their preparation and again under the name of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, the public is possessed of those well-known preparations for the cure of coughs, colds, consumption in its early stages, blood disorders, catarrh, dyspepsia, debility, and other common disorders.

Notwithstanding the large amount of time, attention and expense which the manufacture of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies has cost, the reputation as the only remedy for the prevention and cure of kidney diseases being world-wide—the manufacturer is resolved to push the merit of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla to the front because of its splendid blood purifying properties and great value as a household remedy and spring-time system restorer.

Pocahontas, during her life-long friendship for the white settlers of Virginia, besides her many acts of kindness, is said to have contributed much valuable information to the log cabin home concerning the successful methods employed by the Indians in the treatment of disease and it matters little whether the alleged relationship between her and the President be true or not for the name of Pocahontas is already immortal.

Our Heredity from God, by E. P. Powell, shows the latest bearings of science on such questions as God and Immortality. Mr. Powell believes that science is at last affording us a demonstration of our existence beyond death. The book is also a careful epitome of the whole argument for evolution.

Dr. Stockwell, author of "The Evolution of Immortality," writes: "I am thrilled, uplifted and almost entranced by it. It is just such a book as I felt was coming, must come."

Science's voice over a column to it, and says: "One does not always open a book treating on the moral aspects of evolution with an anticipation of pleasure or instruction."

Statuology, or Artificial Somnambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism by Wm. Baker Farnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commission. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

D. D. Home's Life and Mission is as popular as when first from the press and it is well worth the price it has received. The career of a remarkable medium like D. D. Home should be familiar to all students of the spiritual philosophy and occult students generally. Cloth, plain \$2.00; gilt, \$2.25. For sale at this office.

The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ is the significant title of a most valuable work by Dr. Anna B. Kingford and Edward Maitland. It is a fitting and lasting monument to the memory of Dr. Kingford, so lately passed to a higher life. The work is adapted to all creeds, as the Theosophists claim it as theirs; the Christian Scientists admit their reading is not complete without it, as they find many truths in its pages, and Spiritualists and Liberalists have discovered much that is convincing and corroborating in the facts and statements. Price, \$2.00; postage, fifteen cents extra. This edition is a facsimile of the one which costs \$4.00. For sale at this office.

The bones of a mastodon were unearthed on the farm of C. C. Tremble, near Windfall, Ind. One of the teeth was seven inches long and six inches in diameter, and a tusk of the monstrous animal measured nine feet. When the air at the bones they crumbled to pieces, and but a few of them were saved.

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## Secret Doctrine.

(Continued from First Page.)

pleased with a sacrifice, and is more despotically in his vanity than any finite foolish man. Man, as shown in Book II., being a compound of the essences of all those celestial hierarchies, may succeed in making himself, as such, superior, in one sense, to any hierarchy or class, or even combination of them. "Man can neither propitiate nor command the Devas," it is said. But by paralyzing his lower personality, and arriving thereby at the full knowledge of the non-separateness of his higher self from the one absolute Self, man can, even during his terrestrial life, become as "one of us." Thus it is, by eating of the fruit of knowledge which dispels ignorance, that man becomes like one of the Elohim or the Dhyanis; and once on their plane the spirit of solidarity and perfect harmony, which reigns in every hierarchy, must extend over him and protect him in every particular.

The chief difficulty which prevents men of science from believing in divine as well as in nature spirits, is their materialism. The main impediment before the Spiritualist, which hinders him from believing in the same, while preserving a blind belief in the "spirits" of the departed, is the general ignorance of all, except some Occultists and Kabbalists, about the true essence and nature of matter. It is on the acceptance or rejection of the theory of the unity of all in nature, in its ultimate essence, that mainly rests the belief or unbelief in the existence around us of other conscious beings besides the spirits of the dead. It is on the right comprehension of the primeval evolution of spirit matter and its real essence that the student has to depend for the further elucidation in his mind of the occult cosmogony, and for the only sure clue which can guide his subsequent studies.

In sober truth, as just shown, every "spirit" so-called, is either a disembodied or a future man. As from the highest archangel (Dhyan Chohan) down to the last conscious "builder" (the inferior class of spiritual entities), all such are men, having lived aeons ago, in other Manvantaras, on this or other spheres; so the inferior semi-intelligent and non-intelligent elements are all future men. That fact alone—that a spirit is endowed with intelligence—is a proof to the occultist that that being must have been a man, and acquired his knowledge and intelligence through the human cycle. There is but one indivisible and absolute omniscience and intelligence in the universe, and this thrills throughout every atom and infinitesimal point of the whole finite kosmos which had no bounds, and which people call space, considered independently of anything contained in it. But the first differentiation of its reflection in the manifested world is purely spiritual, and the beings generated in it are not endowed with a consciousness that has any relation to the one we conceive of. They can have no human consciousness or intelligence before they have acquired such personally and individually. This may be a mystery, yet it is a fact in esoteric philosophy, and a very apparent one too.

The whole order of nature evinces a progressive march towards a higher life. There is design in the action of the seemingly blindest force. The whole process of evolution with its endless adaptations is a proof of this. The immutable laws that weed out the weak and feeble species, to make room for the strong, and which insure the "survival of the fittest," though so cruel in their immediate action—all are working toward the good end; the very fact that adaptations do occur, that the fittest do survive in the struggle for existence, shows that what is called "unconscious nature" is in reality an aggregate of forces manipulated by semi-intelligent beings (Elementals) guided by high planetary spirits (Dhyan Chohan), whose collective aggregate forms the manifested verbum of the unmanifested logos, and constitutes at one and the same time the mind of the universe and its immutable law.

Three distinct representations of the universe in its three distinct aspects are impressed upon our thought by the esoteric philosophy: the pre-existing (evolved from) the ever-existing, and the phenomenal—the world of illusion, the reflection, and shadow thereof. During the great mystery and drama of life known as the Manvantara, real kosmos is like the object placed behind the white screen upon which are thrown the Chinese shadows, called forth by the magic lantern. The actual figures and things remain invisible, while the wires of evolution are pulled by unseen hands; and more things are but the reflections on the white field, of the realities behind the snares of Mahmaya, or the great illusion. This was taught in every philosophy, in every religion, ante, as well as post diluvian, in India and Chaldea, by the Chinese and the Grecian sages. In the former countries these three universes were allegorized in esoteric teachings, by the three trinities emanating from the central eternal germ, and forming with it a supreme unity: the initial, the manifested and the Creative Triad, or the three in One. The last is but the symbol in its concrete expression, of the first ideal two. Hence esoteric philosophy passes over the necessitarianism of this purely metaphysical conception, and calls the first one only the ever-existing. This is the view of every one of the six great schools of Indian philosophy—the six principles of that unit body of wisdom of which the "gnosis" the hidden knowledge, is the seventh. (*The Secret Doctrine*, pp. 272 to 278.)

\* Nature, taken in its abstract sense, cannot be "unconscious," as it is an emanation from, and thus an aspect (on the manifested plane) of the Absolute Consciousness. What is that daring man who would presume to deny to vegetation and even to minerals a consciousness of their own? All he can say is, that this consciousness is beyond his comprehension.

## The Christian Passover.

"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

The Christian world cherishes as its most joyful anniversary, next to Christmas itself, the church festival which commemorates Christ's resurrection. It occurs, usually, for us who dwell in the northern hemisphere, at a time when earth and air are filled with glad testimonies to the reality of the beautiful annual miracle of nature's own resurrection, and its appeal is strengthened by this great natural symbol. Nature speaks in symbols, wherefore not the God of nature, of heaven and earth? For the law of correspondence, proclaimed by Swedenborg, clouded or distorted as it may be by religious proclivities of the great seer, is universal in its scope. It may not be unlikely found, in a finer life than ours, to furnish the method of conveying thought—even as Jesus employed it in teaching, by using the form of parables. It is particularly effective in Nature's own proclamation of immortality; and Bishop Butler, "the Bacon of theology," argued in his own deep way to show that the analogy between the principles of

divine government as revealed in the scriptures and those manifested in the course of nature, is enough to warrant the conclusion that they have a common origin. The spiritual significance of the world's awakening, out of winter's death, makes its own appeal, to heart and reason, without the aid of pulp arguments.

And the idea that for every one of us there is another life, beyond these fleeting scenes of time, seems to be a growing, increasing conviction, in spite of the great tide of materialism which has threatened to engulf our modern civilization, extinguish the Christian light, and sweep it down. An opposite and thought compelling power is at work, to arrest the materialistic movement, and dissipate the great shadow it has wrought. It is as if two unseen forces were battling for supremacy, and as if the powers of light and life had been sent in the very time when, for the sake of human hope and progress on earth, they were most sorely needed; for the accepted religious and theological teaching has shown itself wholly unable to cope with the modern Sadduceism. It is needed some vital spark of heavenly quickening, a revival, even if it be a less mighty one, of the spiritual forces and pentecostal manifestations of the simple early Christianity, which, being still near in time to Christ, had not yet become obscured in a showy and ever-growing body of external ceremonial forms.

Our boasted civilization of the nineteenth century has been tending fast towards that state of moral and spiritual decadence which St. Paul encountered at Ephesus—and which he also met with wherever he traveled. In such a juncture some power greater than man's seems to be needed, to arrest the backward sweep. New York's famous rector of All Souls' Church, Heber Newton, in a recent remarkable paper in the *New York Herald*—a letter which the *Herald* approves—has presented reasons for believing that mankind to-day are, as of old, in many instances holding communion with the dwellers of the Spirit-world. His belief is that the pool of human thought and life is "troubled" to-day, as of old in the market-place of Jerusalem, by a beneficent angelic force. The *Herald*, in an editorial article approving the rector's view, makes these observations:

There may be an admixture of fraud in the proclamation of these truths, as there may be a seam of lead in a block of gold. We are too prudent to throw the pound of gold away because of the ounce of lead that defaces it, however small. We should be equally unready to sneer at a great truth because it is associated with a group of errors.

The advent of Christ was preceded and accompanied by incidents astounding enough to be discredited by modern science, which inexorably substitutes demonstration for faith, and is too apt to reject what it cannot test with acids. And again: Faith in the supernatural creates character. The grandest conceivable qualities are its natural product. Under its tuition men and women win martyrdom with a smile and all the latent magnificence of human nature is developed. Well, admit if you please that the supernatural is a delusion and a snare, a scientific sham, with no basis of fact on which to rest. Then it follows that the most prodigious falsehood can make men nobler, purer, truer, and more patriotic than the truth, and is infinitely preferable to—the truth. Indeed, the truth is the most undesirable thing in the universe, because it is the most depressing; it slams the door in the face of hope, chills the heart of faith and leaves one with the gayeties of the world and—out of darkness. On the other hand, this beneficent falsehood is the source of inspiration, it draws on the grass the bow in the sky, the impelling force of civilization, and the supreme consolation of severed ties.

That is true. And it is no less effective because it may be based on a misconception of God's inviolable laws, by mistaking for something "supernatural" the harmonious operations of natural laws, in the temporary suspensions of a lower by a higher law. We suspend, by the interposition of spiritual power, such familiar laws as the attraction of gravitation, every day. There are unquestionably higher laws of which none of us here are brought into conscious contact, hence we talk of miracles and the supernatural. The *Herald's* remark is forcible, and the Easter-tide is the right time for saying it with especial meaning. St. Paul expressed the spirit of the joy-bells and glad anthems of Easter when he proclaimed the sublime truth that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He was a seer, like many others, but greater than most; yet his impressive experience narrated in II. Corinthians, xii., 4, has been shared by others, who were "out of the body" as effectually as he was. One such case, in recent times, was that of the Rev. William Tennent, a New Jersey divine of the last century, who had been tortured by harassing doubts of the reality of a future life. While conversing in Latin with his brother, Mr. Tennent faintly dead away, and lay for days in such a deathlike trance, that nothing but the persistent importunities of his doctor (a near personal friend) availed to postpone the funeral. The sunken eyes, discolored lips, and rigid deathlike appearance continuing, the funeral was finally ordered (on the third day) to proceed, in spite of the doctor's earnest entreaties, and it was only when the services had actually begun, that the corpse opened its eyes, gave a terrible groan, and sank back again into apparent death. This put an end to all idea of burying him, and he was at length resuscitated, and lived for many years, becoming noted as an effective preacher—but never, after that experience, did he doubt the reality of a future life! Like Paul, he said he had seen and heard things unutterable, and he longed to exchange his renewed earthly life for the glories of the life of the Spirit-world into which he had been intromitted. His deep groan, he said, was caused by his perception that he was again entering the darkened life of earth. His visit to the spirit spheres had obliterated his knowledge of books, and he had to begin and learn anew everything, even to read; but he held all this as naught, in view of the transcendent importance and glory of the other life, and never cared to converse on subjects not related to that.

Other cases like this have occurred, and are seemingly as well authenticated. It all brings Paul's experience nearer home to us, and lends added interest to the commemoration of Easter, as the celebration of a sublime truth—to which the choiring angels looked, when to the shepherds they brought the glad tidings of great joy, which shall be "to all people." Peter, James and John had the testimony of their own senses to the sublime reality of the life immortal, when on the Mount of Transfiguration they saw Moses and Elias talking with Jesus, whose "face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." The scriptures, indeed, are filled with the records of occurrences which are in line with the modern manifestations referred to by the Rev. Heber Newton; and thousands who once discredited the Bible narratives, now know how to understand and accept them.

There is no reason to believe that these gifts have ever been wholly lost. All history, ancient and modern, is marked by occurrences of the evidences of the truth of spirit existence, and the power of the disembodied, though invisible, as a

rule, to earthly sight, to manifest their presence, in various ways, to the dwellers in earth-life. The truth—like itself—is never destroyed. Emerson says:

"One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost."

It is a significant circumstance that this awakening idea of the other life seems to recognize the probability that it is very near to this life. The apostle recognized this nearness; and he recognized also the diversity of spiritual gifts, or manifestations; whether it was the gift of prophecy, or the speaking in unknown tongues, or of healing the sick—all of which powers have been manifested, with a hundred more, in these later times—he recognized the spiritual origin of the gift. "There are so many kinds of voices in the world," he said, "and none of them is without signification." All sound the inspiring notes of

The times of Music's golden era  
Setting toward eternity.

And the sum of life, after all has been accounted in the final figuring, sustains the poet's conclusion:

For though the Giant Ages heave the hill,  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make the break, and work their will;  
Thou' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?

And what other occasion is so uplifting to the soul, so gladdening to the heart of man, as the joyous church festival which celebrates the sublime truth of a continual life for man, beyond the present?—Editorial in the *Hartford (Ct.) Daily Times*.

## Gurley on Rowley.

In the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I desire at this time not only to thank you for the kind appreciation you have shown for my efforts, but to tender my congratulations for the able manner in which you have sustained your world-wide reputation as an investigator. I shall take this opportunity of reviewing the scenes with a hope that some facts may be of benefit to those interested and concerned. In the years gone by I have never given Mr. Rowley a single thought, except at such times when I was requested to pay him a visit, and which I steadfastly refused to do until April 13th, when I was requested by you to decide as to whether Mr. Rowley's system was independent; that is, operated by unseen power through him as a medium, or was dependent upon himself and ordinary or secret contacts. I went there fully as disinterested as ever and entirely without an opinion; simply as an expert in electricity and telegraphy. It is unnecessary to state the result of my efforts; they are already known. On May 4th, Mr. Rowley challenged the *Cleveland Leader* to bring experts and witness a public exhibition. At the request of the *Leader* and in company with two or three of my men I responded. I took Mr. Rowley by the hand and explained that I was there in response to his challenge: that our positions in the controversy as regarded reputations were identical, and I was there to observe the exhibition and again explain how it was done, if possible. He flatly refused to entertain us. This was all the *Leader* required, hence my card in the issue of the 6th. But what was his treatment of us? He called us all liars, and after our backs were turned, came out in the *Leader* with a cowardly edit in which he evaded the whole issue. In fact, there is not a single sentence that touches upon the vital point—the whole pith was: "I challenge the whole electrical world to simulate all I have done," or else "make a statement." I am perhaps the only man in the United States who has made any successful attempt to imitate him; certainly the only one who has done it for purposes other than gain. Just think of it for a moment. He challenges the whole electrical world to simulate, after a few days practice, all that he has accomplished after five or six years steady application, or else they must make a "statement" which will tend to tear down the net work of honest evidence which has been woven around him in regard to the actual point at issue, an admirable scheme upon his part and just such an one as would naturally emanate from desperate thought.

When you and I were present at Mr. Rowley's, Dr. Wells in his communication said: "It is very difficult to communicate in this manner, as it is done entirely by currents."

I understand that it has been demonstrated that writing mediums can take two slates, place a pencil between them, and that pencil will record a message; that the audience can hear the pencil at work. Now, then, as Mr. Rowley is a telegraphic writing medium, why should he not, upon the same basis, enclose the sounder in a box and cause it to write; and if, as Dr. Wells says, "it is done wholly by currents," why should anything so earthly as a cell of battery be used at all? The gentlemen who called upon me yesterday, Messrs. Skeels, Carleton and Menough, were the same parties who witnessed the *ex parte* exhibition on the day we were refused an opportunity. I took great pains to show them three different ways the instrument would work, placed in stranger's hands, or with no one near it. I also explained, under these circumstances, it would occasionally combine a letter or two. They finally acknowledged that Rowley read everything to them. You, no doubt, by this time will understand that jugglery of this sort simply fools the people, and causes them to drift away from the point at issue. There is no significance in the clatter of loose shingles unless they say something. There is no significance in the vibration, expansion or contraction of a telegraph instrument unless it says something, no more than there is in a vibrating call bell when you press the button.

In conclusion I desire to say that while I have demonstrated in the presence of yourself and others that the machine is capable of deception, and while I have shown that it can be worked in several ways, I desire to say that at any time Mr. Rowley desires to place his apparatus under conditions free from the possibility of deception and delusion, and cause it to transmit telegraphic messages, myself and experts stand ready to go before him and show how it is done, we are yours to command, always.

O. A. GURLEY,  
Chf. Op. W. U. Tel.

Cleveland, May 12th.

## Lake Pleasant Camp Grounds.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Pursuant to a call from Mr. Milton Young, the clerk by direction of President Joseph Beals of the New England Spiritualists Camp Meeting Association, a meeting of the Directors was held at this place to-day, at the cottage of Mr. A. T. Pierce. Business of considerable importance was transacted in a short time, and the meeting adjourned at 3 P. M. The result is, that radical changes are to be made, some having already been con-

summed. Never before have these grounds been in so cleanly a condition; and the breath of spring, fragrant with the odors from the pines, was uncontaminated by anything. The removal of the buildings down in the swalls, the clearing out of the ravine, and the cutting down of the trees and brush from the lake to the highway, opened the way for a sweep of fresh air, and made a pleasant place of an unsightly one. Building new cottages and changing old ones, and painting and decorating are already in progress.

The enclosure of grounds by a suitable fence, and a charge for admittance to the grounds, has already been determined upon, and by this means a substantial revenue may be expected, with which suitable structures for lectures and entertainment will be erected, which are much needed. If not so large an attendance as usual be the result of the admittance fee—which by the way will be very small—it is confidently believed that the absence of those who fall from this cause to attend, will be no detriment to those who do. There is no good reason why all who have the benefit of the lectures, music, entertainments, and waters from the mineral springs, should not directly contribute something in return.

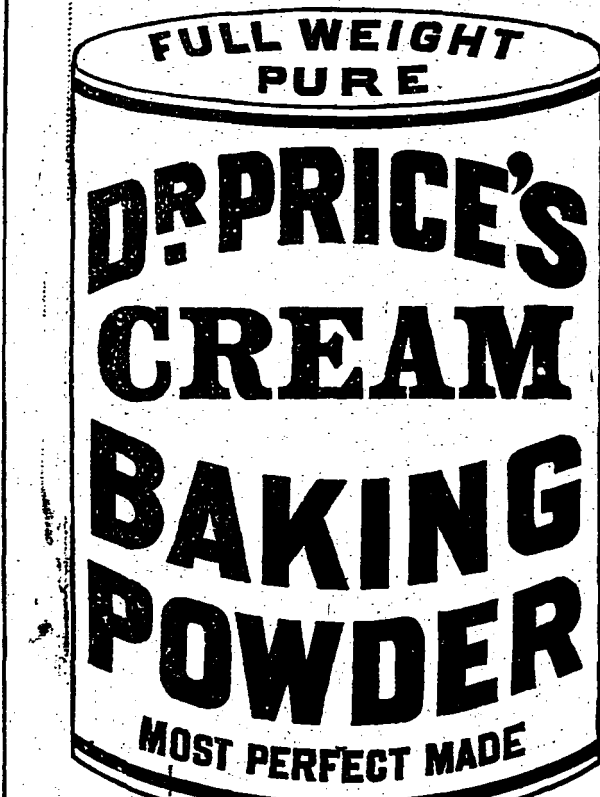
The determination of Mr. Charles Dawbarn to remain in California has made vacant the dates he was to fill as one of the lecturers. The fact that the lecture committee has secured the services of Madame La Plongeon for two of her highly entertaining and instructive lectures, upon the subject of the ruins of the ancient cities of the Moors in Yucatan, and upon the religion, customs, laws and literature of that ancient people, will be hailed by many with delight. This accomplished lady with her husband, Dr. Augustus La Plongeon, will probably give at least two evening illustrated lectures, and by the aid of the stereopticon the audience will view upon canvas faithful representations of many of the most striking wonders discovered by the Dr. and Madame La Plongeon during their long sojourn amid the crumbling of the most ancient ruins on this continent, if not on this globe. I am satisfied that enlarging the scope of the lectures to be given from our platform, so that hereafter all scientific subjects may be considered, will be approved, and will result in drawing larger and better audiences than ever have before attended upon these grounds. A. H. D.  
Lake Pleasant, Mass., May 4th.

John M. Robertson, a very able writer and a contributor to the *London National Reformer* (Mr. Bradlaugh's paper), says: "There is really no worse governed organism than your professional sentimentalist, living in a chronic debauch of the cheaper forms of emotion, talking much about 'thought,' but incapable of thinking logically through three consecutive stages of any argument that rises above the level of the parlor." Evidently there are "philosophers" in England of the same type with some who pose as such in this country.

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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLVI.

CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1889.

No. 14

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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- SEVENTH PAGE.—Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects Continued. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Occult Methodism. Called Him a Murderer. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

## THE SECRET DOCTRINE.\*

America is the seething pot where is boiled down and reduced to a homogeneous mass, the past experience and culture of the race. Roman law, Grecian beauty, Semitic and Christian religious thought here find their fulfillment and realization. We reject nothing that is worth preserving, but it must pass under the law of the "survival of the fittest," before we incorporate it into our national life. Theosophy is knocking at the door for recognition; and in no form has it been presented with so much show of learning, mysticism and "wisdom" as in the book bearing the above title. Olcott, Sinnett, Dr. Buck and others dwarf when compared with Madame Blavatsky's effort. She surpasses them all in her claims. In fact she claims, as I understand her, to be the special mouthpiece of the "Masters," and her utterances must, therefore, be considered final so far as they go, provided we grant her claim. For intellectual breadth, comprehensive intuitive grasp of thought, and for conciseness of logical statement, Madame Blavatsky is the peer of any man or woman living. The "Masters" have shown their wisdom in the selection of such an instrument. The readers of the JOURNAL have had a specimen of her intellectual power in "summing up" the facts, statements and conclusions of her book. I venture to say that no where else can be found such a clever presentation of the "Wisdom Religion" as that published in the JOURNAL of last week and taken from the "Secret Doctrine." I hope I will be pardoned if I say that the title of the book is a misnomer. Of course nothing can remain a secret after a woman gets possession of it. But in this case the men were the offenders; for they "blabbed" most of this secret doctrine long before Theosophy had a foothold, at least in the Western world. Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, Swedenborg, and, of late years, Thomas Lake Harris have revealed all the important "doctrines" and alleged facts contained in these two bulky volumes. Old Jacob Boehme, especially, in his quaint, uncouth, childish way, has hinted, if he has not clearly expressed, all that you have published in the JOURNAL of last week. He makes a sevenfold God as well as Madame Blavatsky; and his evolution, or as he expresses it, "generation" of the "Word" ("Logos") as the "Eternal Nature," is sevenfold, and from this ideal expressed in creation as "temporal nature," which is phenomenal, evanescent and vanishing—Maya—is also sevenfold.

Boehme makes God issue in a Trinity of Arch-angels and seven spirits, representing the "Word" in creation, the same as Madame Blavatsky. Fundamentally I can not see how he differs from her in many other statements of the "Secret Doctrine." Of course she clarifies the thought with fullness of illustration. She gives better form to Theosophy than Boehme. This is as far as she goes. He goes further. His thought is Christian as well as naturalistic. Hers is purely naturalistic, as she expresses and unfolds nature. Boehme is natural, supernatural and divine natural. Madame Blavatsky is natural, and by inference noumenal; and just here is the distinction between Christianity and Theosophy as taught in these modern days. It is the difference between ancient and modern thought. The latter can, and when properly

understood, does take in the former. But the former does not take in the latter. In this book Christianity is treated as a nature religion like all the rest. This failure to treat it as a supernatural religion is the one fatal defect of all this so-called Theosophy. Boehme, it seems to the writer, was wiser. He makes Theosophy include Christianity—not historic Christianity, or the Christianity of the church, but the Christianity of Christ.

What is called the "Wisdom Religion" of the ancients is nothing more than nature worship, or the worship of beings derived from the one "Be-ness,"—according to Madame Blavatsky. We do not find in this book, or in any of the prominent teachers of Theosophy, the recognition of God as the common Father. We hear much about the "Brotherhood of Man," but we have no "Fatherhood of God." Dr. Buck, in his "Study of Man," does use the expression, "Father God" and "Mother Nature." This is the nearest approach to our "Heavenly Father" that I have seen among Theosophic writers. Even this expression was first used by Andrew Jackson Davis and some of the modern Spiritualists. But the "Fatherhood of God" and the "Brotherhood of Man" as taught by Christ and modern Spiritualism, is no where a co-related sentiment in Theosophy. And this is logical when we get down to the marrow of things. God, as humanity's parent, redeemer and friend, is not a factor in this system.

According to Madame Blavatsky this old world has been in existence as a habitable globe for millions and millions of ages. It makes one's head swim to think of it. She glides over these aeons as glibly as if they were but yesterday. I wonder if she and the Theosophists ever stop to think what all this has to say for Theosophy as taught in this book. With all the legions of "gods," "Demi gods," "Angels," "Masters" and "Divine Teachers" to lead the race, how was it that they lead it to destruction? In other words, how was it that nature controlled by these gods was powerless to evolve the archetypal man without the incarnation of the divine love and wisdom, on the divine natural plane of universal man? Prior to God's revelation through the Christ, He was not known as the common Father of humanity. He was to the ancients as is now to the Theosophists and modern agnostics,—the unknowable. Hence ancient civilization, prehistoric as well as historic, was an universal failure. God himself had to come to the rescue of the race to save it from extinction. Nature is now embosomed in the divine natural, and hence is a fecundated mother bringing forth her blessings to bless mankind. She is recovering from the profanation of her ancient progeny. Now she can be called a mother indeed. Before Christ she was a harlot, made so by a debased humanity; by these very ancients whose "Wisdom" we are called upon to adore and to which I do not object, if properly placed. On the contrary, I am glad to welcome these teachings as a part of the experience of the race. So-called Christianity has so deadened our perceptions of nature by the elimination of God from her life, that but few nowadays can realize that He is in nature at all. Theosophy will correct this misconception by flooding the modern mind with a sense of His presence in her ample bosom.

If Madame Blavatsky would add to her "Secret Doctrine" the later esoteric teachings of Boehme, Swedenborg and Harris instead of wasting her time on the Butler-Olmstead travesty, we could see some outcome to her movement. What humanity needs is not dry, musty speculation, but practical truth, born from God under the experience of the hour. We want to know how we can become true, noble, God-like. We want the inspiration of the present; not the dead corpse of truth, however it may come to us embalmed in the holiest recollections of the past. We are willing to take it as a reminiscence and honor it for what it once was; no more.

This latest phase of Theosophy does not satisfy our need for a heart religion. I may be intellectually incapable of understanding or appreciating the wonderful revelations of the "Wisdom Religion," but I know what love is. "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." I know no claim higher than this. To this and to my early spiritualistic teachings I must still cling. In brief, these may be stated thus: The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; one common destiny for humanity; no distinction; Christ, the crucified Redeemer, now dwelling in the hearts of all "born of God"; a life in accordance with man's higher nature; the subjugation of the animal instincts to the divinity within; love to all—that being the immutable principle that must bind in harmony and union this extended universe—"self-government, the basis that underlies all the achievements of man's desires, interwoven as they are with the result to be obtained," freedom for the outgrowth of manly and God-like action. "To be true to myself, my fellows, and my God," is the essence of the divine life. To realize God in the fullness of all his revelations is the privilege of every growing, opening soul. Being infinite he can not be defined or comprehended, but he can be apprehended on the divine human plane of his manifestation; this, whether in nature, man, or as the God-man. His infinite mystery is revealed to the heart as love, and then to the understanding as the "impress of intuitive thought"; that "no tenets nor forms can express the deified impress that God has made in man"; that good and evil are principles of the "Eternal

Nature," and "upon these vital principles rest the weal or woe of humanity"; that "truth is immutable and will outlive the successive generations of time." Let this heavenly-born principle be the standard to which all may flee to realize the impurities of their natures. "These truths, these blessings, are brought that man may cultivate the God within; that love, peace, good will to our fellow-man, may be the immortal instincts we bear, not hidden nor obscured; if so they may as well never have existed." "It is by degrees and not by any measured view that man must recognize his all. When we bring him to the level of his nature—not corrupt, for that is a fallacy—then he will stand in the full stature of a man; then he will look with an eye single to truth that will brighten his perceptive faculties. He will behold the grand ends of his being and the steps of his ascent."

I could go on with quotation and statement of the heaven-born and heaven-sent truths which were given thirty-five years ago in a spiritual circle to which the writer belonged. Is there anything here in conflict with practical Theosophy or in conflict with its highest esoteric teaching? And yet I called it "Spiritualism." Why all this "fuss and confusion" about the naked simple truth? Isn't there a slight shade of a shadow of divine hallucination in this Hindu speculation? I don't want to be disrespectful to the "masters," or to Madame Blavatsky even, or her followers, but isn't it about time we had something from the Hindu direction that is for the common interests of humanity? Ancient civilization went to the "bad" under its regime. Nature never repeats a mistake. Shall we admit this Wisdom Religion to primacy again? Never! We may allow it to be absorbed into our civilization, but it will never supplant the teaching of the Spiritual Christ in humanity.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

## ROWLEY'S BOX TRICK.

His Late Partner was a Long Time Finding it out, but Finally Discovered How the "Occult" Part was Worked. The Plain, Unvarnished Tale of a Victim.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Regarding the exposure of W. S. Rowley, the telegraph medium, as reported in the JOURNAL of May 11th, I dislike very much to say anything; but as I have been dragged into the affair by Mr. Rowley himself, who accuses me of instigating the investigation, it compels me to speak. The dissolution of partnership between Mr. Rowley and myself took place last month. As for the investigation I had nothing to do with it in any shape or form. I did not even know that it was to be held, or that the exposure had taken place until I saw the account of it in a Cleveland morning paper. However, I do know something about the inner workings of Mr. Rowley's instrument, for I was, as a partner, more or less closely connected with him for over a year, and for the last two or three months of that time watched him very closely in all his manipulations of the telegraphic instrument. His exposure is no surprise to me, for I felt confident it would come sooner or later, but his efforts to throw the blame of it off on to my shoulders is a turn in affairs I did not look for, and it leaves me with no other alternative than to come forward with a statement. I do it, however, with the kindest of feelings towards all concerned, for I have no desire to say or do anything that will in any way injure Mr. Rowley or any one else, but merely to state the plain facts as I have observed them from time to time and without color, favor or prejudice to any one.

In joining hands with Mr. Rowley more than a year ago, I did not make as thorough an investigation of his claims of independent telegraphy as I would have liked; still I thought I had seen enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and did not feel like persisting further. After the investigations of Prof. H. D. G., which, to me,—a novice in electricity and telegraphy, seemed thorough and critical, I felt fully assured, as did he and many others, that independent telegraphy through Mr. Rowley was an established fact beyond all question. Soon after that our business commenced to press us severely, and left us with no time for anything else. Once in a while mistakes would occur in the diagnosis, etc., which seemed to me a little strange, but passed them by with the thought that mediumship to day is far from being perfect, and such errors and irregularities are common with all mediums, who can not feel every day alike any more than can other people, and the least indisposition on their part always affects the manifestations more or less.

Thus matters ran on from day to day up to about the first of last January, when Rowley, actuated by a mercenary motive, broke an agreement with me that he had given his word and honor to keep. This act, for which there was no reasonable excuse whatever, looked to me to be extremely little and dishonest. Before this occurred I had the most implicit confidence in him, and trusted him fully in everything he said and did; but now my confidence in him was broken. Little errors that I had before passed by as common in all such cases, again stared me in the face, demanding recognition and farther inquiry. These little errors, too, were becoming more numerous every day, and some of them were pretty big ones, which gave me considerable annoyance, and helped to make me

more watchful and doubtful. I disliked very much to see these mistakes come up, because, from a medical standpoint, in the eyes of the public, I was held responsible for them all, and to have a case of pregnancy diagnosed as an abdominal tumor by a spirit doctor claiming to be able to see all the internal organs plainly, was humiliating as well as serious; for a doctor who would rely on such a diagnosis for treatment would get laughed at in the end by his colleagues, if nothing worse to physician or patient ensued.

About this time Rowley, through his brother as an agent, was manufacturing and selling instruments similar to his own to persons in different parts of the county who desired to develop spirit telegraphy; and I am forced to believe from my observation that this brother was fully instructed by Mr. R. in all "occult" telegraphic matters. In the early part of our work Mr. R. instructed me, as he did all others around him, not to handle his instrument any more than was absolutely necessary, giving as a reason that "strange magnetism" prevented his operating it successfully until it was again fully charged by himself. I had strictly complied with his request, until one day this brother, referred to above, entered the consulting room just as Rowley was passing out of it and seated himself at the table, in the chair Rowley had just vacated, and in a joking sort of way placed his hands upon the box where a moment before Rowley had had his. Judge of my surprise when I found that he, too, could operate the instrument as well as could Rowley himself. Reaching my own hand over the table to the box and taking hold of the lid I found by imperceptibly raising it up and down I, too, could operate the instrument as well as they. Just then Rowley, who had probably heard the clicking of the "sounder" from the outside, entered the room looking very much annoyed and confused, remarking as he hastily took hold of the instrument: "I guess the spirits have pushed the spring up against the lid." I thought differently, however, and from that time on I made free to handle and experiment with the instrument whenever I could do so unobserved. I soon learned that my magnetism had no injurious effect upon it whatever, unless Rowley knew that I had been handling it. I also found out by carefully watching him from day to day that whenever he was operating the instrument the little brass spring over the key always touched the lid of the box; and unless this was the case, that Rowley could not work it any more than I could. Several times I have pressed down that spring below the lid when Rowley was called from the room for a moment, and found on his returning that the instrument would not operate for him until he had magnetized the key, as he termed it, by reaching inside the box, and while vigorously shaking the key slyly push the spring up against the lid. In the past two months I have seen him many times when showing the instrument to strangers, adroitly press down the spring as he passed the box over for their inspection; of course they could not get a sound out of it, because the spring was away from the lid. Neither could Rowley under the same conditions, but as the box was handed back to him he would, under pretense of magnetizing the key, push the spring up again against the lid, then "Dr. Wells" would go on and talk as briskly as ever.

Mr. Rowley has mediumistic powers; this I am confident of, and could relate many things in proof, did time and space permit. Mediumship manifests itself through him by the automatic movement of his hand, either by writing or by telegraphic signals corresponding to the Morse alphabet; and this is the extent of his mediumship. He is not clairaudient, nor is he clairvoyant; neither is he very impressionable. He is merely a common writing medium, and that is all. In nearly every city in this country may be found one or more writing mediums. They are so common that no special attention is paid to their phase of mediumship.

Since satisfying myself that Rowley's telegraphy is automatic, I now feel confident that it has never been anything else; and as I have seen him lately, many times, succeed so well in deceiving others, I feel certain that the same means he used to deceive them, he also employed in deceiving Prof. H. D. G., Col. Bundy, myself and others. The peculiar method of operating the instrument, referred to by Mr. O. A. Gurley, I have never observed him use, yet he might have done so without my noticing it, for I do not claim to be an expert electrician.

In conclusion, then, let me say that, after what I have seen, I do not believe Rowley ever obtained one single word of independent telegraphy from his instrument in his life; neither do I believe it possible for him to do so, but I do not deny that he is a medium. I believe that he is one, but his powers in that direction are not above the average. Furthermore I know that he deceived me, also many others in claiming that his mediumistic powers were superior to what they really were, and that his telegraphy was independent when it was merely automatic.

Cleveland, O. GEO. F. WHITNEY, M. D.

Mr. Adolf Sutro is traveling about the world getting ideas and plans for the great public library building which he proposes to put up in San Francisco. He will give the building and his 200,000 volumes to that city.

Gen. Sheridan's monument will be completed before the corner stone of the Grant shaft is laid. Mrs. Sheridan wisely determined to erect it herself instead of waiting for the slow movement of a municipality.

## COINCIDENCES.

[The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 488 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

"M. A. (Oxon)."—Rev. Stainton-Moses—contributes the following to *Light* of November 24th, 1888:

A standing remark of the average person who "takes no stock" in Spiritualism is to the effect that if "there is anything in it" let the spirits about some medium name the winner of the Derby, or do something practical—clean the boots, for instance. Well, I am in a position to say something about Derby prophecies, for my note on the subject has brought to me a little volume of eighty pages, entirely devoted to occult indications of Derby winners duly verified. A collection is that contained in the author avouches that "many related and the revelation acted up to the event dreamed of has been decided... and only interest that such records have for me is that they furnish material for speculative thought. That any one should ask for those prophecies seriously is to me inconceivable. If a man, who represents the modern Sadducee, believing neither in angel nor spirit, desires to flout my belief contemptuously, he would probably seek some such *reductio ad absurdum*. The fact, however, remains that every year somebody does fulfil the conditions of this prescribed test by dreaming of the Derby winner, or by getting some information by occult means. How is this? Is it because the public mind is directed to the question, and that we hear only of the successful dreams and nothing of the "rank outsiders" whom unsuccessful dreams hit upon? Perhaps so. Still the cases may go into the column of coincidences which the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has so happily instituted. They are, at any rate, curious records. Here are some samples:

"This mare, which won the double event of Derby and Oaks in the year 1801 for Sir Charles Bunbury, was the heroine of a dream to the owner's groom, who, it has been said, saw long before the day the filly running both races at the same time, and that in consequence he told his master 'she' would take 'the double event.' But the poor fellow did not live to see the realization of his vision, being taken seriously ill just before the date of the Derby. His last words, as he lay dying, were addressed to the clergyman who was visiting him with a view of offering him ghostly consolation: 'Mind what I tell you, sir; Eleanor's a — of a mare—she'll win.'"

"Some Derby horses have been the hero of more than one dream. Spaniel is a case in point. That horse, which was the Epsom hero of 1831, was purchased from Lord Egremont, as a dinner party in his own home in the spring of 1828, for the sum of £150. When his new owner went to look at his purchase next morning, he said to the groom: 'He looks like a weed; I fear I've made a bad bargain.' 'That you haven't, sir; my wife, the night the colt was foaled, dreamed that he would win the Derby; and the dream came true.'"

"Among the most sensational of the Derby struggles must be placed that of 1862, in which year Caractacus beat thirty-three competitors. The horse was ridden by a lad named Parsons, of no fame as a jockey, and who, when he weighed in after the race, could not pull the scale down, and a awful moment of suspense the bride had to be sent for. Another objection would have been taken, namely, that the horse had not gone the proper course, but the objector was five minutes late in making it. Among other anecdotes of the race, it used to be said Mr. Snelling, the owner of the horse, had dreamt ten years previously that he would win the Derby with a horse called Caractacus, but that story probably originated from Mr. Snelling's admiration of a piece of sculpture shown in the Great Exhibition of 1851, a representation of Caractacus being led in chains to Rome."

"The following is a *bona fide* story relating to the Derby of 1862: 'I hope you are enjoying yourself, you and your friends, at the Great Exhibition. As I know you will be going to see the Derby, I may tell you that in a dream last night I

(Continued on Eighth Page.)



## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

6. The present seems like a crucial moment in the existence of the spiritualistic philosophy, since two of the earliest mediums, in their attempt to destroy Spiritualism, have confessed themselves liars and impostors. Well, what of it? They have shot wide of their mark, and only wounded their own characters. Skeptics and scoffers are saying: "Behold what your Spiritualism is: but the cracking of a toe-joint." But, after all, Spiritualism stands unharmed; the danger is only in seeming. I am glad that these women have read themselves at once and forever out of the congregation of faithful and true Spiritualists. It is the best, the very best thing that could happen. One of the most urgent needs of Spiritualism to-day is that every fraudulent table-tipper, materializer and slate-writer should join a procession headed by the Fox sisters, and with a loud chorus of confession and condemnation, step down from the pedestal where human credulity has placed them, and thus out of the ranks of professed Spiritualists forever. Even though this procession should embrace ninety-nine out of every hundred mediums, and the hundredth one should stand here and there at wide intervals in the midst of the ruins of a vast fabric of falsity, Spiritualism would not be injured, but would stand forth all the purer, brighter and truer for the event.

Faith is not one of the crying needs of Spiritualism. We have too much of it already in the ranks of believers. We want less faith and more wisdom; less credulity and more investigation and careful seeking after truth; less consultation of mediums as fortune tellers, and more earnest inquiry into the philosophy and religion which must be evolved from Spiritualism if it has any meaning or value, or even truth.

Phenomena have their place, but they form only the superstructure of our belief. And first, let us be sure of our phenomena. The second need of Spiritualism is that its investigators and believers should be imbued with a spirit of scientific inquiry, which shall enable them to recognize the genuine and to detect the spurious; and next, shall have so jealous a regard for the truth that fraud shall not be for one moment tolerated, but shall be promptly exposed and denounced wherever found.

Greatest enemies are within our own next to the fraudulent medium who coin dollars out of the tenderness of the human soul, the one who as us injury is the man or woman who is blind to fraud, or who tolerates and excuses it, and before whom every detected trickster poses as a martyr.

Spiritualism needs honest, earnest, clear-sighted adherents, who know the truth, and knowing dare maintain. It needs to be purged of superstition no less than fraud, and to be delivered out of the hands of the ignorant, the foolish and the base.

Spiritualism needs better mediums. Casting aside all the fraudulent ones, and coming to a consideration of only the honest and genuine, the Spirit world still needs better instruments and mediums of communication with the earth world. It needs men and women of broad culture, expanded intellects and general information, who shall not misinterpret and garble the sacred messages with which they are intrusted. I will go further than this, and say that Spiritualism needs less mediums, considering their present character as a class; and Spiritualists need to comprehend that mediumship is not always a desirable gift. It is better to be a strong, self-centred, well-balanced individual, though a man be only himself, than a weak, vacillating, characterless tool to be manipulated by different spirits, quite as often for evil as for good. We have too many poor mediums; let us have better ones, even if it be necessary to reduce the number.

Spiritualists need to have impressed upon them that indeterminate spirit control is neither desirable nor beneficial. Bad people as well as good people pass to the other side; and Spiritualism teaches that their natures are not changed by the change called death. Under no circumstances is a spirit infallible; under many he may be a liar. Spiritualism needs that men should think for themselves and judge for themselves, and not rely for judgment or opinion on either spirit or mortal. In destroying the dogmas of the old theologies on the one hand, and in proving, on the other, that spirits are still men and women, subject to the failings of humanity, it takes away from our minds all extraneous support, and we must learn to think and act for ourselves.

Spiritualism needs that its religious side should be brought more prominently into notice and impressed upon its adherents. If the facts of Spiritualism be true, then they have a bearing upon life and character; with a belief in their truth comes an obligation—a religious bond which no honest Spiritualist can either ignore or disregard. The phenomena testify to the facts of spirit intercourse; the department which science will ultimately claim is a right to examine and substantiate the facts, and to discover and elucidate the laws of such intercourse. But above and beyond all this is the thing itself to which these facts are these laws belong—our relations to ourselves, to one another and to the Spirit-world, and the duties involved in these relations.

Spiritualism needs audiences that will not drop away from the philosophical or religious discourse, and crowd around the test medium. Test mediumship has its place, but it is for the outside world, for skeptics and investigators. The true Spiritualist should progress beyond this phase, and seek for higher truths which will develop his powers of thought, and lead him to right living.

Evidently, Spiritualism needs a winnowing of its literature: less trash published in its name; fewer papers anxious to cover and extenuate fraud; and more high-minded, fearless journals daring to defend the true and denounce the false, and doing their utmost to elevate popular spiritualistic thought.

RESPONSE BY B. R. ANDERSON.

1. My father was strictly a liberal. He always entertained great respect for Paine and Volney. My mother was a member of the Presbyterian church. At sixteen I became a member of that church and was from early days a constant member of the Sabbath school. At eighteen I could with truth be called an atheist, and so remained until I became a Spiritualist.

2. I have been a believer in Spiritualism for about fifteen years.

3. For many years I had some proof of the truths of Spiritualism; some in California, in the Arctic Ocean, Sandwich Islands and in the United States; but none of these were sufficiently potent and convincing to give me full assurance of the truths of Spiritualism. At first the tricks of the Davenport Brothers made a great impression on my mind; so of other dark sciences. At length by earnest and energetic watching I entirely unraveled them all. I could at length perform all of these, viz.: the rope tying and untying, playing of musical instruments in the dark, "ballot test," "blood red writing" on the arm, raps, etc. All of this put me back again from five to ten years. Then materialization began to make quite an impression upon my mind; but for the labors of my own profession I might sooner have been able to sift the false from the true. Day time was devoted to my profession; nights to science and general information. I became somewhat familiar with all spiritual(?) papers published. The materializations, however, with which I became familiar were very gauzy. An added knowledge of some of the laws of chemistry concerning volatile oils, easy still-walking, and stage illusions again unraveled the materializations. I remember one séance in which one woman was emphatically recognized as the mother of three different persons present, and yet these three persons were not in any degree related to each other! Again my faith was badly shaken. In 1875 I had a general reckoning with myself—a kind of summing up. I put the links of events together, adding some phenomena which came to me individually. Thus, silently through the experience of years did the chain become forged which binds me to this faith.

4. I can not point to any one incident standing out more prominently than others. 5. No; a moment's reflection will clear the mind as to this point. We have no right to change the meaning of words. A thought passes in my mind; I use a word as a symbol of that thought. The accepted definition of a religion will necessarily carry with it some thought of worship, or at least of a code of moral laws. Spiritualism, *per se*, is not necessarily the worship of a supreme being, nor is it necessarily a code of moral laws. If I worship a white elephant, the elephant himself is not my religion. Hence similarly we must say that he who builds his moral code upon the tenets of Spiritualism derives his religion from it, yet Spiritualism is not his religion. As it is purely a question of definition I suppose we must abide by those definitions.

6. To know the need, involves the necessity of knowing its embarrassments. A glance over the field discloses to us thousands of human beings secretly investigating Spiritualism under cover of seclusion. In many private families the most forcible and convincing proofs of spirit communion are to be had, while the next door neighbor is often in utter ignorance of these facts. Thousands deny the communion of spirits because they know that to avow it is to starve their families. Now annihilate the causes of this deplorable condition, and we shall have supplied one of these needs. This one can never be supplied until Spiritualists become an organized power. This then is one of the needs. A second need is such a course of education as shall entirely eradicate the incubus which the churches in their fostering corruption have fastened upon spirituality, and our families of the next life. To this end, let us diffuse among men, firstly moral ethics, from a spiritual standpoint, and then the laws of biology, chemistry and physiology.

7. While the benefits to be derived from psychic knowledge generally are as truisms to those who are spiritually developed, yet to answer the question concisely and satisfactorily is one of my greatest difficulties. If we allow the mind to grasp for a moment the selfishness and greed of the human family, the struggles, the brain rack and torture to accumulate; the deceit and injustice of humanity, and then remember that all of this is without remorse, and that the only fear which exists among them is the fear of discovery; and at the moment when the mind is rife with these sad contemplations, we suddenly suppose a rift to break through the clouds obscuring their lives—through which the happy light of the eternal spheres shall suddenly fall upon them—thus convincing them in one moment that this life is but a preparatory step for the next sphere, and can be lived but once, then I say the good would be obvious. Men would still try to accumulate, but would then endeavor to produce the same instead of transferring it from others. Misfortunes would fall more lightly, for they would see that these are a part of necessary discipline and are brief. Then the sweet joy of eternal life would lighten the burthens of this one. We are sometimes heartbroken and weakened when, without hope we look upon the faces of our departed dead; but when we learn that they have only been translated to a superior state of being, and can at any time approach us and strive to heal our grief, and that we shall soon be with them, our griefs will be lightened, our souls more refined, our hearts softened towards mankind, and our usefulness among men even increased.

Concordia, Kans.

Mr. Tuttle on Psychic Science.

Hudson Tuttle has for many years held a prominent position in the foremost ranks of the ablest advocates and elucidators of the ethics of modern Spiritualism. As such his reputation has been and is world-wide, and anything new in the shape of a volume from his pen is a welcome addition to the literature of this progressive age. When, therefore, it was announced a short time since that as soon as a sufficient number of copies were subscribed for he would issue a work on Psychic Science, the promptness and fullness with which the proposition was accepted led to the manuscript being immediately placed in the publisher's hands, also to the appearance of the book at a much earlier date than was at first anticipated. And it is now before the public in a substantial volume of two hundred and fifty pages, entitled, "Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science."

It is needless for us to say that the book exhibits far extended research in realms of thought that only one possessed with "the gifts of spirit" ever enters, and treats of subjects upon which instruction is greatly needed, and for which there is a constantly growing demand.

Mr. Tuttle claims that there is a psychic

ether, related to thought, as luminiferous ether is to light; that an individual so constituted as to be sensitive to the thoughts of others can, by means of this atmosphere, receive thoughts from others or transfer his own, and that proofs of the existence of this ether are seen in what are termed clairvoyance, trance, somnambulism, and psychometry. This psychic ether is correlated to and explains, Mr. Tuttle argues, not only the above phenomena, but others of a similar class: mesmerism, mind-reading, dreams, and visions; all of which lead to a consideration of immortality, inasmuch as they imply an intelligence that has survived the death of the physical body.

The sensitive state is largely dwelt upon, and a great number of facts given in illustration of its many conditions, capabilities and experiences. Every page sheds light upon matters little understood, because hitherto not been made a subject of study, rather set aside as "mysteries of God" which it was "asin to pry into," the people have had bequeathed to them an inheritance of ignorance which books of this class are destined to supplant with knowledge.—*Banner of Light, May 4th.*

## A WONDERFUL MANIFESTATION.

A Spirit Leaves a Token Baptized in Blood.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The readers of the JOURNAL will remember a series of letters which I contributed to its columns in the spring of 1886, relating to spiritualistic manifestations. Since that date I have from time to time been favored with graphic descriptions of the beautiful land of the Mesmer, together with revelations the most gratifying, soul-supporting and inspiring. But a few nights ago, a crisis came in a most wonderful phenomenon, and to give it in rough detail to the readers of the JOURNAL will be, I am sure, to confer a favor they will all appreciate; and, as I see it, the manifestation is not susceptible of solution on any other hypothesis save that which will be arrived at by those who admit a channel of communication between the living and the dead, or those who have undergone that peculiar metamorphosis of nature termed death. To amplify the narrative it is necessary to state a few antecedent facts of an explanatory character: I am night attendant at the hospital of the Arkansas State Prison. For a long time, convicts employed at the hospital had asserted that the "ghost of a woman" had occasionally been seen about the building, especially in the "dead room." I paid but little attention to these reports, yet I did not particularly doubt them—giving due allowance to fevered imaginations. One night last week, however, I had made my round, going through all the wards, ministering to the sick, and on entering a large hall, through which I had to pass to re-enter the dispensary, I was agreeably surprised at seeing the figure of a woman noiselessly glide across the hall and disappear at the window—I will not say through a window.

The next morning about 2:30, on entering the dispensary, I saw, seated at a table, the form of a woman of well-defined features. She appeared to have her attention fixed upon a book or writing which lay on the table. I softly turned into a bedroom and awakened a young man (a convict serving a term for the alleged murder of his beautiful mistress) who had expressed a desire to see a spiritual manifestation; but when we entered the dispensary, all was serene and still, and no manifestation was apparent.

About the same hour on the following night I was seated at the table in the dispensary enjoying the luxury of a cup of coffee, and while thus listlessly engaged I occupied the moments "between sips" in carelessly writing a few "doggerel" lines which I here subjoin in order to fully explain the character of the manifestation. The lines are as follows (though I would not publish "thoughts so feeble, and expressed in style still more feeble," where it is not to throw more light on the wonderful phenomenon):

## THE WANDERING SPIRIT.

She the table sat beside,  
A spirit FAIRER than a bride,  
In whose breast a bridegroom's love  
Was bedded in the heart's dear treasure trove.  
I saw her the e in quietly stall  
When all was still—the hour tall  
With pallid cheeks and arched brow,  
She SEEM'D in angel fair, I vow:  
The gold she in her SILK'n hair,  
Her hands were as glove's, white and bare.  
I saw her leap in the e e e  
Me thinks I heard one DEEP, low sigh,  
Breathed between lips loosely prest;  
As if they yearn'd to be releas'd  
By some true LOVER who  
Had prov'd himself to be untrue.  
Whence did she come? Ah! who may say  
This side the far-off Judgment Day;  
This side the shore where all shall meet  
To worship at a Savior's feet?  
What could have brought her here, my breast;  
Why may she not repose at rest?  
Within her cold and narrow grave  
Where e'en song-birds pipe and flowers wave?  
Whom does she seek in wand'ring here?  
Where e'er she prevails of love and cheer?

Here my attention was attracted by a groan of pain in the hospital, and I rose up and stepped a few feet beyond the door of the dispensary; but re-entered the room in less than a minute. But when I did re-enter, the reader can form a better conception of my surprise, if not bewilderment, by what shall follow.

I found the tablet on which the rambling lines were scrawled had been removed to the opposite side of the table. That was not all; the sheet of paper was dotted with great drops of fresh, crimson blood, that slowly coagulated and permanently remained. That was not all still; pencil lines had been drawn in a mysterious manner; certain words had been enclosed and three scriptural references left for my perusal. The position of the blood spots and the references may be thus made plain to the reader:

The drops of blood were upon or touching the words in the doggerel which I have written in SMALL CAPITALS. To the left and right of the head-line, a small circle had been drawn. These circles were about as large as a silver five cent piece of coin. They were connected by a fine line, also drawn with the pencil. From the circle on the left a line was drawn to the blood spot on the word THAN; from the circle on the right, a line was drawn to the blood on the word SEEM'D. Then, just to the right of the circle on the left, a smaller circle (or rather, an oval diagram) was drawn. In this circle appeared a reference to Exodus 12:13; and from this reference a line was drawn to and encircled the pronoun "I" at the beginning of line five. Again, from the circle on the right a pencil line was drawn to lines fifteen and sixteen, and diagramed words *lover* and *untrue*—the former in line fifteen, the latter in line sixteen. Over the word *lover* appeared a reference to Leviticus 17:4. Under the word *untrue* reference was made to Proverbs 6:17. Besides the blood spots on the paper it

was saturated with what was undoubtedly tears.

Now, the young man before referred to is assistant nurse, and prior to his trouble stood well in the town where he lived. He is somewhat depressed, and, though he has never intimated as much, there is no doubt in my mind but that there is no mistake as to the identity of the spirit materializing itself here with the one that lived in the body of the unfortunate creature whose misguided life was terminated by a shot from his revolver, fired in a moment of "emotional insanity." If such form the sum total of his conclusions, the last cited scriptural references would seem to leave little doubt of correctness.

In matters of this kind, it has been my custom to state the cold facts, leaving the discriminating and fair-minded reader to draw such conclusions, and make such logical deductions as may appear most reasonable. And in this dealing with the testimony here stated, he may be assured that no "spirit" in the flesh executed the phenomenon referred to,—such was absolutely impossible.

I will add, however, that the doctrine of Spiritualism, as it is termed, constitutes, in my judgment, a rational, intelligent and living religion; one that looks up with supreme gratitude to God. Nor does it veil itself, or spread a fog of uncertainty or obscurity to mystify the line of vision stretching out before the conscientious seeker after truth; and let us hope that when the masses of mankind come to know something of the true aspect and philosophy of the doctrine, the Spiritualist of to-day will be looked upon as a true truth seeker, rather than a subject deluded by some sort of legerdemain. And right here I would remark, that the masses look upon Spiritualism as a kind of system of table rapping, bell ringing, etc., which the psychologist or even the man of legerdemain will very satisfactorily explain away. These things, however, are only component parts of the mass of evidence that can be adduced in support or confirmation of the divine law by which the living may hold converse with the dead and even pass over the portions of the land where they live. The doctrine is in every way elevating and moralizing in its influence—expanding from human nature the baser qualities, and contending for a higher order of aspiration; nor does it ask its adherents to take anything for granted; on the contrary, it proves all it teaches.

DR. R. P. WRIGHT.

Little Rock, Ark., March 31, 1889.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## HYPNOTISM AND SHAKESPEARE.

H. M.

It is well known that Shakespeare had an intuitive perception of laws and forces in nature that were not "discovered" or demonstrated by science until many years later. Perhaps the most familiar example of this intuitive quality is his reference to circulation of the blood:

"—the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart."

But, after finding numerous cases in which the poet's genius of intuition is equally well shown, his commentators have foolishly sought to prove that he possessed the gift of prophecy. A most ridiculous attempt is made to show a foreshadowing of telegraphy, with all its present resources of cables, wires, etc., in Puck's vaunting lines:

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth  
In forty minutes."

Had Shakespeare actually possessed the gift of prophecy attributed to him he would have foreseen the mass of comments with which writers seek to paint his lines of thought, and foreshadowing his life work mutilated and discolored beyond recognition, he would have bequeathed his publishers some such preface as here follows:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
Distorting thoughts expressed here:  
Blessed be he that spares my words,  
And cursed be he that lies awake  
Nights trying to prove me to be a  
Foreteller of mechanical contrivances.

Now, as Shakespeare was essentially a poet, why may not a more poetic explanation of Puck's boast be afforded by considering it to be the poet's intuitive recognition of hypnotic power, a power existing in his time, but not "discovered" until two centuries later, a power so little understood by the "discoverer" or any one else that it was given the demonstrator's name and called "Mesmerism" in default of any descriptive title. Had Harvey been incapable of explaining his discovery, it is probable, judging from Mesmer's case, that "circulation of the blood" would have been called "Harveyism" until science was able to give it its defining term, just as science now defines mesmerism as hypnotism.

That Shakespeare was fully cognizant of this power can not be doubted, even by the most skeptical; the instances in which he uses it are too numerous to admit of any question. It is also beyond question that he believed, exactly as do the most advanced of modern scientists, that the phenomena occasioned by the power resulted from the patient's faculty for reason being in a state of coma and a consequently perfect acceptance by him of the hypnotizer's information.

That the exigencies of the stage forced Shakespeare at times to make use of witches and spirits in order to symbolize the power, the more strongly proves he understood, as clearly as it is understood to-day, the necessity for a physical agent or a sensuous means of conveying the power. He comprehended, better than do many to-day, that the hypnotized patient does not obey the mental commands of the hypnotizer only so far as they are actually expressed by word, touch, or suggestive motion.

In "Macbeth" is shown the complete success of hypnotic power when operating on a mind eager to accept every suggestion as a command. Ambition, the hypnotizing influence in this play, might through the witches have promised Banquo the world and his sturdy honesty would have prompted Macbeth's own reply:

"If chance have me King, why,  
Chance may crown me,  
Without my stir."

But whereas Banquo would have meant what he said, and would have dismissed the imperial theme from his thoughts forever, with Macbeth the sentiment was but a momentary revolt against

"My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,"  
In "Hamlet" is shown the utter failure of the power when operating on a mind inherently opposed to any action bearing the slightest semblance to wrong. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the subject is treated lightly, and herbs are employed in place of weird spirits and witches.

It is in "The Tempest" that Shakespeare most strikingly shows his knowledge of "Hypnotism." Prospero's slightest wish is instantly obeyed by all with that completeness with which one submits to the inevitable. His opening lines in the play are indicative

of his method of controlling by "suggestion." Miranda is terrified by the vividly imagined sight of a ship "dashed all to pieces." Her father dismisses her fears, much as would a Christian scientist of to-day:

"Be collected;  
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done."

She becomes collected and at once deeply interested in the account of their exile; in the very midst of the exciting tale she is cast into a deep sleep by the simple suggestion:

"Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness  
And give it way; I know thou canst not choose."

She is listening to the story she has for years longed to hear; has just witnessed a ship sinking and people drowning, yet she is instantly hypnotized and cannot choose but sleep! Prospero's power of supervising others' senses is all-pervading. Miranda, Ferdinand and many others believed they saw people drown, yet not a soul on board the safely-harbored ship but was dryer than before the supposed wreck. A fleet of accompanying vessels were conveniently disposed of by the hallucination and sailed sorrowfully away.

Ferdinand is completely under the sway. He has been bemoaning his father's loss but is brought to Miranda imagining:

"This music crept by me on the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion  
With its sweet air, thence have I followed it.  
Or, it hath drawn me, rather."

His immediate love for Miranda is not to be considered an ordinary case of "love at first sight"; Prospero has so ordained it and congratulates himself, in that

"It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it."

He presently finds his match-making "goes on" too rapidly, he fears,—

"—Least too light winning  
Make the prize light."

and threatens Ferdinand with violence. The young Prince impulsively draws, but yields to the subtle influence which makes him believe:

"—I can here disarm thee with this stick  
And make thy weapon drop;"

and,

"Thy nerves are in their infancy again  
And have no vigor in them."

The fairy mask in which Prospero introduces Juno, Ceres, Iris and their attendant nymphs is fully excused as "a vanity of his art." He has promised Miranda and Ferdinand a fairy spectacle; they expect it, and the majestic visitors with their revels having realized the ideal of Ferdinand's Paradise, are dismissed, and Prospero explains:

"And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

What is all this if not hypnotism as understood to-day?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Professor Huxley's Church.

ELLIOTT COUES.

However illogical and even illiberal Spiritualists may have reason for supposing Professor Huxley's attitude regarding their phenomena to be, no one questions the strength and scope of his mind on all questions of science and among scientific questions of the day of the gravest import, are those sociological problems which hinge on the fact that man is a religious animal, who must have gods if he has to invent them, and who will worship them in one way or another; that is to say, the priest or the preacher is as necessary in our present state of evolution as the lawyer, or the doctor, or the merchant, or any other recognized factor in society. Professor Huxley is too keen and kindly a student of human nature not to know this, and too humane an instructor of the people to desire or intend to ignore it; and whatever he says, he says well—better than most men could say the same thing. I have often in fancy compared the operation of his mind to the working of a steam trip-hammer which runs noiselessly, ponderously, precisely and with such exactitude of adjustment of its enormous force, that at the touch of the lever, a power capable of forging a ship's anchor and cable may be minimized to just crack an egg shell with its delicacy of touch. It has been happily said that Professor Huxley refutes Professor Huxley when he speaks of Spiritualism, and he is left in an ineffectual negation on this subject, like the mechanism just mentioned with the steam shut off, or rather, with the mental machinery stopped on a "dead centre." But he is never regardless of spirituality, or of man's need of the higher life. Witness his proposition for the church he would like to see established, in words which cut close to the heart of the living truth, and which every Spiritualist can applaud to the echo. It is the great utterance of a very great man:

"Again, I suppose, it is universally agreed that it would be useless and absurd for the State to attempt to promote friendship and sympathy between man and man directly. But I see no reason why, if it be otherwise expedient, the State may not do something toward that end indirectly. For example, I can conceive the existence of an established church which should be a blessing to the community—a church in which, week by week, services should be devoted, not to the elevation of abstract propositions in the dogma, but to the setting before the minds of an ideal of true, just and pure living; a place in which those who are weary of the burden of daily cares, should find a moment's rest in the contemplation of the higher life which is possible for all, though attained by so few; a place in which the man of strife and of business should have time to think how small, after all, are the rewards he covets compared with peace and charity. Depend upon it, if such a church existed, no one would seek to disestablish it."

## A Cordial Invitation from Dr. Buchanan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I have nothing further to offer for the reason that none of my recent arguments have been really answered by the champions of antiquity, but I would cordially invite those who think that our remote predecessors were wiser than all the scientists and philosophers of to-day, and that an array of famous old names is a logical argument, to offer at least a small amount of evidence in behalf of some of the old systems of metaphysics and the magnificently marvelous stories of Madame Blavatsky. If they can do no more, will they not at least offer something that is really an answer to the exposition of the folly of re-incarnation in *The Journal of Man* for May, a portion of which was published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL nearly three years ago. The answers then invited have not appeared, for the doctrines of blind speculative faith do not figure well on the arena of reason.

J. R. BUCHANAN.

Boston, Mass.



## Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD

## WOMAN IN POLITICS.

One of the most common objections made by men to granting suffrage to women is the alleged lack of intelligence. The "muddy pool of politics" is the "muddy pool of politics." There is rarely a meeting where the question of woman's political enfranchisement is freely discussed, that some man does not have a sudden attack of sentimentalism, and draw pathetic moral pictures, which would be heart-rending if they were not so palpably absurd, of the state of affairs when women shall plunge into the mad vortex of political work and sully their pure lives and thought by sharing with men the cares and burdens of government.

But what are "politics" which men declare will be so fearful in their effect on the womanly nature, but which seem to have a wondrous fascination for masculine minds? Worcester defines Politics as "The science or the art of government; or the administration of national or public affairs; that part of ethics which consists in the knowledge or the practice of conducting the various affairs of a State or nation; political science; political economy. 2nd. Political, or public affairs, or the conduct and contentions of political parties."

Certainly these definitions must be in some way misleading, or else our male friends are mistaken in their ideas in regard to the subject, for common sense teaches us that to the mothers and teachers of the race, the knowledge of "the art of government" should be an essential part of their education, for how can they teach their children that of which they themselves are ignorant? And how can "that part of ethics which consists in the knowledge or the practice of conducting the various affairs of the State or a nation," be of so vile a nature that the participation of women in such knowledge or practice should immediately impart to their character so sudden coarseness and impurity, and bring chaos and disorder to American society at large? "If," wrote the venerable Dr. Bushnell, some years ago, "we precipitate our society down this abyss [woman's suffrage] and make a final wreck of our public virtue in it, that is the end of our newborn, more beneficent civilization." And again he asks, aghast at the thought of woman's voting even after the assurance that the sex intended to reform and refine the state of political corruption which was so graphically described by men, "Where away goes the refinement of the polls, when the polls have unrefined the refiners?" intimating that the politics of this nation were in such a demoralized condition that there was no hope of amendment, and that if women meddled therewith, they would necessarily become contaminated and fall into degradation.

Now the women who demand equal participation in the making of those laws which they are compelled to obey, and in the choice of the rulers who execute those laws, are women who have used their reason and are not to be blinded by any such bug-a-boo stories. It is an insult to the common sense of such to put up such transparently "scarecrow" arguments in the political fields which they desire to enter. Politics are what men have made them, and women know that while any good thing may be abused, if it falls into ignorant or evil hands, yet always the best men have done their utmost to make politics the expression of the best they know. And women understand while not expecting all at once to refine or reform the polls that so long as they submit to the justice which refuses to admit them to an equal share in a misnamed Republican government which professes to believe that "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and still refuses to allow one-half of the governed to express either assent or dissent—that by this submission they virtually acquiesce in the generally received opinion as to the intellectual inferiority of their sex, and so are guilty of helping to make any possibly present inferiority permanent.

Aside, however, from this phase of the question as to the admission of women into political life, there is another side to be considered. It used to be one of the stock replies of pro-slavery men to the arguments of the abolitionists in favor of the manumission of the colored race, to ask them, "How would you like to have your sister or daughter marry a negro?" As white men we don't want to marry negro wenches, or associate with the inferior race in any way." The inference being that the mere fact of freedom was to bring the races necessarily into more intimate domestic relations than while slavery existed. When in fact many of those men most earnest in making this protest were already in more intimate relations with their slaves, as masters and owners, than they have ever been since, both men and women associating from childhood with their colored nurses and servants.

So the question as to what women can or will do in politics is already partially answered by what they have done so far in that line, for the refusal to them of the ballot has not deterred thousands of women from becoming interested in what so nearly concerns them, and among those who have taken this interest a majority have shown signal ability and judgment, and have often become the counsellors and directors of the men who were the ostensible leaders, "the power behind the throne," being in many cases the power of intellectual womanhood leading the leader, and ruling the ruler. Dotted all along the pages of history we find the evidence of such power wielded by women, sometimes so strongly to entirely change the course of a nation's story, and to link the names of such women forever with the memory of certain great events in history. The names of Cleopatra, Aspasia, Queen Esther, Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Madame Roland, Madame De Staël, and within our own time, the Empress Eugenie will recall a few such instances.

Whoever reads the political novels of D'Israeli and other English writers will gain a tolerably fair idea of how much English women to-day influence English politics, and even careless readers familiar with current events must note the powerful interest politics have for the thousands of still disfranchised English women who are banded into "Primrose" and "Liberal" leagues in that country; while here in America, Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration," depicts very clearly a few of the ways in which American women mix in "the muddy pool," and we have already seen how artless in our own nation's history woman's voice, work and influence have been invoked by male politicians to help on both sides. How welcome at the outbreak of our late war was Anna Dickinson's earnest, eloquent young voice on the Republican platform, as since have been

the work of such women as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Phoebe Censens, Julia Ward Howe and many others, who were always eagerly welcomed to the political arena, by the party on whose behalf they spoke and worked; and whether enlightened enough to demand for themselves full political privileges with men, or not, the mass of American women to-day are earnestly interested in the politics of the nation.

Gentlemen, women are already in politics! What they now need, and what thousands are demanding is a fair field to work therein, unhandicapped by the bar sinister of disfranchisement.

## Are Plants Affectionate?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The subject of "Plant Magnetism" is naturally one of general interest, and it can not be too thoroughly discussed. The theory that plant-life can be promoted by words of encouragement, seems a little chimerical, still it must not be thrust aside untested. In this advanced age of absurd notions, one must try to believe something of a dubious nature, or suffer the blasting opprobrium of being "too skeptical, and entirely behind the times."

If polite remarks will accelerate vegetable growth, it is necessary that we learn how to deal out the requisite amount of suavity to each twig and tuber. If flowers are to be grown by love-making, we must acquire the habit of declaring our affections, in an acceptable manner; and the sooner our surplus blarney is made available in the production of cabbages, the better for our friends as well as for ourselves. It would be a brilliant plan for some adept in vegetable magnetism to publish a book with this title, "Handbook of Plant Etiquette." It would surely lead the author with wealth and fame, besides filling a long felt want. After perusing it, we could tread our garden walks with some assurance, for we would not run any risk of addressing a rosebush in language adapted to the potato.

The transaction between a Milwaukee gentleman and his little elms, as described in the JOURNAL of April 27th, is quite to the point, and besides being instructive, it is full of pathos. The person who can read that narration without emotions of some kind, has no music in his unredeemed soul. But, although deeply affected, I can not help wondering why the Milwaukeean took pains to waste so much fine eloquence upon elm trees in Wisconsin where the woods are full of them. Note what he is reported to have said to each of those senseless saplings: "Now, little tree, I want you to grow up to be an ornament and a blessing to the city and the people about here. Grow, little tree, grow, and make the world more beautiful."

We are further informed that after your correspondent's uncle had thus conjured his trees, they did grow, which serves to prove what I have intimated, that elm trees are very hardy. He might have made a campaign speech to them, and they would have grown just the same. Like Kansas cottonwoods they thrive as well upon purple hued anathemas as they do upon the most diplomatic flattery, and nothing less than a sharp ax in the hands of a strong man has power to taunt them in the least degree.

In a late number of the JOURNAL, W. Whitworth expresses himself in an admirably terse and sensible manner, and asks a few pertinent questions, which I am anxious to have answered. But they will, probably, share the fate of all direct questions, since theorists, who are so lacking in conscience as to apply the text, "As a man thinketh, so is he," to wheat sprouts, are too far above this sphere of matter to heed questions savoring of the practical.

Imagination pictures Mr. Whitworth endeavoring to follow the advice thus far given. He goes about waving his hands above the numerous plants in his green-house, encouraging them with honeyed phrases. He deprecates them with his hat; and smiling blandly, stoops and stoops and exhales a choice puff of carbonic acid gas upon the soil at the roots of each. He keeps this business up until he hasn't breath enough left to vent pointed expletives upon the dainty chickweed and the brave Canada thistle.

Should his greenhouse fall under this new order of things, he should accept the failure as a just punishment for his lack of faith, and interview an astrologer as early as possible. He may learn that the stars have combined to bring him ill-luck during his present incarnation, just because he was born on Friday, and never owned a rabbit's hind foot.

Is it possible that any sane person really believes that trees grow more luxuriantly for being lectured? Does any one honestly think that blank gestures over plants will benefit them in any way? We have all noticed that bulbs and shrubs which we admire and cultivate, often die, while others in the same garden grow with very little attention. This shows that our affections have no influence over them. The most delicate and fragrant flowers grow wild in the woods and fields, and no one thinks of ascribing their profuse beauty and sweetness to discreet coaxing.

Oh! the superstition of the present time! It is enough to make one wish for a return of the 17th century, for at that time a little learning was not such a very dangerous thing as it seems to be at present.

Concordia, Kan. RETTA S. ANDERSON.

## Lyman C. Howe on Practical Christianity.

Lyman C. Howe delivered an excellent discourse at the hall, 104 22nd St., Sunday evening, May 12th, on the subject, "Practical Christianity." In the course of his remarks he said:

The spiritual alone is practical. By the spiritual I mean all that constitutes our immortal nature. The physical is of practical value only as it contributes to the imperishable. Most people reverse this estimate and count nothing practical that does not pander to temporal desires. What feeds the body and answers to material wants is esteemed practical and, therefore, worthy to engage our energies and occupy our time. Any religion that does not offer temporal rewards or immunity from justice in another world and promise some personal benefit that we have not earned is thought impractical and, therefore, useless. Until modern heresy stirred the religious conscience and awoke some higher conceptions of life and the uses of worship, it was a common notion that without the fear of hell there could be no incentive to righteousness. So thoroughly was this moral blindness disseminated that in our courts of justice a man that did not believe in a frowning God and endless woe was supposed to have no adequate motive to prompt him to tell the truth! This concept of the value of religion based upon selfishness and fear exerted a stupefying effect upon man's estimate of himself. It buried from the sight of his own consciousness the best

qualities in his nature, and made him believe that without the fear of "the wrath to come" he would be a veritable fiend and revel in sin, shame and crime until surfeited with vice, and nothing within him to limit or restrain! What a moral paralysis wrought in the name of Christianity!

Since man is an immortal being modern thought finds a need for higher uses for his endowments than living for gratification alone, or spending his time and energies in pious efforts to cheat justice and make terms with fickle and fiendish deities by which he may escape the consequences of sin. Christianity and sectarian theology are quite distinct. With the latter we have not now to deal. Since the spiritual (immortal) is the only practical life, it follows that whatever inspires this life in the flesh with spiritual incentives, and gives to all its temporizing an eternal significance and undying value is practical in the best sense of the word. Unquestionably this was the aim and effort of the founder of the Christian religion. Both by precept and example he emphasized the importance of the spiritual nature and its care and cultivation, and showed a contempt for the authority of this world and all its treasures whenever they were in the way of his spiritual work. If the record may be trusted he ignored the authority of his earthly parents that he might follow the light from heaven.

This may be thought a doubtful example for modern youths, but if all were led by the same high motive that we believe actuated the Nazarene, it would be a decided improvement on family governments. The only authority that should rule is that of truth and high motives. When the young of our age are thus led, no ironical rules, no whips or penalties will be needed, and they will not go wrong. Practical Christianity is not to be found in creeds or rituals; nor exemplified in formal ceremonies and dogmatic authority. It is an inspiration. The founder of this faith lived in the hearts of the common people, labored for their spiritual emancipation and taught them by example. He walked reverently beneath the bending blue and gathered flowers of love from the valley of humility. His life seems to have been closely blended with both worlds. Breathing out wisdom and compassion on the sorrowing and helplessness, and from the "pure in heart" beyond the death line he drew the guiding light and tender inspiration which moved the best emotions of all who felt his quickening power. Practical Christianity must exemplify the central characteristics of its founder, or it is as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." It should open the windows of every soul inspired by its genius, to invite the spiritual influx and welcome celestial visitors to breathe their wisdom and love in helpful benedictions upon the world; and reach a kindly hand to the moral slaves and spiritual weaklings who need a friend and guardian, and make this life practical by enlisting its best energies with the warmth and power of the truth-illumined sphere.

## New Books Received.

Researches in Jewish History. By G. W. Brown M. D., Rockford, Ill. Published by the author. Price \$1.50.

Evolution Spiritually Considered; its Logic and its Lessons. Also An Oration on the Celebration of the Forty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. By J. J. Morris. Price 15 cents.

Church History. By Prof. Kurz. In three vols. Vol. I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$2.00. Hints on Metaphysics; with accompanying charts. (For Teachers and Students.) By J. V. Benefield. Boston: Carter & Co. Price, cloth, 75c; paper, 50c.

## May Magazines Received Late.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) A varied table of contents appears this month. A Peep into the Coal Country, fully illustrated, is an interesting sketch. The Better Man, and San't Ilario are continued.

Also: The Phenomenological Journal, New York. The Path, New York. Christian Metaphysics, Chicago. The Hermetist, Chicago.

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The Practical Illustrated Mesmerist. By Wm. Darcy. The sixth edition is now out and is meeting with a hearty welcome. Price, 75 cents. How to Magnetize, by James Victor Wilson, needs only a mention as it is a most popular work on this subject. Price, 25 cents. Cadwell's How to Mesmerize is another popular work and should be read by all investigators of this subtle power. All the above for sale here.

Statunology, or Artificial Sombambulism, hitherto called Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism, by Wm. Baker Fahnestock, M. D. Contains a brief historical survey of Mesmer's operations, and the examination of the same by the French commission. Price, \$1.50. For sale at this office.

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Means of avoiding inconveniences and dangers, showing how we can develop the magnetic faculty and protect ourselves in the knowledge of Magnetism with copious notes on Sombambulism and the use to be made of it.

By J. P. F. DELEUZE.



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## Theosophy.

One of the most difficult problems in life, especially in journalistic life, is to sift, weigh and properly adjust complicated facts and finally to arrive at just conclusions as to matters under review. Well-balanced students find themselves in this dilemma in surveying the field occupied by Theosophy. There is so much in it that is true, so much that is false, so much that commands approval, so much that is adverse to all modern methods of thinking, that it is difficult to give a fair estimate of its merits. It claims to be a representation to the world of what is called the "Wisdom Religion." Until within a few months this "Wisdom Religion" was, so far as we have been able to judge, a mere classification of ancient "Buddhism," or "Esoteric Buddhism" as called by its first propagators. There was nothing new or startling in their earlier form of its announcement. All persons who made any claims to extended reading were familiar with its fundamental thought. The teaching of Spiritualism had covered most of the really valuable ground claimed by Sinnet, Olcott and even Madame Blavatsky, and it had, too, been practically worked out in essential particulars in other cults. But the publication of "Secret Doctrine" and the extraordinary claims put forward by its author makes the subject assume a new aspect. One is not only confronted by the claim of a new (old) religion, but one is also met with an organization, which, if successfully carried out, makes this new movement questionable in many of its aspects. Madame Blavatsky is its assumed or real head; and with a shrewd woman's vaulting ambition, backed by great mesmeristic power, and an indomitable will, the world is, apparently, about to be treated with a modified edition of the T. L. Harris movement, and possibly, if successful, an aspiration to the papacy itself. This is to be regretted because true and pure Theosophy is entitled to the profoundest respect. It is a law of human life, however, that every great and good cause has to suffer from the false and imperfect in human environment. Theosophy and Spiritualism, in their true aspects, are no exception.

So far as Theosophy is the reflex or the reality of Ancient Buddhism—so far as it has for its end the purification of individual life of its grossness and animality, and of the bringing of men into closer brotherhood, we welcome it as a component part of pure Spiritualism. Such accessories in the struggle for a higher spiritual life are the need of the hour. Humanity needs this old truth; needs it to soften down the hard lines of our too material life. This or some other heaven is needed in Spiritualism so that its phenomenal life may be relieved of much of its vulgarity and lack of refined spirituality. But Theosophy, in some of its phases, as it is now coming into view, seems as another disappointment to our hopes. It seems impossible for human nature to be content with its modest investment and to leave the divine forces to enrich the world with the genuine gifts of the spirit. Egotism is the world's prevalent weakness. It was this, according to tradition, that dethroned Lord Lucifer. It now looks as though his career will be paralleled by one who approaches him in all but the masculine quality. The great work of T. L. Harris found an equal eclipse from the same cause. Laurence Oliphant was no stranger to its fascinating power. The trouble is men cannot let God's great impersonal truth work its way into their hearts without saturating it with the din and dust of their own

weak personality. With all their egotism, however, in matters of religion, and especially in their relations to an immortal life, men generally prefer to be led. They are too intent on making money and too heavily handicapped by an inheritance of superstition to stop to exercise their reason. The dupe always finds his master, and why not in Theosophy as elsewhere? The attitude which some Theosophists maintain towards the rising sun of their new day will determine the worth or the worthlessness of much they have taught in this country and elsewhere for the past fourteen years. If they have the strength of character to resist the coming encroachment, we see for them as well as for all liberal religions and ethical movements a widening field for constructive work. The great army of Spiritualism is ready for an advance all along the line. The reapers are few, but the harvest is vast. True Theosophy can do its share in the good work of lifting the burden.

Spiritualism is democratic. It believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It rejects all attempts to confine thought to any creed, but welcomes all to be shared by all, in a common help. A Christian saint no less than an Indian adept finds welcome in its ranks. It believes the One Truth is for all, and as each one's capacity opens, this finds lodgment as the guest of the heart. Therefore let us submit everything to that common reason which is the inheritance of all—each free to determine the measure of his acceptance.

## Romish and Mormon Hierarchies.

In primitive times most of the leading families and great personages claimed to have been of divine descent, to have been of more than mortal lineage. Such divinely descended families furnished the kings and high priests, who domineered with unquestioned and absolute sway over their ignorant and credulous fellow men.

In these modern times all the institutions and officials of our day are human and of human device and origin. The distinction between sacred and profane, as these words have been applied, is a badge of primitive barbarism, and it is in full force only in communities sunk in superstition. Although they may be living in and breathing the atmosphere of the world of to-day, they belong morally and mentally to primitive barbaric times.

The Mormon priesthood is a reproduction of the Mosaic theocracy in this republican age and country. It was by no means an invention of Joseph Smith, but a plagiarism from the Hebrew Scriptures, of which the Book of Mormon is a gross, palpable imitation. In this late age of reason, Smith undertook to play the part of a Moses or primitive priest or prophet himself as the direct organ and mouthpiece of Deity. In the days of Moses lawgivers and prophets always professed to act under supernatural guidance, to be in intimate relations with Deity, and always affirmed that the laws which they promulgated were dictated by Deity.

The Mormon prophet flourished a good many ages too late to have his claim of divine inspiration generally credited, even by those ready to believe in the inspiration of Moses. The Hebrew lawgiver looms vaguely and giganticly through the mists of backward time, while the founder of Mormonism is near enough to the observer to be closely inspected and understood. Hence he was denounced as an impostor and humbug. But after all there is a percentage of mankind, even in these enlightened times, who take stock in Smith and the line of prophets that has succeeded him. The theocracy which he founded is a substantial fact in Utah. It is utterly and radically un-American and anti-American, since it is governed not by the will of the people, but by the alleged will of God as made known to the Mormon priesthood.

The Roman Catholic Church is a similar theocracy, only its spiritual head is not an American, but an Italian, who resides thousands of miles away from our shores. He is the official, earthly vice-regent of God; and as such, his will, in the belief of his followers, should override not only the will of the people in their sovereign capacity as the collective rulers of the United States, but the will of all other civil rulers, personal as well as collective.

While the Mormon priesthood have colonized their followers in a part of the continent by themselves, having brought an immense wilderness under cultivation by the industry of their adherents, the Roman Catholic priesthood have invaded our old States with their followers and filled our cities with poverty and ignorance, not to say crime. Not long ago one of the religious orders and one of the archbishops of the Roman hierarchy were guilty of a criminal conversion of vast sums of money intrusted to them for safe-keeping by poor, hard-working, credulous laymen of their religious faith.

This Republic finds itself, *volens volens*, cut up into Episcopal and archiepiscopal provinces, with spiritual princes lording it over them, princes who are the vice-regents and representatives of the god of the Vatican in far away Rome. His priests on this Republic soil, denounce in their journals, our sister European Republic of France, and decry and defame all the great popular leaders and liberals of the various European countries.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy are now engaged in an open and undisguised war against our system of popular education, which is the keystone of our Republican arch, with the purpose of establishing a

priestly system of education which shall indoctrinate the minds of all young Roman Catholics with a hatred of popular democratic rule and of all secular, rational enlightenment.

The Roman Catholic hierarchy, like the Mormon hierarchy, are determined to keep their people, as far as possible, separate from, and unassimilated with, the great mass of the American People; in other words, to keep them Roman Catholics rather than suffer them to become Americans. If the Mormons were as numerous as the Romanists are, and took a hand in politics, the demagogue and average congressman would have the same tenderness for the Mormon church they now have for the Roman Catholic church. Priest-hoods, of whatever name, are the mortal foes of a popular sovereignty such as that of the United States.

Happily, ecclesiasticism and dogmatic priestly supernaturalism which, in the day of its arrogance and power, burned Giordano Bruno (to whose memory a monument is about to be erected in Rome) and humiliated Galileo with his woes, is impotent any longer to stop the progress of science, before which and the menacing aspect of European Liberalism, it cowers, pallid with the apprehension of danger.

## Paine's "Common Sense."

Paine's "Common Sense" was published at Philadelphia, January, 1776, a year after the battle of Lexington. He foresaw at that early day the grandeur of the destiny of this country. He saw that mankind at large were interested in its future. In the preface to "Common Sense" he says: "The cause of America is, in a great measure, the cause of mankind. The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent, of at least one-eighth of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year or an age; posterity are virtually involved and it will be more or less affected even to the end of time by the proceedings now. Now is the seed time of continental union, faith, and honor." He scorned the idea of Continental America remaining in a perpetual state of provincialism, vassalage and dependence on Great Britain. "We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives are to become precedents for the next twenty."

Why could not a clergyman recognize these historic facts in a patriotic address on the characters and events of the Revolution?

Although Paine was an Englishman, he denied England's relation of maternity to this country. Europe, and not England, he said, is the parent country of America. The satellite, he affirmed, could not be larger than its primary planet. "It was absurd that a continent should be governed by an island. Paine was as determined in preaching independence, instead of reconciliation, after the war had begun as Webster, three-quarters of a century later in the crisis of the anti-slavery question, was in preaching the necessity and inviolability of the Federal union. Independence was the watchword of Paine in 1776, as Union was that of Webster in the decade between 1840 and 1850.

Paine was the St. John who heralded the advent of the great Western Republic. He was present at its birth throes and indicated its horoscope. He was with his pen what Washington was with his sword to the cause of freedom and independence, of which Common Sense was "the trumpet of a prophet."

By the publication of his "Age of Reason" Paine incurred the odium theologorum, and became the subject of unmeasured pulpit denunciation and popular hatred, even on this side of the Atlantic. But at last has dawned a real age of reason in the enlightened quarters of the world, when historic characters like Paine, who have been unjustly clouded by the pleasure of theological bigots, are given, so far as their memories at least are concerned—a rehearing in the chancery of reason. Paine is at last certain to occupy a high and permanent niche in the history of his adopted country, and to be universally regarded as a worthy member of that immortal constellation of patriots, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, that will shine forever in the American historic firmament.

## The Public Schools and their Enemies.

Dr. McGlynn lectured lately at Haverhill, Mass., on "The Public Schools and their Enemies." In the course of his long address he said: "Common schools are necessary in a country like ours, since a Republican government cannot exist without education. Nearly twenty years ago I expressed myself on this very subject of parochial schools, and said that I believed the Catholic church was making a fatal tactical mistake when it abandoned its apostolic work of preaching the religion of Christ for the far inferior less vital work of pedagogy. The idea of building the school first and then the church is a false one. Those who insist in establishing parochial schools are giving up their duty and uttering a cry of distress, since they are despairing of the efficacy of their religious belief. If there is any person here who hates the Catholic religion as the devil hates holy water, he should rejoice over the action of the church in this parochial school question. In Europe which always had been under the control of the Catholic religion in affairs both spiritual and temporal, Rome, Spain, France, nowhere was the Catholic religion

and the priest more abhorred than right in the midst of these priest-ridden countries, because the people had such a dose that they wished to spew it up. The ecclesiastical cobbler should stick to his last, to his preaching of the tenets of his religion, and leave the work of teaching mathematics, etc., to teachers. I believe it was a great tactical mistake and a great practical blunder for Catholic priests or bishops ever to have made any such demand for public moneys, whether for parochial schools or for any other charitable institutions. I, as a Catholic priest have deplored and do deplore to-day these fatal blunders. They impede immensely the progress of the church, they raise prejudice, they excite hostility and they excite alarm. It is clearly the right and duty of the State, and particularly of an American Commonwealth, to see that its citizens shall have every possible opportunity and every inducement for education. The State cannot safely relegate that duty to all the churches or to any of the churches. The especial reason why just now it would not be proper to grant any public money to sectarian schools, and why they should be governed by the State, and why, therefore, the education even in private schools should be required by the State to come up to a certain standard, is just this—that the churchmen of various denominations, and perhaps just now those of the Catholic church more than any others—are not really very sincere and honest in this matter of education. I say it, with deep conviction, that I believe that if there were not any public schools in this country there would not be any parochial schools; that these schools are not gotten up on account of the persistent, earnest desire of our clergy for secular education combined with religious, but because it becomes a necessity to get up these schools as the rivals of the public schools. The special danger from these private schools is that they would, to a very great extent, help to perpetuate for generations to come a sort of nationality within a nationality, an *imperium in imperio*, an empire within an empire. Especially is this true of the German Catholic schools."

## The Presbyterian Assembly.

For the first time in twenty years the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has held its meeting in New York City. This is the Northern Assembly, the smaller southern organization having been torn from the parent tree in those discussions concerning slavery which preceded the civil war. Though the cause of the rupture has long since disappeared and many overtures have been made by the larger portion, the wound has never been healed. A Conference Committee appointed to consider modes of fraternal cooperation decide that the time for union has not yet come.

But the main point of interest in the meeting is the fact that the New York Presbytery with Dr. Howard Crosby at the head, favor a revision of the Confession of Faith. Especially do they wish for a change in the chapter dealing with "God's Decrees." These include election, eternal damnation, the unpardonable sin and the whole of those tremendous dealings of God with man, a belief in which has driven so many human beings to physical destruction or insanity. They are travesties on love and goodness, relics of the dark ages, breathings of slaughter and destruction which horribly blot the record of the 19th century.

It is a monstrous fact that so far in the history of the Presbyterian Church, this is the first time such a revision has even been proposed. Little children have glibly recited the Westminster catechism during all these long years, their young minds refusing to take in the horrors which they memorized. New communicants, subscribing to the fearful theories that condemned by the eternal decrees of God, the major portion of humanity to hopeless and eternal torment, little realized the blasphemy to which they gave assent; and so a membership of 725,000 persons gathered in 6,800 churches and ministered unto by 6,000 clergymen, sent 800,000 children to the Sunday-school while such monstrous doctrines were inculcated, without so much as a single protest.

That the Confession of Faith is now to undergo revision is only a testimony of the times that the hardest, slowest, driest tree in all the forest finally yields to the sunshine and begins to put forth signs of those life-currents which are quickening all the earth.

## Possibly a Medical Murder.

The physicians who made such unseemly haste to cut open poor Washington Bishop's head and dig out his brain, within five hours after his apparent death, have been arrested on a criminal charge. There was no warrant of law nor any necessity for the barbarous haste and illegal act. Yet it is very doubtful if these ghouls get their deserts; by hook and by crook they will escape just punishment, as do hundreds of their brethren who are daily murdering people under the protection of diplomas. The "dear public," in whose interests these empirics profess to work, is rapidly awakening to a realization of the medical thralldom; and the laws for the protection of doctors will within five years be stricken from the books or greatly modified. In Illinois the medical ring came near being broken by legislative action during the present session of the legislature. Had the opponents of the law acted with concert and vigor, Dr. Ranch and the squad who are guarding the doctor factories and imposing upon the people would have been out in the cold ere this. No respectable, competent physician asks legislative protection.

## The End of Rowley.

In another column we republish from the Cleveland Leader of last Sunday a letter from Mr. Hudson Tuttle to Rowley, proposing a series of test sances; also Mr. Lees' note and Rowley's reply through his wife. No rational person will require further evidence to prove the falsity of Rowley's claim of being a medium for independent spirit telegraphy. The "Christian" and "honest man," as he calls himself, shrinks into a common cheat and falsifier. His Methodistic cant is uncovered and he stands before the world in his true character. He is probably a medium, a most commonplace one at that; as Dr. Whitney describes him, an automatic writing medium, neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient.

As will be seen, Mr. Tuttle's letter is eminently fair, considerate, just and kindly; just such a letter as one would expect from him under the circumstances. He has been a life-long Spiritualist; his record is before the world, and he needs no defense. How does Rowley meet the proposal? A perusal of his reply, signed by Mrs. Rowley, is enough, it needs no comment in so far as Mr. Tuttle is concerned. Mr. Lees also exhibits a proper and kindly spirit, and is willing to withdraw if personally objectionable. Everything is done to bring Rowley to a test of his claim, but he declines.

The assertion made by Mrs. Rowley as to a promise by the editor of the JOURNAL to "H. D. G." is maliciously false and without a shadow of truth to rest upon. Her statement as to Rowley's invitation to meet the "professors of all the prominent eastern colleges" and his acceptance of the same is equally misleading. Through the attention attracted to him by the JOURNAL and the personal standing of its editor with those gentlemen, Rowley was approached through members of the American Society for Psychical Research with a proposition looking to a series of test experiments. But he put it off and no definite arrangement for such experiments exists. He will never go before a body of college professors! He will never submit to any test in the presence of expert electricians and telegraphers from this date! He is only seeking by bluff to prolong the period of his profits and break the force of his fall!

Now that the bubble has burst we are receiving many evidences of the unreliability of the alleged spirit doctors who work through Rowley. Last week the following, among other instances, came to hand: Rowley as a medium had been treating a young lady suffering with lung trouble. She had been in Pomona, California, all the past winter, and Rowley had been sending her medicine by mail; "Dr. Wells" promising a cure. The girl grew steadily worse and some four weeks ago started home unbeknown to her parents, but had to stop off at Kansas City owing to her rapidly growing illness. Her parents were expecting her to come home this spring, but not so soon. Her father called upon Rowley the next week after the result of our efforts to test him had appeared in the Cleveland Leader. "Dr. Wells" purported to make a flying visit to the daughter and reported that she was still at Pomona and much improved. The father at once telegraphed to Pomona to have his daughter come home forthwith, feeling that she could now stand the journey. What, therefore, was his surprise and indignation on reaching home to find a letter from his daughter saying that she was in Kansas City, had been there nearly a week, was worse than ever and unable to get off her bed. Naturally, the father was very angry. He felt that his child's life had been trifled with, and valuable time lost that might have been taken advantage of by a good physician. Now not even money, which he was willing to spend without stint, could restore her.

Did we not know beyond all question of doubt that the central claim of Spiritualism is true; did we not feel that Spiritualism in its large definition as the philosophy of life holds the solution of problems of stupendous importance to the world, and that we have a duty to perform, so long as strength holds out in the field we cover, our first step and greatest pleasure would be to retire and leave the territory to canting hypocrites like Rowley, and to those who enjoy being made fools of. That the man should hate us with all the vindictiveness of a detected impostor is not strange. We have stood that sort of hatred from numerous sources for many years, and feel quite equal to enduring any amount of it; for we are sustained and supported by invisible, beneficent and all-powerful aid, such as these agents of diabolism wot not of, and which will carry us through successfully to the end of our work.

Madame Blavatsky seems to be dreadfully disgruntled to think that people in this country should suppose she ever heard of so insignificant a rival as "Prof." Hiram E. Butler during his several years' work in Boston. She declares she never heard of him until last December. Quoting the JOURNAL's statement that it had been credibly informed that a Theosophist had asserted that Madame B. was determined to ruin Butler, the old lady screams out in Franco-Russo-German English: "When 'those who claim to know' can also prove that Madame Blavatsky had heard Butler's name mentioned before the end of last year, or even knew of his existence, then their 'claim to know' would have acquired at least one leg to stand upon." The JOURNAL undertakes to say that nobody will be fool enough to claim to know that the Madame never before heard of Butler. The JOURNAL does not "repeat unverified cackle," and unlike the Tartarian temerary has "discretion" enough not to juggle.



## "Psychic Science."

Adson Tuttle, of the inspiration through him, has given impetus to the study of the phenomena of spiritual existence by giving it a broad and taking name. A sapient critic rises and says the book ought to have been called "psychic fancies," and as it treats of spirit, it has no right to use the term for that relates to the soul! And pray, what is the soul? Dr. Dean, of Carleton, Neb., finds a fact given by him in "Studies," and writes in further confirmation, and of the uses made of his and other narratives in building up a complete superstructure of spiritual philosophy. From an atheist he has been converted by his own mediumship to a Spiritualist, and is happy in the power of writing automatically. He has the wonderful, and highly useful gift to a physician of curing pain by the hypnotic power of his will. He says:

"In this matter I have had the following experience: While caring for a patient suffering from phlegmonous erysipelas, where the pain was very severe, as I sat some eight or ten feet away, I directed my will on the hand, the point where the poison first developed. It seemed as though there were lines of light streaming from the hand toward me, and the pain soon ceased and did not return until after the lapse of six or seven hours. As no visible hypnotic was applied, it would seem to be a clear case of the influence of the will in overcoming pain, and as such presents a sphere of great usefulness."

## Another Veteran Retired.

Mr. L. B. Wilson, for thirty years associated with the *Banner of Light*, passed to spirit life on May 10th from his home in Boston. Mr. Wilson was a quiet unassuming gentleman of fine culture and tastes; beloved by all who had the felicity of his acquaintance, a consistent Spiritualist, a hardworking journalist, and a useful citizen, he will be greatly missed, and his place will not be easy to fill. Mr. Wilson only lacked a month of being seventy-four years old. One by one the veterans are responding to the last call. Who will be the next?

An excellent display of imitation religion was held at the First Methodist church the past week under the auspices of the Western Unitarian Conference. It was really funny to observe how the nice people who made up the body of delegates exchanged goods and offered their products to the audience with as much soberness and with as many evidences of faith in the value of the commodity as though it was backed by a spiritual basis. These religious greenbackers mean well, but some how they don't succeed in making any dent upon the toiling, sweating, struggling masses who need a coinage which shall bring them all those accessions of happiness so essential to morality and religion. Most of these excellent people—than whom none are more respectable—fail to see that intellectual culture is not religion. Until they realize that their alleged religion is of no more value to the suffering, hungry, ignorant, undeveloped soul, than is an illuminated iceberg to a man freezing to death, until they realize this, the cold sparkle from their refrigerated refinery will only amuse the cultured few—nothing more.

The Olive Branch has withered away, dried up and dropped off. In other words it is dead. For years it was watered and nursed at considerable expense and trouble, but somehow it didn't flourish, and the cost of fertilizing it became irksome to Brother David Jones and those who had it in hand. Mr. W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, is now the happy possessor of the liability to subscribers. Having found that his *Banner of Life* was bleeding him to death, he cremated it. Upon its ashes he has now planted the withered Olive Branch and is in hopes that the combination will, under the new name of *The Spiritual Instructor*, grow, blossom, and bear fruit monthly. We hope it will, too. Mr. Reid has replaced his hard earned money with a large stock of experience and is a wiser and, we judge, a happier man. The first number of his new monthly is creditable alike in dress and contents. Despite appearances we have never lost faith in Mr. Reid's good intentions, and we believe he can make a good paper. He is now striving, so he writes us, to get even with his long delayed obligations to correspondents, and hopes to complete the task within two weeks.

Prof. Thomas Davidson was in the city last week, giving a course of lectures on Art. He is a growing force in the art and literature circles of all the great literary centers; even St. Louis, Milwaukee, and other suburbs of Chicago, manage to wake up enough to hear him once in a while. On July 8th, at Farmington, Conn., Prof. Davidson opens the second season of a two weeks' school for the study of philosophy and ethics. Among the lecturers engaged for the session are W. T. Harris, S. F. Weston, E. H. Griggs, Thos. Davidson, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman (of Chicago), Dr. Montgomery (of Texas), Mrs. Runtz-Rees and others.

Dr. Whitney's statement of his connection and experience with Rowley's box trick is given in another column. It is plain and straightforward, and carries on its face the impress of truth, which is corroborated in many ways by the evidence previously published.

W. A. Mansfield, the well-known medium for independent slate-writing, has completed a two years' course of study at the Monroe College of Oratory, Boston, graduating on May 8th. He expects to spend the summer at Casadaga Camp.

B. F. Underwood, who has been lecturing of late in Montreal, Pittsburgh, Cleveland Massillon, Salem, Alliance and other places East, left last week for the Pacific coast, where he has numerous engagements. He is announced to speak on the 23d, 24th, 25th and 26th inst., at Spokane Falls, W. T., on "Evolution in its relation to Ethics and Religion." One of the clergymen of that city recently gave a course of lectures in which he attempted to prove by an appeal to science that evolution is but a mere assumption, unsupported by any facts. His lectures were published in the papers and seem to have given especial satisfaction to the orthodox part of the community, which will now have an opportunity to hear an exposition and defence of evolution by one who understands the subject and knows how to marshal the evidence and to pile up the arguments in its favor.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

The priests whose imprisonment for seditious utterances caused the recent riots at Guanajuato will be expelled from Mexico under the pernicious foreigner act.

The Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism, of Cleveland, has engaged Hudson Tuttle for Sunday, May 26th. His subjects are: "What is Spiritualism?" and "Uses and Abuses of Psychic Phenomena."

James Waugh of Montpelier, Ind., wishes to correspond with lecturing and platform test mediums, and others who would like to attend a camp meeting at that place, commencing June 14th.

Beginning Sunday evening, June 2nd, Mrs. Ada Foye will give a series of lectures and séances in this city. As the place for the meetings has not yet been decided upon, the daily papers will announce it on the Sunday previous.

The Spiritualists of Sturgis, Michigan, will hold an anniversary meeting on June 14th, 15th and 16th. Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Boston, Giles B. Stebbins, Detroit and L. V. Moulton, Grand Rapids, will be in attendance. All are invited to be present.

Mr. Julius Brown of Denver writes in enthusiastic terms of Dr. Dean Clarke's abilities as a lecturer, and deprecates the sorrowful fact that a Spiritualist meeting cannot be sustained for any great length of time unless materialistic Spiritualism is presented from the rostrum in the shape of phenomena, mental and physical.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps declares in the May number of the *Forum* that "It is an undecorated fact that if Jesus Christ were to enter almost any one of our influential churches to-day He would be shown into the back gallery, and He could not obtain admission to our parlors without a letter of introduction to our 'sets.'"

Mr. J. C. Wright is delivering a course of lectures at Penderly Hall, 192 West Fifth st., Cincinnati, on Scientific Spiritualism, every Sunday morning at 11, evening at 7:30 o'clock. Thinkers, liberalists, agnostics, ministers of religion, and lovers of truth of all schools are especially requested to attend. Questions can be put, objections allowed, and discussion invited.

Lyman C. Howe lectured on the subject of Theosophy, before the Progressive Circle last Sunday evening, at 104 22nd Street. A very fair audience was present, who listened intently to one of his eloquent discourses. Next Sunday evening he will again appear at the same place, and give his closing lecture before the Circle.

Angel Whisperings, by Hattie J. Ray. Could there be a more appropriate and suggestive title for a book of inspirational poems? This volume has lately been published in handsome binding, and in clear, good type and paper. The poems are written in a fascinating style, and have met with a good sale, as the orders indicate. Price, plain cloth, \$1.50. Gilt edged, \$2. For sale at this office.

J. Spencer writes to this office speaking in high terms of the edifice erected by Dr. Pratt at Whitewater, Wis. It cost \$20,000. The hall connected with it will seat about 500. Mrs. Luther, Mr. Loveland and Prof. Lockwood were among the first speakers to occupy the rostrum there, followed by Mrs. Blodgett, Dr. J. C. Phillips and Mr. Juckett, test mediums.

Don't forget the testimonial concert to Mary Shelton Woodhead, which takes place on Tuesday evening the 28th, at Kimball Hall. Tickets fifty cents, to be had at the door. No reserved seats. Dr. Phelon, an excellent critic, thus writes in the *Harvest* of Miss Woodhead: "Nothing manifests its power over the human heart like ballad singing. No one listens to her sweet renditions of the quaint Scotch dialect but longs to hear her again."

Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, the well known speaker, has just issued a new book, "Two Chapters from the Book of My Life, with Poems." Printed by John Wilson & Son, University Press, Boston. Price, \$1.25; postage, 12c. This work contains an admirable picture of Mrs. Lillie, and is bound in maroon and gold. It is a handsome book of 229 pages. It will be sold only by Mrs. Lillie, who can be addressed as follows: Melrose, Mass., Box 37.

Widespread interest has been manifested in the article on Christian Science, in the April *Popular Science Monthly*, and nowhere more than among the healers themselves. Of the several replies offered by members of this fraternity, the monthly will publish one in the June issue, by Mr. J. F. Bailey, editor of the *Christian Science Journal*, under the title, *Is Christian Science a Craze?* An editorial of the same number will clearly state the position of the magazine on this subject.

## THE STRAIN WAS FATAL.

Particulars of the Death of W. Irving Bishop, the Great Mind Reader.

He Dies From the Effects of a Cataleptic Fit Produced by Severe Brain Work.

W. Irving Bishop, the mind reader, played his last trick at the Lambs' Club in the small hours of yesterday morning, May 13th, and died a few hours later in a cataleptic fit, which was apparently the climax of the nervous excitement incident to the successful performance of the feat. The Lambs' Club is an organization of actors and men about town, and is accustomed to have "gambols" on Sunday night once a month at its club house. Only members are admitted to these entertainments, but as the gambol set for last Sunday night was the last for the season the regulations were relaxed and members permitted to bring friends with them. Harry Dixey, the actor, brought Bishop. There were about one hundred persons present in all. After awhile some one asked Bishop to give an exhibition of his powers. He consented and began with what is called "the detective trick." He left the room, and one of the Lambs took a small dagger and made the motion of stabbing Louis Aldrich. Then the dagger was hidden. Bishop was brought in, blindfolded, and with one hand of the man who had hidden the dagger upon his own hand, he quickly searched out the dagger, took it, and finding Aldrich, made a motion of stabbing him, as had been done before the dagger was hidden. There was applause at the success of that trick, but Bishop made little of it. "That's an easy one," he said. "Wait and I'll show you one you never saw before, and that I'll guarantee no one else can do." Then he asked Secretary Green, of the club, to think of some word in some of the club's books of account or record. Secretary Green had not any particular word handy in his mind, but with Dr. J. A. Irwin, who is an acquaintance of Bishop's and who had dropped in while Bishop was doing his easy trick, he went down stairs where the books of the club are kept, and he and the Doctor came across the name of Margaret Townsend in the minute book, where it appeared in some records relating to the Lester Wallack benefit. Mr. Green and Dr. Irwin fixed upon the word "Townsend," and noting in their minds the page and part of the page upon which it appeared, they hid the book and went back upstairs.

## BISHOP, BLINDFOLDED,

had Green's hand placed upon his own and then led the party down stairs, found the book without difficulty, and, turning over the pages rapidly, came at last to the page on which the name appeared. Skimming his fingers over it he gradually settled upon the word itself. "Is that it?" he eagerly asked, and being told that it was he led the way back up stairs, having been blindfolded all the time, and announced that he proposed to tell what the word was in a manner which would demonstrate absolutely that muscle reading had nothing to do with the performance. He had been getting into a highly excited state as he went on with the trick, and this increased as he asked everybody to stand back. Without touching Secretary Green he asked him to think intently of the word, as he was apparently in a state of only half consciousness. This could not be told absolutely, however, as the bandage covered his eyes. After a few moments he said: "I think it is a name." Then he added: "I think it is a man's name." In this, of course, he was wrong. After more apparently intense mental effort, he exclaimed nervously: "Give me something to write with." Some one pulled a scrap of paper from his pocket and handed it to Dr. Irwin, and Dr. Irwin gave it with a pencil to Bishop. Without an instant's hesitation Bishop seized it and dashed off the word "Townsend," not written in natural form, but reversed as it would appear in a mirror were the paper on which the word was written reflected there. "That is it," he exclaimed, and at the same moment, as Dr. Green and Dr. Irwin nodded their heads and the persons about burst into applause, Bishop stiffened out and sank back unconscious. There was a moment's excitement, but Dr. Irwin, who has known the mind reader for some years, and was acquainted with his physical condition, assured every one that it was only one of the cataleptic fits which Bishop has been accustomed to have quite frequently and that it was not likely to be dangerous. The mind reader was stretched upon the floor, and soon, under the manipulation of Dr. Irwin, began to show signs of returning consciousness. When he was able to sit up the doctor was explaining something of

## THE PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE CASE.

to those present. Bishop was apparently only half conscious, but he clearly heard all that was said, for when the doctor was stating that the peculiar backward fashion in which the name was written might be accounted for by the fact that the original reception of every thing seen by the eye is inverted as in a mirror and is reversed by the optic lens in the way to the brain, Bishop interrupted him and in a half audible voice asked him to make clear that what was written on the scrap of paper was the exact copy of what appeared in his eye and was written by him without conscious intervention of the brain. As Bishop remained in a highly excited state the doctor ordered that he be taken to an upstairs room. Only two or three persons besides the doctor accompanied him. His pulse was then faintly high. They tried to get him to bed, but he insisted upon doing the trick over again for the doctor. The doctor forbade it, and the others urged him not to attempt it, but he was obstinate and seemed to be made more excited yet by the opposition. Thinking it the best way to quiet him, the minute book was brought, and the word having been shown to Mr. Stewart, Bishop blindfolded, and with him as a medium, set out to find the word again. Bishop had great difficulty in doing the trick this time. He wandered about over the book, but finally hit upon the right page, and after well directed efforts found the word, pointing to it by a savage stroke of a lead pencil across it. He was more exhausted and excited than ever after this. Dr. Irwin began to fear a nervous collapse, and when the patient did not improve sent for Dr. C. C. Lee to help him. Bishop had frequent spasms, during which it was with difficulty that he could be held still and prevented from throwing himself about with a violence that would have endangered his bones. About 4 o'clock he had another violent cataleptic fit and went into a state of coma. Then Dr. Lee went away, deeming the case hopeless. Once in a while after that the mind reader manifested a half consciousness and seemed to recognize persons about him, but

## HE NEVER HAD A CLEARLY CONSCIOUS MOMENT

from before 6 o'clock in the morning until a few minutes past noon, when his pulse and

breathing ceased, and he was apparently dead. For fear it might be only a cataleptic trance, powerful electric currents were applied, and for half an hour some semblance of life was maintained, but at last the current ceased to have any effect and the doctor said Bishop was unmistakably dead. Every effort had been made during the morning to find some relative or intimate friend of the dying man in this city, but without success, and it was finally necessary to go to the Hoffman House, where he had been living, and get into his room, where, from letters in his satchel, the address of his mother and wife, who are living in Philadelphia, was found. A telegram informing them that Bishop was dangerously ill was sent, and Mr. Thomas took the first train to apprise them of the mind reader's death and bring them here. The body was removed to an undertaker's, where, in the afternoon, Dr. Irwin and Dr. Ferguson, the pathologist of the New York hospital, made an autopsy. Afterward Dr. Irwin said there was nothing abnormal found about the organs except the intense congestion of the brain. There were indications of

disease in some other organs, but nothing to indicate that there was any cause of death except the result of the great nervous strain to which the mind-reader had subjected himself in performing his last feat. The brain was a little larger than usual for a man of Bishop's size, weighing forty ounces. The gray matter was unusually dark in color, but there was no malformation or other physical indication that the brain was that of other than an ordinary man. The autopsy was conducted very carefully, and all the points were closely noted by Dr. Ferguson, with a view to the preparation of a paper upon the scientific aspects of the case, which, Dr. Irwin says, makes it undoubtedly one of the most remarkable in medical history. A certificate of death from hysterical catalepsy was made out.—*New York Dispatch to Cleveland Leader and Herald*, May 15th.

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Dentists to clean false teeth. Engineers to clean parts of machines. Housemaids to scrub the marble floors. Painters to clean off surfaces. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Ministers to renovate old chapels. Chemists to remove stains. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Confectioners to scour their pans. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Artists to clean the palette. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Hostlers on brasses and white horses. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.

## 4TH OF JULY.

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An interesting and successful meeting is in prospect, with good speakers, pleasant grounds and ample accommodations provided. All tenters are free to occupy grounds for tents, and the public in general courteously received, with good managers in attendance.

S. H. EWELL, President, Mrs. F. E. ORREL, Secy., Metamora, Mich.

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TO A. D. 200.

Many consider this one of the most important books of the present century. The author claims that it is a complete exposure of the Christian records of the first two centuries, bringing to view many things which have heretofore been skillfully covered up for theological purposes. Accounts are given of all the gospels, more than forty in number, many of which are destroyed. The Gospel of Markion has been re-produced, with much labor, and many difficult questions are illustrated and explained. Paul is shown to have been a Spiritualist, and the appearance of Christ to him and others to have been spiritual manifestations. A number of the leading newspapers of the country concur in declaring that it is the most thorough exhibit of the records and doctrines of the Christians of the first two centuries, and calculated to give theologians more trouble than any work ever published.

Price \$2.25, bound in cloth. Postage 15 cents. Full sheep binding, library style, \$3.00. Postage 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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## PRE-NATAL CULTURE,

Being Suggestions to Parents Relative to Systematic Methods of moulding the Tendencies of Unborn before Birth.

By A. E. NEWTON.

"The best work ever written on the subject. Everybody should own, read, and be guided by its valuable suggestions."—Mrs. Dr. WINSLOW, EDITOR OF THE ALPHEA.

"It is well and carefully and conscientiously written, and will be of service to a great many people."—Dr. HOLDSBOK, EDITOR OF HERALD OF HEALTH.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

### A Quarrelsome Pair.

EMMA BOOD TUTTLE.

A monkey and parrot were legally owned  
By a minister, clever and good, and kind  
But they never agreed, and would fight and  
disturb  
When no one could see why they should.

They must always be caged and secured when he  
was in.

On the Sabbath to teach and to preach,  
For the parrot was not very choice in her words  
And the monkey would chatter his speech.

One Sabbath the parson had slept rather late,  
And he said, "I'll not cage them to-day.  
It may be I don't trust the creatures enough;  
I'll leave them to have their own way."

He went to his pulpit and preached, but anon  
He kept thinking of matters at home.  
His parrot was saying and saying in a  
And the monkey could irritate—some.

He thought to himself, "I will trust in the Lord,  
He can calm the most turbulent wave,  
And if war and thunder are brewing at home  
His power and his mercy will save."

When the preacher returned he found perched  
on a chair,  
Head drooping, and paws sadly crossed,  
The monkey. The floor was with feathers strewn.  
But Polly, the parrot, was lost.

Come Polly! come Polly! where are you, my dear?  
Come Polly, and tell me his crime?  
From under the table the naked bird cried,  
"We've had a—a-b—l of a time!"

The monkey had plucked her as clean as a goose,  
And was feeling extremely fatigued.  
The parson made Polly a blanket and said,  
"That ape with the evil is leagued."

### "That Tiger Step."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

What can I say in behalf of that timely, fearless  
and exceptionally able paper by our good and  
far-seeing as well as our brother, "The  
Tiger Step of Theocratic Despotism"? When first  
published in the JOURNAL I read it twice and felt like  
giving Bro. Tuttle the right hand of fellowship,  
and shouting bravo! bravo! What a happy thought  
in Bro. Jackson, ordering such a goodly number and  
having them sent to every member of the House  
and Senate! Surely it will cause  
some of them to open their eyes in wonder and  
amazement; while others (and I fear the greater  
number) will scarcely give the matter a serious  
thought, even if they read the tract; yes, "tragic,"  
a missionary tract, and a timely one, too, for there  
are too many signs in the way of the approach of  
pest, for us to longer ignore them and sit idly by  
and allow ourselves to be bound, as it were, hand  
and foot by this same "Theocratic Despotism,"  
which has ever hung, like the stealthy tiger, upon  
the every step of oppressed humanity, ever ready to  
spring, cat-like, upon its prey, whenever an occasion  
occurs that will bring it into play.

Bro. Tuttle is no alarmist, and is too well-known to  
the readers of the JOURNAL to need any introduction  
or commendation from me. He sees danger  
ahead, and not far ahead either, and is in earnest  
in giving this word of timely warning. In a late private  
friendly letter, he says, "I tremble to think what  
the next generation will have to suffer. I will  
tell you all I can put my confidence in the  
"signs of the times," or in prophetic utterances of  
those who claim to, and really seem to see into the  
future in some occult way not plain to ordinary  
minds."

In that truly wonderful book, "A Lyric of the  
Golden Age," by T. S. Harris, spirit Pollok is recorded  
as saying during the winter of 1854-5, upon  
speaking of the possible event of an ignorant popu-  
lence loaded to madness till they should in their  
rrenz resort to mob rule:

"New York would be like Paris when of old  
Blood was knee deep within the palace yard,  
Bould the blind serfs of papal Rome let loose  
Their caped and hidden hatreds, and to-day,  
Cold Calvinistic bigot's bare rule  
Of any sect, the law itself would serve  
As pretext for a thousand crimes; and those  
Who in the mighty spiritual faith  
Stand rampant o'er depravities of creeds,  
And crucifixes, and custom, and drink in  
Beauty and truth, from heaven as flowers drink dew,  
Would suffer as Servetus did of old."

And what well informed, unprejudiced and fair-  
minded observer of men and things doubts the above?  
Again, after giving a most scathing rebuke to the  
"deluded millions" who groan beneath the "cruel  
sway" of kings and priests who assume to bear rule  
by "right divine," he says:

Or craven hounds, masked in the human form?  
That answer shall be given in fire and blood,  
In shotted guns and swords as lightning keen,  
When, ere the century closes, Europe springs  
To sudden manhood and her tyrants fall."

Hopful to the last, Pollok sees, or thinks he sees,<  
the final triumph of freedom, democracy and  
fraternity arising from the wreck of the old  
of despotism, his much loved England, and would  
like to quote a few passages from the last great and  
crowning work of that wonderful man and medi-  
um, T. S. Harris, "The Wisdom of the Adepts,"  
and thus give the views of the adepts of a long past  
age; of those who seem to be deputed to watch  
struggling humanity in its downward path, and to  
teach "great cataclysms." I will give but one por-  
tion of the words of the Adonai, given to Mr.  
Harris about five years ago: "The persecuting spirit  
inherent in Christianity, and not Christianity, is at  
present comparatively harmless, existing mainly but  
as a latent force in the bosoms of its clergy and de-  
voted; but that spirit, taking possession of the  
classes that subsist upon the wage-fund, as at any  
hour it is liable to do, and becoming in them not  
a thirst to persecute for the sake of opinion, or to  
slay for a creed, but to persecute for the possession  
of riches and to slay for resistance to that endeavor,  
might beget a mania in the race for which there  
would be no end but in race extinction. All this is  
clearly seen in the workings and consequences of  
the law operating."

"The powers that center and hold in the strong,  
few, who rule and restrain the many, are passing  
from that few to the many; but that many cannot  
control or regulate its own masses; it is a vast ag-  
glomeration of individualized and contentious  
anarchies. All really wise men throughout the race  
know that the race is on the edge of a cataclysm.  
But the wise are few and those who are most wise,  
by the long and thorough study of the social law,  
have arrived at the conclusion that the evil of the  
world, in mankind's present condition, is past cure  
except by a final and complete cataclysmic destruc-  
tion of all but a few who are becoming fitted to  
survive, and from which to build a new mankind  
upon a much higher plane." Study the foregoing  
and take in the philosophy and reasonableness, and  
then tell me if it has not the ring of true prophecy  
and reasonableness as coming from one who knows  
whereof he affirms. S. BIGELOW.

Lake Mary, Fla.

### The Rev. M. J. Savage.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel that the honest, manly words uttered by the  
Rev. M. J. Savage in his late Easter Sermon cannot  
be too highly appreciated by the thinking Spiritualist;  
they are surely crumbs of comfort to the rank  
and file of true Spiritualists who believe in putting  
Spiritualism on its own merits. You and I know  
that the simple facts of Spiritualism are ample to  
demonstrate the intercommunication between the two  
worlds, and when we find a man who will give our  
cause as honest a criticism, as is spread upon the  
pages of the last issue of the JOURNAL, I feel that  
he should have our hearty thanks.

When the pulpits of this country utter  
their honest convictions, obtained in their investi-  
gation of Spiritualism during the last five years,  
there will be a wave of thought spread over this  
land that will not only abolish death, but also dry  
the mourners' tears in the knowledge of life ever-  
lasting. Haverhill, Massachusetts.

W. W. CURRIER.

## Two Visions.

My father was a member of the W. M. church;  
was strictly honest in his business transactions, gave  
liberally to the support of the church, and provided  
a home and food for his family. The church con-  
sidered him a conscientious member, and he was  
honored him as an exemplary citizen, and were it  
not that others may be benefited by what I still  
have to say regarding him, I could never command  
sufficient courage to speak of his home life. As it is,  
I can touch it but lightly, and must withhold his name  
from the public, as he has other children yet in  
life, and it would be a grief to some of them. My  
father was not a kind husband nor loving parent. If  
I understood his nature, he had the elements of  
kindness in him, but thought it weak and unmanly  
to yield to its demands. His family knew him as a  
man to be feared instead of loved; his company to  
be shunned instead of sought. He was in no way  
cruel, and his cruel conduct to some of the oldest  
ones resulted in their ruin. I was the only one  
of his nine children who escaped cruel treat-  
ment; and this was because I was frail from birth,  
and was not expected to continue long on earth; yet  
his unchristian conduct toward mother and the other  
children prevented me from long enjoying life. He  
passed from earth life in '73, and was said of him:  
"One of the pioneers of Pennsylvania has left his  
post of duty to enter into that rest prepared for the  
righteous at God's right hand."

When he first passed away I wished that I might  
be granted the privilege of seeing him as he was in  
the Spirit-world, to know if a good public record  
cancelled the evil accruing from an unhappy home.  
Several years passed by without any token, not even  
a dream of him; and then I had a vision in the night  
(or a dream if you choose to call it so). I saw a  
barren side-hill, rocky, bleak, steep and devoid of  
vegetation, a few stunted, leafless briars and  
long dead grass as they appear in the late fall or  
early winter. In the midst of this scene there was a  
rail pen which enclosed what seemed to be the en-  
trance to a cave, and while I looked I saw my father  
appear within this enclosure as if he had issued from  
the cave. He was clothed in rags. His hair was  
long and matted, nearly covering his face. He gazed  
with wild eyes and haggard countenance around  
him for awhile, as if searching for something which  
he desired. He then shook himself as a beast might  
do, and uttering in a wild, disconsolate voice the  
words, "Nothing but hags, nothing but hags," disap-  
peared within the cave.

I awoke to meditate. Could it be that my father  
was dwelling in such a place as this? Being filled  
with sorrow, I prayed that if such were the case, he  
might be led to a higher life, for I could not com-  
pense with care the wild, disconsolate look which  
appeared on his face.

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circulation on record is that attained since, "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," million copies have been sold in the eight years of its existence.

Professor Paul D'Nico, whoever he is, says he can cause a thunderstorm and a fall of rain in any district on two hours' notice, and that he can have the shower stop in fifteen minutes or continue half a day.

In a case in a Rhode Island court the other day I was shown that a farmer wanted a tramp to saw three cords of wood as pay for lodging and breakfast, and when the man refused he was set upon and badly beaten.

A Pennsylvania hunter found a cave in the mountains the other day which contained, as he estimated, four tons of solid honey, but the bees pitched into him and stung him a score of times and ran him off before he could arrange to gather, pack and ship.

Sir Edwin Chadwick, in an address on sanitary science, says: "Physicians are beginning to declare that a large amount of the crime for which punishment is inflicted is due to insanity, and that insanity is due to low physical condition which sanitation by early physical training would remove."

Woman's right to clothe herself in masculine garments is fast being recognized in Paris. Formerly it was prosecuted, but is now tolerated by the police, and it is now possible in high social circles. One well-known authoress is said to exhibit herself almost every day on the boulevards in the disguise of a man.

It doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple, and can be made in any place, and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay 10 cents for a stone that may be offered you at \$500.

All colors have two kinds of harmony—that of analogy or contrast; and they are important factors, both as regards the outward appearance of our bodies and the inward tranquility of our minds. A scientific journal has recently called attention to the influence of color on the sick and insane; experiments in Italy have shown that mental and physical suffering can be relieved, not cured, by the use of certain tones. At a hospital in Alexandria special rooms are assigned to insane patients. The red room has been found of great value in cases of the commonest kind of dementia, such as melancholia, accompanied by a refusal to take food.

Professor Charcot, in lecturing in Paris recently, illustrated his remarks on a special variety of epilepsy by exhibiting a patient who, after having made numerous excursions to Paris, started on Jan. 17, about 7 o'clock in the evening, in an access of "ambulatory automatism," and walked thus for ten days. When he awoke he was on a bridge in a town which he did not know. It was in Brest, where he had arrived during his absence. M. Charcot gave an example of an analogous case which declared itself after a fall. It was that of a porter who was epileptic, and who, after this accident, was seized with a similar access and traveled during eight days without stopping and without consciousness.

#### EXTRAORDINARY LICENSE.

"It seems to me," remarked one of our citizens the other day, "that physicians are allowed extraordinary license in the manner in which they juggle with the welfare of their patients."

"Now here," who was attending Mr. — up to the time of his death, and I treated him for one thing he treated him for a dozen different disorders. First the doctor said pneumonia was the trouble; then it was consumption. Then the patient was dosed for heart trouble, and so on until just before he died it was ascertained that disease of the kidneys was the real trouble, and that which had been at first treated as pneumonia, consumption, heart disease, etc., where but the symptoms of kidney disease.

"But then it was too late. This is only one case in a hundred, and I am beginning to lose faith in the doctors altogether. In fact I haven't had any need for their services since I began to keep Warner's Safe Cure in my house, a little over three years ago. Whenever I feel a little out-of-sorts I take a few doses of it, confident that the source of all disease is in the kidneys, which I know Warner's Safe Cure will keep in good order, and will eradicate any disease that may be lurking there. Had Mr. — followed a similar course, I have no doubt that he would be alive to-day; but of course all people don't think alike.

"One thing is certain, however, and that is the doctors are allowed a little too much freedom in the way they have of pretending to know that which they really know nothing about. If they don't know what is the real trouble with the patient, they should admit it and not go on and experiment at the cost of the patient's life."

Moran, the great artist, despaired when he saw the Great Shoshone Falls—it was so far beyond his pencil's cunning. So there are wonderful dreams of beauty in the tempestuous loveliness of the grand "American Alps" in Colorado, which are at once the aspiration and the despair of painter and poet. Splendid beyond comparison is the super-scenery along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado.

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Illustrated Buddhism, or the True Nirvana, by Siddhartha Sakya Muni. The original doctrines of "The Light of Asia" and the explanation of the nature of life in the Physical and Spiritual worlds. This work was recently published and the preface informs the reader was originally written in India but being so intimately connected with the present religious life of America and Europe an edition in English was the result. Price, cloth, \$1.00; paper cover, 50 cents. For sale here.

What I saw at Cassadaga Lake in 1888 by A. B. Richmond is an Addendum to a Review in 1887 of the Seybert Commissioners' Report. Since the author visited Cassadaga Lake in 1887 his convictions of the truth of spirit phenomena have become stronger and stronger, and this Addendum is the result of his visit. Many will no doubt want this as they now have the Seybert Report. Price 75 cents. For sale here.

Lost. "All my dyspeptic troubles, since I used N. K. Brown's Euc. Jamaica Ginger," N. K's.

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A funny attempt of a black man to be made white has been brought to light. A poor little black boy was hired to sell his skin piecemeal at the rate of a sovereign a piece, each piece being as large as a sovereign. These bits of skin were transferred to the face of a negro who was discontented with his natural color, the negro's skin being transferred to the boy. The operation is hardly a success, for it appears that in a short time the white patch on the negro began to turn dark, while the black patch on the boy turned white.

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OF THE

Seybert Commissioners' Report

OR

WHAT I SAW AT CASSADAGA LAKE

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A. B. RICHMOND, Esq.,

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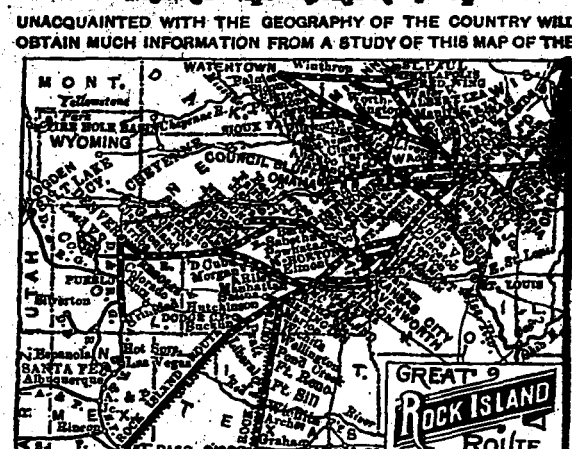
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## Coincidences.

(Continued from First Page.)

was there, too, and saw the race. It was won by a horse which was ridden by a pale-faced lady in a blue silk bonnet and white silk dress. There! that will be a striking novelty, I think, in connection with the Derby."

"Mr. Snelling's colors were the same as given by the writer, and the boy as he came past the post on Caracass was exceedingly pale. The above letter was written by a Scottish lady to her husband, who at the time had occasion to be in London; he read that part of his wife's letter to his friends at breakfast, but took no more thought of the matter till he saw Mr. Snelling's colt winning in the identical colors pointed out by his wife."

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"The following dream of a Derby winner was related by 'Rapiet,' of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic Journal*:-

"For many years before and after 1846 the principal chemist and druggist's shop in Stockbridge was kept by a man named Coakeley. One night, in the spring of 1846, Coakeley went to bed and dreamed that he saw Pyrrhus the First winning the Derby. He was not a 'horsey man,' and it struck him as curious that Mr. Gully's son of Epirus should have occupied his sleeping head, but he was more astonished the next night when the dream repeated itself. A third time he dreamed that Pyrrhus the First was victorious at Epsom, and as in the morning he happened to meet the late John Day, he related to him the visions he had seen. 'Then you'd better back him,' was John Day's advice. Coakeley did so, and of course won his money."

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"Another Derby dream may be recorded here. It is quite authentic, and was told to hundreds of people. A Jewish gentleman awoke during the night shouting, 'Macaroni has won! Macaroni has won!' Not having pencil or pen and ink at hand, he scratched the name of the horse on a piece of furniture with a pin, fearful lest he should forget it. He told his dream to many, and was well 'cluffed' for his pains, and in the end had the mortification of seeing his dream horse win, whilst, by the advice of friends, he had backed another animal."

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"The head housemaid in a large Liverpool hotel, whilst engaged one morning in doing out one of the rooms, found on the floor a crumpled letter in a child's handwriting; it was to the following effect: 'Dear Papa, I am to tell you that if you go to see the Derby you will see a horse called Amato, which is to win the race. Uncle John told mamma that he dreamed it would win, and he is to give us all a present out of his money, which will be so nice; we are all expecting you will bring us something from London dear papa. If Amato wins the Derby.' That letter was of course written in Amato's year, 1838. The housemaid of the hotel having shown the letter to the boots, who was a bit of a sporting man, 'Uncle John's dream' became public all over the house; some of the servants actually drew money out of the savings bank to back Amato, which won the race, over which the boots is said to have made a little fortune; whilst, as the saying goes, the housemaid also 'threw in for a good stake.'"

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"The wife of a club steward in London, in which club a Derby sweep of considerable amount was annually drawn, dreamt that one of the members had sold his chance, which was Doncaster, to her husband, and that the horse won the race. Of course, like a dutiful better half as she was, the lady told her husband what she had dreamt; but he, good man, was a very matter-of-fact person, and pooh-poohed the matter, telling her there were better horses in the race than Doncaster, and I've backed one of 'em, my lass which is named it is Kaiser, and if that wins you shall have a new bonnet; there, old woman!"

"Curiously enough, however, that actually took place which had been foreshadowed in her sleep. On the Friday preceding the Derby Day, the holder of the ticket in question said to the steward of the club, 'Look here, Peters! I sail on Monday from Southampton for the East, and I want to be quit of this confounded ticket. I am told the horse has no chance of winning. If any gentleman will give you a guinea for the ticket, let him have it.' Peters at once thought of his wife's dream, and replied promptly, 'All right, sir; here's the money, and if no one takes the bit of pasteboard I shan't be broke. I backed Kaiser long ago, and that's the horse which, as I think, will win this year's Derby.' As a mere matter of form, Peters offered the ticket to several gentlemen of the club, knowing pretty well they would refuse it, and in the end he had the pleasurable satisfaction of paying himself the sum of £150, due over the winning horse, the money being in his own hands as treasurer to the sweep."

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"A gentleman, carrying on business in Glasgow, and not in any sense a betting-man or given to horse-racing, dreamed that he had been able to build a nice house at Blair Athol by means of a sum of money won on the turf. The dream for him needed an interpreter, and as he dreamt it again, and yet again, he took courage to tell a neighbor of his what had occurred, and to ask if he could read it. 'That is very enough,' said his friend, who was well versed in all horse matters; 'it means that Blair Athol will win the Derby, and that if you back that horse you will win your money; and if I were you I should do so at all events. I shall at once accept the hint and tempt fortune to do me a favor.' The gentleman who was most interested tried his fortune also, and had the satisfaction of winning his money."

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"It happens to be within the knowledge of the writer that many persons have applied to professing Spiritualists to obtain a tip for that race, and he once, by the way of experiment, did so himself, and nearly obtained the double event of Derby and Oaks. The Spiritualist applied to was a Miss Lottie Fowler, an American lady travelling in Europe. It is pretty certain that in 1874 she knew very little about horse-racing, if anything at all. Her mode of revelation was to go into a trance, and then, becoming 'possessed' by a little German girl, she spoke. Her vision of the Derby, however, was very confused. The conclusion she arrived at was that two horses were equal—one wore an iron crown (Crown Prince of Rome), whilst she said she thought the other was called Apology. 'The Prince of Wales is caressing the winner,' she said, 'and placing upon its head the iron crown of victory.' Some racing men, who are always in search of omens, would doubtless have received this as an admirable tip, and have acted upon the information conveyed, hazy as it might have been thought. That way of doing things was once quite common, and often restored to."

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"An authentic story, of a Derby dream which has been made public is that of Lord Queensberry, who dreamt he was present at Epsom and saw Bruce beaten by a horse that was strange to him, but the number of the winner, which was of course displayed on the telegraph and seen in the dream, was 'No. 4.' The narrative of the dream having been published several days before that fixed for the race, the correct card was eagerly scanned to see the horse which had the dream-number placed against it—it was 'Executor,' trained at Newmarket by Mr. Jennings. On the strength of his lordship's vision a large number of persons backed the horse, although on its previous form it did appear to have much of a chance to win; as a matter of history it was lost in the race. The winner's number on the card was No. 14, so that his lordship was wrong by ten. Fourteen horses ran, and Shotover won."

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"A dream of the Derby which attracted some local attention was that of a sporting compositor engaged on one of the London daily papers which devotes a good deal of attention to the literature of horse-racing. One night, it seems (a Saturday night), he awoke his wife and asked her to keep in mind the word Kisser. He had, however, forgotten all about it on Sunday morning, when his wife asked him, 'Well, what about that word Kisser that I was to keep you in mind of?' It was some time before he could recall what had occurred; but at length he was able to explain that, while asleep, he had dreamed that the clicker of his part of the paper had given him a paragraph to set up to the following effect: 'The winner of the Derby has now received a name—it is Kisser.' This happened two or three weeks before the Mineral colt was announced to have had the name of Kisser bestowed upon it; and, curious enough, the paragraph announcing that the Mineral colt had been so named was handed to the compositor in question to be put in type."

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"The dreams and omens of the Derby with which we have been made familiar assume many shapes. Some dreamers see the race and take notice of the jockey and his colors; others see the number of the winning horse hoisted; others are told the name of the winner; and some dream that they read the name of the first three on the tissue which comes with the news to their club. I know a gentleman—a member of a sporting club—who saw in his mind's eye during his slumbers the tissue which contained Iroquois first, Peregrine second, Town Moor third. That saw was the special favorite of fortune, as on a previous occasion he dreamed that Roseberry had won the 'Cambridge' race, a dream which, for the moment, puzzled him not a little; but he was clever enough to solve the difficulty by backing the horse for both Cesarewitch and Cambridge; and Roseberry, as is well known, won both of these races."

"A vision of Harvester's and St. Gatien's dead heat was seen, it is said, by a Brighton coachman, who stated on the Sunday before the race that he had dreamed that the Derby was won by a horse with two heads."

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"The following strange story *apropos* to Inveresk, another winner of the Chester Cup, was given to the writer by Mr. James Kidd, clerk in an Edinburgh hotel where Mr. Nichol (better known as 'Billy' Nichol) used to stay when he came to Musselburgh races. 'I'll tell you a curious dream I've had, Mr. —. You know that Billy Nichol is in the habit of putting up here when he comes to Musselburgh races. Well, I dreamt the other night he came into the bar to have a talk, and I said to him as usual, 'How do you feel, Mr. Nichol? You're not looking so bright as usual, I think.' 'No,' he said, 'I'm not; I'm all to pieces over this business about my horse—it's hard to think after Inveresk has won the race that there should be an objection against it; it has knocked me up entirely, and I'm all to pieces.' This was dreamt before the race for the Cup was run, and it is a true story, and when Mr. Nichol came to Edinburgh to the Spring Meeting the dream became a reality, as that gentleman, in speaking to Mr. Kidd, used the very same words he had heard in his dream."

I am disposed to think that these dream-stories are remarkable enough, in their way, to warrant me in quoting them, if only by way of appeal to the stock objection which wants something practical out of us. It is unquestionably a point worth thinking over, why such dreams should occur and come true. The Derby, no doubt, is a race that catches the popular fancy, and I suppose, more people bet upon it than on any other race. It would, therefore, occupy more of the waking thoughts, and so, perhaps, more of the dream thoughts of the people than any other event. It is a problem which I have never been able to solve for myself how any event in the future can be predicted with certainty, or, let me say, foreseen. Some of my mathematical and metaphysical friends can see the solution, but, unfortunately for me, they have not yet been able to make me understand it."

## OCCULT METHODISM.

Rowley, the self-styled "Christian" and "Honest Man," Shirks the Trial and Sneaks behind his Wife's Apron. With the help of his Conjugal "Control" he Falsifies directly and by Implication, and Sneaks Away.

On the Road back to the Methodist Fold from whence he Strayed in Search of Gold. He may make a good Methodist but never a good Spiritualist.

The following is from the *Cleveland Leader and Herald*, May 18th:

W. S. Rowley, the "occult" telegrapher, has a zealous helpmate in his wife. Through her he has scornfully refused to submit to another investigation. Last week Mr. Hudson Tuttle, of Berlin Heights, who is one of the foremost writers and thinkers on modern Spiritualism, proposed to accept Rowley's recent offer to have another test made, but the manager at this end of the celestial telegraph line refused point blank. The correspondence that took place is exceedingly interesting in connection with the facts brought out by the late investigation. Last Thursday Mr. Tuttle sent the following letter to Mr. Thomas Lees, of this city, with the request that he forward it to Rowley:-

HUDSON TUTTLE TO W. S. ROWLEY.

DEAR SIR:-You say you are a Christian and an honest man. No one will rejoice more than I to have your honesty proven. Your claims as to a new and astonishing phase of mediumship have been widely credited and indorsed by some of the most experienced investigators. Some of those

who have heretofore credited your claims believe that they now have good grounds to withdraw their approval. In fact, you stand in a most equivocal position before the world, and it is my earnest desire to have your good name restored and your claim established on a solid foundation. For these reasons and in the interest of psychological science, I desire that your proposal for a series of tests be fairly and promptly met.

If your claim for "occult telegraphy"—that you are a medium in whose presence a spirit can, independent of physical force or control on your part, work a telegraphic instrument and send messages through it by the Morse alphabet or any other code of signals struck on a "sounder"—can be substantiated, it will be a demonstration of the grandest fact of the present age. As an independent method of communicating between the Spirit-world and this it furnishes what all past ages have sought for and the present earnestly demands.

In making a claim so far beyond any human experience and the usual course of things, the burden of proof devolves on the claimant, as you will no doubt admit. The complication of testimony and the conflicting evidence as to your claim now before the public, makes it the more obligatory upon you

## TO MAINTAIN YOUR CLAIM.

We all have, or should have, a common interest or purpose, which is to gain the truth and the whole truth. If 'occult telegraphy' is really what you claim it to be, you are more involved and have more at stake than any one else; and you owe to those who have endorsed you, and who now stand in painful suspense, a thorough vindication of your claims.

Under these circumstances, I now make a request that you will give a series of not less than three sittings to a committee of five, chosen in the following manner: I will choose two, you choose two, and these four select a fifth. The said sittings to be held within ten days from May 20, and I am to be present with a stenographer, agreeable to all parties, to report the proceedings for publication. I will now select for that committee, Mr. Thomas Lees, a well-known Spiritualist, a fair-minded investigator and active worker, and Mr. C. A. Garvey, whose skill as a telegrapher and electrician is above question, and who has acted like a gentleman in his dealings with you heretofore. Both of these men would have the confidence of the citizens of Cleveland and of the country at large in this matter. There should be no conditions imposed, other than that you do not knowingly or voluntarily or unknowingly and

AUTOMATICALLY WORK THE INSTRUMENT. Should you feel inclined to plead want of time or inability to submit to the experiments unless paid for your services, which I presume you would not, I will guarantee you double pay for all the time consumed, provided the committee reports one communication received under satisfactory conditions. The sittings may be held in your own rooms at such reasonable hours as you may fix. An early reply is requested. HUDSON TUTTLE.

Mr. Lees forwarded the above letter to Rowley with the following note on the same day it was received, last Thursday:

W. S. ROWLEY, Dear Sir: In compliance with request of Mr. Tuttle, I inclose letter received from him this forenoon. Permit me to add that like him I shall be only too glad to have the matter in controversy placed beyond all doubt, and your claim to honest mediumship divested of the suspicion that recent events have cast upon it. Do not reject the offer: even if you reject me. It seems to me you have the grandest opportunity of your life in accepting Mr. Tuttle's proposition, for, if successful, the cause of Spiritualism will be well served, you, as a man and a medium, will be vindicated—while your friends, the Spiritualists at large, and all honest, unprejudiced people will rejoice in your triumph. Fraternally yours, THOMAS LEES.

On Friday Mr. Lees received an answer to Mr. Tuttle's proposition, which is printed below as it was written, including capitalized words. Mrs. Rowley takes the ground that Colonel Bundy, the editor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* of Chicago, who caused the first investigation to be made, is behind the offer of Mr. Tuttle. The letter is as follows:

MRS. ROWLEY WRITES A LETTER.

CLEVELAND, O., May 16, 1889.

To whom it may concern: Mr. Tuttle's letter, sent through Mr. Lees, is at hand, and as Mr. Rowley's time is fully occupied with business engagements, at his request I reply. Will say that Mr. Bundy's little scheme has a decidedly "gaudy" appearance and he must underrate Mr. Rowley very much if he thinks he will "bite." If Mr. Bundy had paid "H. D. G." as he promised to do he might have had a series of the investigations to publish in his paper without resorting to this underhanded way of obtaining them. Last winter Mr. Rowley had a very civil and gentlemanly invitation from the professors of all the prominent Eastern colleges to meet them at some point in the East and give them an opportunity to go through a series of investigations. The invitation has been accepted by Mr. Rowley, and as soon as it can be arranged—which will be during the summer vacation—a thorough SCIENTIFIC investigation will be made and the reports of the same will be copyrighted by Mr. R. and published in such papers as he may choose to select, and I can assure Mr. Bundy that his paper will not be one of them. I wish to say farther that Mr. Rowley and myself KNOW this to be INDEPENDENT TELEGRAPHY and this crowd of investigators overrate themselves very much if they presume for one instant that we care whether they think it honest or not, and will also add that if these gentlemen have so much leisure that time drags on their hands, we would suggest that they attend a game of base ball or learn to play lawn tennis, or, better yet, spend a little time in looking over the past records of some of the gentlemen that are very much concerned in proving Mr. Rowley an honest man! Never mind, gentlemen! Mr. Rowley is perfectly capable of attending to his own business, and we would suggest that some of the others profit by his example.

Very truly, MRS. W. S. ROWLEY.

## CALLED HIM A MURDERER.

Mrs. Bishop Vigorously Denounces Dr. Irwin to His Face.

Coroner Levy Has Summoned Both Dr. Irwin and Dr. Ferguson for Examination as to Their Autopsy.

The physicians who made the autopsy on Mind-Reader Washington Irving Bishop so soon after he became unconscious, and who are charged by the dead man's mother with having murdered him, have been summoned to appear before Coroner Levy at noon to-morrow so that the serious accusation may

be investigated. There is general sympathy with Mrs. Bishop, the mind reader's mother, and with his wife. The wife is ill in bed at the Hoffman House, and the mother is in the same hotel greatly agitated and suffering from nervous excitement. She was surrounded by a number of ladies to-day, and they did what they could to soothe her, but she is unable to eat and is liable to become as ill as her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Bishop has arranged that the funeral of her son shall take place in Grace Church at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. She wrote to the Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of the church, and he replied in a sympathetic letter offering to officiate at any time she might wish. She thereupon fixed the date given. To this there was strong opposition. It was the wish of the Lambs' Club and of the Order of Elks that the funeral take place to-morrow at 1 o'clock, and strong pressure was brought to bear upon Mrs. Bishop to induce her to agree to this arrangement. She remained firm as iron.

Dr. Irwin called to see Mrs. Bishop this forenoon, and she denounced him as the murderer of her son as vigorously to his face as she had when he was not present. The interview was an unpleasant one, and when the doctor left he declined to take Mrs. Bishop's hand, which she extended to him. He said he only called because he had seen in the papers the statement that he feared to face the dead man's mother.

When the undertaker came at 4 o'clock in the afternoon he tried to induce Mrs. Bishop to have the funeral this afternoon. She would not yield. When he asked her for the text for the coffin-plate she wrote:

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.  
Born March 4, 1856.  
Murdered May 13, 1889.

She was persuaded with difficulty to change the "murdered" to "died."

This is the letter Mrs. Bishop wrote to Coroner Levy:

Dear Sir: I am of the belief from my knowledge of previous attacks from which my son suffered that the autopsy performed by Drs. Irwin and Ferguson was unwarranted. I therefore demand that a further examination be made with the view to determining whether my son was killed under the surgeon's knife or died from catalepsy.

Yours sincerely,

MRS. ELEANOR FLETCHER BISHOP.

To this Coroner Levy responded in person. At 6 o'clock he had a long consultation at the Hoffman with Mrs. Bishop, and left saying he would summon Drs. Irwin and Ferguson to appear before him at the Coroner's office to-morrow at noon. Monday he will hold an inquest, and will summon Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton and other experts to testify.

Bishop's wife was evidently offended that she had been so little consulted with regard to the funeral arrangements, but she said she was willing that they should take place as arranged. She is also anxious that there should be an inquest. She has employed Lawyers McCarthy and Buckley to look after her interests. Bishop is supposed to have left little, if any, money. *New York Telegram to Chicago Tribune, May, 17.*

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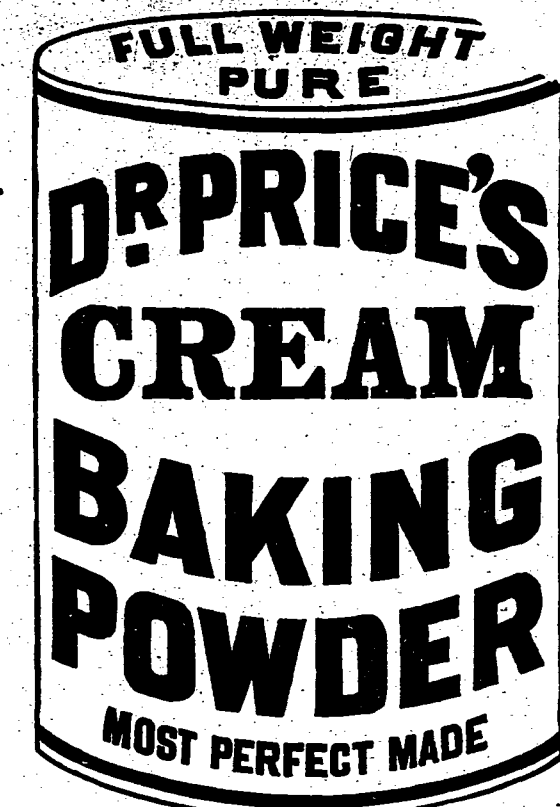
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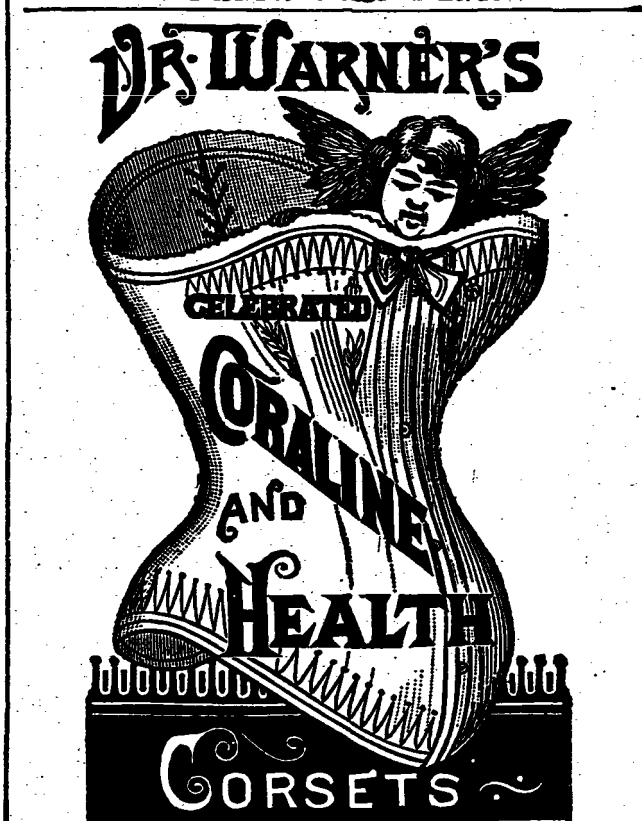
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